NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 08234729 9

Autobiography

A

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/autobiographycol17lond2

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

A Collection

OF THE

MOST INSTRUCTIVE AND AMUSING

LIVES

EVER PUBLISHED,

WRITTEN BY THE PARTIES THEMSELVES.

WITH BRIEF INTRODUCTIONS, AND COMPENDIOUS SEQUELS CARRYING ON THE NARRATIVE TO THE DEATH OF EACH WRITER.

VOL. XVII.—BENVENUTO CELLINI.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR HUNT AND CLARKE, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

LENOX LIBRARY
NEW YORK

J. Whiting, Engraver and Printer to his Majesty for the Prevention of Forgery, Beaufort House, Strand.

THE

LIFE

OF

BENVENUTO CELLINI,

A FLORENTINE ARTIST.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

TRANSLATED BY THOMAS NUGENT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON: 1828.

PRINTED FOR HUNT AND CLARKE,
YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

LIFE

OF

BENVENUTO CELLINI.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

The Cardinal of Ferrara returns to Rome from the court of France.—At a banquet where he is entertained by the Pope, he prevails on his holiness to set the Author at liberty.—Verses called the Capitolo, which Cellini wrote in his confinement.

After I had led this melancholy life a few days longer, the Cardinal of Ferrara made his appearance at Rome: upon going to pay his respects to his holiness, he was detained to supper; and the Pope being a person of great taste and genius, chose to converse with him concerning all that he had seen curious and worthy of observation

in France. The cardinal in the heat of conversation discovered several things which he would otherwise have concealed; and as he knew how to conform himself to the French king's taste, and was equally possessed of the art of pleasing his holiness, the latter took a much greater liking to him than he was aware of himself; and seemed to be in high spirits as well on account of the debauch he committed on the occasion, which he repeated every week, and vomited after it. When the cardinal saw the Pope in a good humour, and likely to grant favours, he applied in my behalf, in the name of the king his master, in the most urgent manner imaginable; and expressed himself in such terms as demonstrated that the French monarch was very solicitous to obtain his request. The holy father thereupon perceiving that his time of vomiting was at hand, and that the great quantity of wine he had poured down his throat was upon the point of operating, said to the cardinal laughing; "Take Benvenuto home with you directly, without a moment's delay:" thus having given proper orders in the affair, he rose from table, and the cardinal sent for me that very moment, before the affair could come to the knowledge of Signor Pier-Luigi, who would never have consented to my releasement. The Pope's order was brought to the prison by two of the Cardinal of Ferrara's gentlemen in the dead of night; they took me out of the castle and conducted me to the cardinal, who gave me the kindest reception imaginable; I was well lodged at his house, and enjoyed all the happiness which recovered liberty can bestow. Signor Antonio, brother to the governor, and who was then possessed of his place, insisted upon my paying all my expenses as well as the fees and gratifications required by the

officers of justice and others of that stamp; in short he was resolved to act in every respect contrary to the will of the deceased governor. This affair cost me many a score of crowns: the cardinal bid me be of good courage and take care of myself if I valued my life; adding, that if he had not that evening got me out of prison, I should in all probability have ended my days in confinement; as he was informed that the Pope had already repented his having set me at liberty. I must therefore look back a little, to recollect some circumstances that occur in the verses which I composed when a prisoner. During the time that I passed in the apartment of the cardinal, and afterwards in the Pope's privy-garden, amongst other friends that visited me, there came a cashier of Signor Bindo Altoviti, whose name was Bernardo Galluzzi, whom I had entrusted with the value of several hundred crowns. This young man came to the privy-garden with an intention to settle accounts, and restore me to all that I had deposited with him: I told him that I could not put my property into the hands of a dearer friend, nor into any place where it could be more secure: my friend upon this seemed to decline keeping it, and I, by a sort of violence, obliged him to continue his trust. When I was come out of the castle this last time, I understood that poor Bernardo Galluzzi was a bankrupt, and that I had of consequence lost all my money.

During my confinement I had moreover a terrible dream, in which a person appeared to write certain words of great importance upon my forehead with a reed, at the same time strictly charging me not to divulge what he had been doing; and when I awoke in the morning I perceived that my forehead was all daubed. In the verses composed

during my confinement there are several events of a similar nature. I likewise received a circumstantial account, without knowing to whom I owed my intelligence, of all that afterwards happened to Signor Pier-Luigi; and it was so clear and express in every article that I have often thought I received it from a heavenly angel.

Another circumstance I must not omit, which is one of the most extraordinary things that ever happened to any man, and I mention it in justice to God and the wondrous ways of his providence towards me. From the very moment that I beheld the phenomenon, there appeared (strange to relate) a resplendent light over my head, which has displayed itself conspicuously to all that I have thought proper to show it to, but those were very few. This shining light is to be seen in the morning over my shadow till two o'clock in the afternoon, and it appears to the greatest advantage when the grass is moist with dew: it is likewise visible in the evening at sunset. This phenomenon I took notice of when I was at Paris, because the air is exceedingly clear in that climate, so that I could distinguish it there much more plainly than in Italy, where mists are more frequent; but I can still see it even here, and show it to others, though not to the same advantage as in France. I shall now lay before the reader the verses which I composed during my confinement, and in praise of the prison; I shall then relate all the good and evil which befel me upon a variety of different occasions, as likewise the various events of the subsequent course of my life.

These verses I inscribe to Luca Martini:—

VERSES CALLED THE CAPITOLO,

WRITTEN DURING THE AUTHOR'S IMPRISONMENT IN THE CASTLE OF ST ANGELO.

He who would sound the depths of power divine,
Should for a time in gloomy dungeon dwell,
Where grief corrodes and harrows up the soul.
Domestic care should prey upon his mind
To sorrow and to crosses long inured,
By various troubles and by tempests tost.
Would you improve in virtue's rigid lore
By sad imprisonment? your lot should be
Unjust confinement; long in grief your chain
You comfortless should drag, and no relief,
No kind assistance from a friend receive.
You should by jailors of your property
Be cruelly deprived, and roughly used,
Nor ever hope for liberty again.
Frantic with rage you should your prison break,
Urged by some fell oppressor's cruel wrongs,
And then in deeper dungeon be confined.
Dear Luca, listen with attentive ear,
Whilst I my dire calamities relate;
What sufferings could be worse? to break a leg,
In moist, damp, noisome cell to be confined,
Without a cloak to shelter me from cold!
Think what I suffer'd in these cells immured,
Lonely, from human converse quite debarr'd;
My daily pittance brought me by a slave,
A surly monster silent and severe.
Think to what ills ambition does expose,
What dangers threaten an aspiring soul.
Think what it was to have no place to sit,
Or rest my head on, but a corner foul,
All cover'd o'er with filthy excrements;
At every hour of tedious night and day
By cares unceasing to be kept awake.
O think how dismal that to this sad cell
None should approach, but mutes in silence wrapt,

Who sternly frown'd, nor e'er an answer deign'd.
How sad it was that in such horrid cave
The poet's fancy wont to soar, to rove
In sprightly sallies, now should be confined
To pine the solitary hours away!
How sad to be restrain'd from pen and ink!
Nor even allow'd, the poet's sad relief,
To scrawl with charcoal on my prison walls!
But hold, my sorrows make me deviate far
From the first purport of my moral song;
I meant a prison's praises to proclaim,
To show what useful lessons may be learn'd
In deep distress and sharp affliction's school:
Few inmates of such dreary solitudes
Were ever equal to this arduous task.
In those receptacles of guilt and vice
The man of virtue seldom is immured,
Except when fallen a victim to the hate
Of ministers and servile tools of power;
Except through envy, anger, or despight.
Confined in dungeon deep, in gloomy cell
The prisoner oft' invokes God's awful name,
Yet feels within the torments of the damn'd.
Howe'er traduced and blacken'd by the tongue
Of calumny, to reputation lost,
Pass two unhappy years in prison pent,
You'll then come out reformed; with manners pure,
The world will love you, will forget the past,
Imprisonment will all your faults atone,
Within the darksome round of prison walls,
Relentless walls where comfort never dwells!
The mental powers, the faculties decline,
The body like its covering decays,
Yet here too, grossest wits by constant woe
Are sharpen'd, sublimated and refined,
Genius midst sufferings imps her wings and soars,
And from these gloomy cells, in prospect bright
Though distant, heaven's blest regions are descry'd.
Here how invention's aid our wants supplies
And greatest difficulties can surmount.

Staring, aghast I stalk about the room,
My hair with horror bristling on my head,
" Like quills upon the fretful porcupine;"
Next from a pannel of the door I tear
A splinter with my teeth, expedient strange!
Cruel necessity such means suggests.
A brick reduced to powder then I mix
With water, kneading both into a mash.
Poetic genius fill'd my labouring breast,
And all my soul was by the muse inspired.
But to resume the subject of these lays;
He who desires to know and to enjoy
The good, that heaven bestows upon our kind,
Should first be practised in the train of ills,
Which in his wisdom God inflicts on man.
A prison prompts and teaches every art;
If medical assistance you require,
Through ev'ry open'd pore it makes you sweat.
With some strange virtue are its walls endued!
To make you learned, eloquent, and brave,
And by enchantment wonderful its power
Your raptured fancy ever can delight
With florid, gay ideas, fairy scenes.
Though wisdom is in prison dearly bought,
Happy the man who there is taught her lore;
The genius is not by confinement crampt,
But spreads untutor'd its advent'rous wings
To treat of gravest subjects, war or peace.
His efforts always with success are crown'd.
What steadiness the mind in durance learns!
No more elate by fortune's wanton smiles,
Nor sunk dejected and depress'd with woe,
Perhaps you'll tell me all these years are lost,
That wisdom never was in prison learn'd;
I speak but what I feel; experience shows,
That ev'n a dungeon may be wisdom's school;
But would to heaven our laws were so contrived
That guilty men no longer had the power
To 'scape that prison, which their crimes deserve.
The man of low degree by fortune doom'd

To drudge for a subsistence, there should gain
Experience, there should learn to act his part.
He thus would be less liable to err,
Less prone to stray from reason's equal path;
The world would then no longer be a stage
Of dire confusion, and a chaos wild.
Whilst in a gloomy dungeon's dark recess,
Monks, priests, and men of rank I saw confined,
But fewest still of those who for their deeds
Seem'd most deserving of that rigid lot.
What poignant grief pervades a prisoner's breast,
When some sad partner of his dire distress
Loose from his chain first sees the prison door
Oped to admit him to bless'd liberty!
What cruel anguish wrings his tortur'd breast?
He wishes that he never had been born.
Though long corroding grief upon my heart
Relentless prey'd, though oft' my labouring brain
Has almost grown distracted with my woes,
Midst all my ills some comfort strange I found,
Unknown to those who slumber life away
Upon the down of ease, whose happy lids
Were never sullied with a gushing tear.
What raptures would transport my ravish'd breast
Should some one say to me with friendly voice,
Hence, Benvenuto, go, depart in peace!
How often has a deadly pale o'erspread
My livid cheeks, whilst in a dungeon deep
I pined and sigh'd my hapless hours away!
Deprived of liberty I now no more
To France or Florence can at will repair!
Though were I even in France, I might not there
Meet tender treatment to relieve my woe.
I say not this against that noble soil,
Whose lilies have illumined heaven and earth;
But amidst roses thistles often grow.
I saw an emblem from the heavens descend
Swiftly amongst the vain, deluded crowd,
And a new light was kindled on the rock:
He who on earth and in high heaven explains

The truth, had told me that the castle bell
Should, e'er I thence could make escape, be broke.
Then in a vision mystic I beheld
A long black bier on every side adorn'd
With broken lilies, crosses, and with plants;
And many persons I on couches saw
Diseased and rack'd with anguish and with pain.
I saw the demon, the tormenting fiend
That persecutes the souls of mortal men,
Now with his horrors these, now those appal;
To me he turn'd, and said—I'll pierce the heart
Of whosoever hurts or injures thee.
Herewith upon my forehead words he wrote
Obscure, profound, with Peter's mystic reed,
And silence solemnly enjoin'd me thrice.
I saw the Power Divine, who leads the sun
His great career, and checks him in his course,
Amidst his court celestial brightly shine:
The dazzled eyes of mortals seldom see
A vision with such various glories fraught.
I heard a solitary bird of night,
Sing on a rock a dismal fun'ral dirge;
I thence inferr'd with certainty, this note
To me announces life, but death to you.
My just complaint I then both sang and wrote,
Implored God's pardon and his friendly aid;
For sight began to fail me, and I felt
The iron hand of death upon my eyes.
Never was lion, tiger, wolf, or bear,
Of human blood more thirsty, than the foe
That now with furious rage attack'd my life;
More poisonous never was the viper's bite:
The foe, I mean a cruel captain, came
Attended with a band of ruffians vile.
Just as rapacious bailiffs haste to seize
A trembling debtor with relentless hands,
So rush'd those sons of brutal force upon me.
'Twas on the first of August that they came
To drag me to a dismal dungeon, worse
By far than that in which so long I'd groan'd,

A cell in which the most abandon'd crew,
The refuse of the prison are confined.
Yet in this sad distress I soon received,
Though unexpected, succour and relief.
My foes, when thus their hellish spite they saw
Defeated, to fell poison had recourse ;
But here again the Almighty interposed,
For first I ever turn'd my eyes to God,
And loud his grace and aid divine implored.
My poignant anguish being thus assuaged,
Whilst I prepared to render up my soul,
Resign'd to pass unto a better state,
I saw an angel from the heavens descend
Holding a glorious palm-branch in his hand,
With looks then joyous, placid, and serene,
He promised to my life a longer date :
The angel spoke to me in terms like these ;—
Thy foes shall all be humbled to the dust,
And thou shalt lead a life of lasting bliss—
Favour'd by heaven and earth's eternal fire.

CHAPTER II.

The Author being set at liberty, pays a visit to Ascanio at Tagliacozzo.—He returns to Rome and finishes a fine cup for the Cardinal of Ferrara.—Account of his Venus and Cupid, his Amphitrite and Tritons, with other performances.—He enters into the service of the French King Francis I, and sets out with the Cardinal of Ferrara for Paris.—Odd adventure between him and the post-master at Sienna.—He arrives at Florence, where he stays four days with his sister.

Whilst I lodged in the palace of the Cardinal of Ferrara I was universally respected, and received more visits than even at first; every body expressing the highest surprise at my having emerged out of such distress, and struggled through such a variety of hardships and miseries. As I was recovering by degrees, I exerted my utmost efforts to become again expert in my profession, and took great delight in copying out the above verses. The better to re-establish my health, I rode out to take the air, having first asked the good cardinal's leave and borrowed his horses; upon these occasions I was generally accompanied by two young Roman citizens, one of whom was bred to my own business, the other not. When I was out of Rome I steered my course towards Tagliacozzo, thinking to meet with my pupil Ascanio, of whom mention has so frequently been made; upon my arrival I found Ascanio there with his father, his brothers, his sisters, and his mother-in-law: I met with so kind a reception, and was so greatly caressed during a stay of two days, that I am unable to give the reader an adequate idea of their civilities. I then set out for Rome and carried Ascanio with me. By the

way we talked of business, and such an effect had this conversation upon me, that I grew quite impatient to be again at Rome, in order to resume my trade. Upon our return to that capital, I fell to work with the utmost assiduity; and happening accidentally to find a silver basin, which I had undertaken for the cardinal just before my imprisonment, (at the time that I set about this basin, I likewise began a fine cup, of which I was robbed with several other things of great value), I put Paul, who has been spoken of above, upon the basin; and I myself took in hand the cup, which consisted of round figures in basso relievo; in like manner the basin contained little round figures and fishes in basso relievo; and it was so rich, and the workmanship so exquisite, that all who saw it were in the utmost surprise, as well on account of the force of genius and invention in the design, as of the admirable polish which the young artists had displayed in the execution of the work. The cardinal came at least twice every day to see me, accompanied by Signor Luigi Alamanni and Signor Gabbriele Cefano; upon these occasions we passed an hour or two merrily, though I had a great deal of business which required dispatch. He at the same time put several other jobs into my hands, and employed me to make his pontifical seal, which was about the size of the hand of a child twelve years old; upon this seal I carved two little pieces of history: one was John preaching in the desert; the other was St Ambrose routing the Arians, represented on horseback, and with a whip in his hand. The design of this seal was so bold and admirable, the workmanship so exquisite, and the polish so fine, that every body said I had surpassed the great Lautizio, whose talents were confined to this branch alone: and the cardinal in the joy of his heart os-

tentatiously compared it to the other seals of the Roman cardinals, which were almost all by the above-mentioned artist. At the same time that the cardinal gave me the other two jobs, he employed me to make the model of a salt-cellar, but desired it should be in a different taste from the common ones. Signor Luigi said many excellent things concerning this salt-cellar; Signor Gabbriele Cefano likewise spoke admirably upon the subject: but the cardinal, who had listened with the utmost attention and seemed highly pleased with the designs which these two ingenious gentlemen proposed, said to me—"Benvenuto, the plans of Signor Luigi and Signor Gabbriele please me so highly that I am in doubt which to give the preference to; I, therefore, leave it to you to make a choice, as you are charged with executing the work." I then said—"Gentlemen, do but consider of what importance the sons of kings and emperors are, and what a wonderful splendour and emanation of the Godhead is conspicuous in them: yet ask a poor humble shepherd which he has the greatest love and affection for, these children of emperors and kings, or his own; he will, doubtless, answer you that he loves his own offspring best: in like manner I have a strong paternal affection for the child of my own begetting; so that the first model I intend to show you, most revered patron, shall be my own work and invention, for many plans appear very plausible when delivered in words, which have but an indifferent effect when carried into execution. I then turned about to the two virtuosi and said—"O gentlemen, you have given us your plans in words, but I will show you mine in practice." Thereupon Signor Luigi Alamanni with a smiling countenance spoke a long time in my favour, and that in the most complaisant manner imaginable: in doing this he acquitted him-

self with extraordinary grace, for he had a pleasing aspect, an elegant shape, and an harmonious voice. Signor Gabbriele Cefano was quite the reverse of him; as ill shaped in his person as ungracious in his manner; and when he spoke he acquitted himself awkwardly. The plan proposed by Signor Luigi was, that I should represent a Venus with a Cupid, and several fine devices round them suited to the subject. Signor Gabbriele was for having me represent Amphitrite the wife of Neptune, and the Tritons, Neptune's attendants, with other ornaments, very fine in idea, but extremely difficult to be carried into execution.

I designed an oval, almost two-thirds of a cubit in size; and upon this oval, as the sea appears to embrace the earth, I made two figures about a hand high, in a sitting posture, one with its legs within those of the other, as some long branches of the sea are seen to enter the land; and in the hand of a male figure representing the ocean, I put a ship contrived with great art, in which was deposited a large quantity of salt: under this I represented four sea-horses, and in the right hand of the ocean I put his trident. The earth I represented by a female figure, the most elegant and beautiful I could form an idea of, leaning with one hand against a grand and magnificent temple: this was to hold the pepper. In the other hand I put a cornucopia, adorned with all the embellishments I could think of. To complete this idea, in that part which appeared to be earth, I represented all the most beautiful animals which that element produces. In the part which stood for the sea, I designed the finest sorts of fish and shells which so small a space was capable of containing; in the remainder of the oval I placed several grand and noble ornaments. Having then waited till the

cardinal came with the two virtuosi above-mentioned, I in their presence produced my model in wax; the first who spoke was Signor Gabbriele Cefano, who made a great stir upon the occasion, and said—"This is a work that the lives of ten men would be hardly sufficient to execute; and you, most reverend cardinal, who desired to have it finished in your life-time, are never likely to see it. Benvenuto has indeed thought proper to show you some of his offspring; but he has not done like us, who proposed only such things as were feasible; he has brought you a plan which it is impossible to finish. Upon this Signor Luigi Alamanni took my part. The cardinal however said, that he did not choose to be concerned in so great an undertaking. I thereupon turned to him and replied—"Most reverend cardinal, I must beg leave to tell you, that I expect to complete this work at all events, and you will see it, when finished, a hundred times more luxuriant in ornaments than its model; I even hope to have more than sufficient time to bring works of much greater consequence to perfection." The cardinal said in a passion—"If you do not make it for the King of France to whom I intend to introduce you, there is no likelihood of your finishing it for any other person:" he then showed me the letters, in which the king wrote to him to return directly, and bring Benvenuto with him; seeing this, I lifted up my hands to heaven, and exclaimed—"When will that *directly* come?" He bid me lose no time, but settle my affairs at Rome in ten days.

The time for our departure being arrived, the cardinal made me a present of a fine horse, to which he gave the name of Tornon, because it was a present from a cardinal of that name: Paolo and Ascanio my apprentices were likewise provided with horses. The cardinal divided his retinue, which

was very considerable; the chief part of it he took with him, following the road to Romagna, in order to visit our Lady at Loretto, and then proceed to his own house at Ferrara; the other part he sent towards Florence; this was superior in number to the former, and made a grand appearance on account of the beauty of the horses. He desired me to keep him company, if I had a mind to travel in security, telling me that if I did otherwise my life would be in danger. I gave him to understand that I proposed to follow his direction; but as what is decreed by heaven must necessarily come to pass; it pleased God to recal to my memory my poor sister, who was so much concerned for the great misfortunes I had undergone; I at the same time thought of my cousins who were nuns at Viterbo, one of them abbess, and the other treasurer, insomuch, that between them they governed that rich monastery. As they had suffered so much on my account, and prayed for me so fervently, I took it for granted that I had obtained the grace of God by virtue of the prayers of these good women. These things occurring at once to my memory, I took the road to Florence. Thus, though I might have had all my charges borne by travelling with the cardinal and his retinue, I chose to perform the journey at my own expense, taking with me as a companion an excellent clock-maker, named Cherubino, who was my intimate friend. As we happened to meet accidentally upon the road, we chose to perform this agreeable journey together. When I set out from Rome on Monday in passion-week, I was attended only by my two apprentices; at Monterosi I came up with the company above-mentioned; and as I had signified my intention to travel with the cardinal, I did not imagine that any of my enemies would have thought of waylaying me.

But I met with an unlucky disaster at Monterosi, for a body of men well armed had gone before us to that town with a design to attack me; and so it happened, that whilst we were at dinner, these men, who had discovered that I had quitted the cardinal's retinue, lay in ambush for me, and were preparing to perpetrate their villanous design. Just at this juncture the retinue of the cardinal came up, and with it I travelled joyfully to Viterbo, without any sort of danger; I went on several miles before, and the bravest men in the cardinal's retinue had a high esteem for me.

Being by God's providence arrived safely and in good health at Viterbo, I was received with the utmost kindness by my sisters and the whole monastery: after leaving that city with the company above-mentioned, we rode on sometimes before and sometimes behind the retinue of the cardinal, so that on Holy Thursday we were come within a stage of Sienna. Perceiving that there were some returned horses in the inn, and that the post-master waited an opportunity to give them to travellers to ride back to Sienna, I instantly dismounted from my horse Tornon, and putting my saddle and stirrups upon him, gave a piece of money to one of the post-boys; then leaving my horse to the care of my apprentices, I spurred on in order to get to Sienna half an hour before the rest, that I might have time to visit my friends and do some business in the town. Though this horse carried me with tolerable speed, I did not however ride it too hard, for it had been fatigued by going backwards and forwards. The post-boy offered to show me a good inn in Sienna; and as soon as we arrived, I took rooms in it for five persons; the horse I sent back by the ostler to the post-house, which was without the gate that leads to Comollia; and upon it I had

through forgetfulness left my stirrups and saddle. We passed the night very merrily on Holy Thursday; the next day, which was Good Friday, I recollected my stirrups and saddle; upon my sending for them, the post-master made answer, that he would not return them because I had over fatigued his horse: several messages passed between us, but he persisted in refusing to return them, and that with much opprobrious and abusive language.

The innkeeper at whose house I lay, said to me at the same time—"It is well for you if he does not do something worse than keep your saddle and your stirrups; he is one of the most insolent men that has ever had the place of post-master in this city; and he has two sons in the army who are desperate fellows, and more insolent than their father himself:" he therefore advised me to make all the haste I could in buying whatever I might stand in need of, and leave the place directly without entering into any contest with him. I thereupon bought a pair of stirrups, thinking to recover my saddle by fair means; and as I was extremely well mounted, armed with a coat of mail, and had an excellent piece at the pommel of my saddle, I was not in the least intimidated by this report of the insolence and brutality of the post-master. I had likewise used my apprentices to wear coats of mail under their clothes, and I had great confidence in my young Roman, who seemed never to have neglected this defence whilst we were at Rome. Even Ascanio, though in his tender years, wore a coat of mail; and as it was Good Friday, I imagined that the folly of those wretches would for that day subside.

We soon arrived at the post-house at Comollia, and I immediately saw and knew the post-master by tokens that had been given me, particularly by his

being blind of an eye. I went up to him, and leaving my two young fellows and the rest of my company at a little distance, said mildly—"Mr. post-master, when I assure you that I have not ridden your horse very hard, why do you make a difficulty of restoring me my saddle and stirrups?" He answered with all the violence and brutality I had been prepared for: I thereupon said to him—"What, are you not a Christian, and do you intend to bring a scandal both upon yourself and me this Good Friday?" He made answer, that he cared neither for Good Friday nor the devil's Friday; and that if I did not get about my business, he would soon with his long pike lay me sprawling upon the ground, though I had a musket in my hand. Upon his speaking to me thus roughly, there came up an old gentleman of Sienna, a very polite worthy man, who was just come from performing the devotions usual on that day; having, though at a distance, heard what I had to say for myself, and perceiving that I was in the right, he boldly reproved the post-master, took my part, and reprimanded the two sons for behaving rudely to strangers, by swearing and blaspheming, and thereby bringing a scandal upon the city of Sienna. The two young fellows, sons to the post-master, shook their heads, and without returning any answer retired. The incensed father, exasperated by what was said by the worthy gentleman that interposed in my behalf, ran at me with his long pike, cursing and blaspheming, and swore he would instantly be the death of me. When I saw him thus determined, I, to keep him off for a while, presented the muzzle of my piece to him. He notwithstanding flew at me with redoubled fury, and the gun which I held in my hand, though in a proper position for my own defence, was not rightly levelled at him, but the muzzle being raised aloft,

it went off of itself: the ball hit against the arch over the street door, and having rebounded, entered the post-master's wind-pipe, who instantly fell dead upon the ground. His sons thereupon rushed out of the house, and one having taken down arms from a rack, whilst the other seized his father's pike, they both fell upon the young men in my company: the son who had the pike, wounded Paolo Romano in the left breast; and the other fell upon a Milanese in our company, a foolish fellow, who would not ask for quarter, or declare that he had no connexion with me, but defending himself against a partizan with a short stick which he had in his hand, found himself unable to parry his adversary's weapon so as to prevent his being slightly wounded in the mouth. Signor Cherubino was in the habit of a priest, and though he was an excellent clock maker, as I observed before, he had several benefices conferred on him by the Pope, which produced him a considerable income. Ascanio was likewise well armed, and stood his ground bravely, instead of offering to fly like the Milanese; so that these two received no manner of hurt. I spurred my horse, and whilst it was in full gallop, quickly charged my piece again; then I returned back in a passion, thinking that what I had done was but a trifle; for as I thought my two young men were killed, I advanced with a firm resolution to die myself, or revenge their cause. My horse had not gone many paces back, when I met them both coming towards me; I asked them whether they were hurt, and Ascanio made answer that Paolo had received a mortal wound with a pike. I thereupon said to the latter—"My dear Paolo, how comes this? Could a pike force its way through a coat of mail?" He then told me that he put his coat of mail into his cloak-bag. I replied—"What,

this morning? It seems then that coats of mail are worn at Rome to make a show before the ladies; but in times of danger, when they might be of use, they are put into the cloak-bag! You deserved all you have suffered, and what you have done is the cause of my ruin." Whilst I uttered these words I continued to turn back resolutely. Ascanio and the other earnestly entreated me that I would for the love of God endeavour to save my life, as well as theirs, for that I was hurrying on to destruction. Just then I met Signor Cherubino and the Milanese, the former of whom reproved me for my vain fears; telling me that none of my people had been hurt, that Paolo's wound had only razed the skin, and had not gone deeply, and that the old post-master lay dead upon the ground; he added, that the sons had got themselves in readiness, and being assisted by several other persons would certainly cut us all to pieces—"Therefore, Benvenuto," continued he, "since fortune has saved us from their first fury, let us tempt her no more, for she will not save us twice." I then said—"Since you are satisfied, I am content;" so turning to Paolo and Ascanio, I bid them spur their horses hard, and gallop on to Staggia without ever once stopping, observing, that when we were there we should be in safety. The wounded Milanese then said—"Pox of this plaguy adventure; this mischief was owing to a little soup which I ate yesterday, when I had nothing else for my dinner." Notwithstanding our great distress, we could not help laughing at the fool, and at his silly expressions. We clapped spurs to our horses and left Signor Cherubino and the Milanese, who were for riding on gently, to follow us at their leisure. In the mean time the sons of the deceased repaired to the Duke of Melfi, and requested him to grant them a troop of light horse to pursue and

take us. The duke being informed that we belonged to the retinue of the Cardinal of Ferrara, would not grant their request. In the mean time we arrived at Staggia; where we were in perfect security. Upon our arrival we sent for the best surgeon that could be found in the place, who, examining Paolo's wound, declared that it did not pass the skin and that there was no danger: we then ordered dinner to be got ready. Soon after Signor Cherubino made his appearance with the fool of a Milanese, who was constantly exclaiming—"Pox of all quarrels and disputes;" adding, that he had incurred excommunication, because he had not had time to say his pater noster that good morning. This man was hard-favoured, and had naturally an ugly wide mouth; but by the wound he had received it was enlarged above three inches: these circumstances, with his ludicrous Milanese jargon, and his foolish saying, made us so merry, that instead of lamenting our ill fortune, we could not help laughing at every word he uttered. As the surgeon wanted to sew the wound in his mouth, and had already made three stitches in it, he desired him to stop, telling him he would not upon any account have him sew it up entirely: he then took up a spoon and desired it might be left so far open as to leave room for such a spoon to enter, that he might return alive to his own country. These words, which he uttered with many nods and ludicrous gestures, made us so merry, that instead of bewailing our ill fortune, we never ceased laughing, and in this manner continued our journey to Florence. We dismounted at the house of my poor sister, where we were most kindly received, and very much caressed by her and my cousin: Signor Cherubino and the Milanese went where their respective affairs called them; we stayed four days at

Florence, during which Paolo was cured. The most diverting circumstance was, that whenever the fool of a Milanese became the subject of discourse, we all laughed as heartily as we lamented our other misfortunes, insomuch, that we were constantly laughing and crying in the same breath.

CHAPTER III.

The Author arrives at Ferrara, where he is caressed by the sovereign of that duchy, and employed to make his statue in marble.—The climate disagrees with him, and he is taken ill, but recovers by eating wild peacocks.—Misunderstanding between him and the duke's servants, attended with several untoward circumstances.—After many difficulties and delays he resumes his journey, and arrives safely at Lyons, from whence he proceeds to Fontainbleau, where the court at that time resided.

After we had staid four days at Florence, we took the road to Ferrara, and there found the cardinal, who having heard all the cross accidents that had befallen us, said with concern—"God grant that I may carry you alive to the king, according to my promise to his majesty." The cardinal assigned me an apartment in a palace of his at Ferrara, a magnificent building called Belfiore, contiguous to the walls of the city; and there he caused tools and all things necessary to be provided for me, that I might work at my business. He then ordered his retinue to set out for France without me, and seeing me very melancholy at being left behind, he said to me—"Benvenuto, all I do is for your good; for before you leave Italy, I should be glad you were upon a certainty with regard to your employment in France: in the mean time proceed as fast as you can with the basin and the little cup; and I will leave orders with my steward to supply you with whatever money you may want." Upon his departure I remained highly dissatisfied, and often thought of leaving the place: the only consideration that prevented me, was my being then out

of the power of Pope Paul; for in all other respects I was highly discontented, and very much a sufferer. I however assumed those sentiments of gratitude which the favour seemed to deserve, endeavouring to wait with patience and see how this adventure would end; I fell therefore hard to work with my two apprentices, and went surprisingly forward with my basin and cup. In the part of the city where we lodged, the air was rather unwholesome, and as we came about summer-time, we were all somewhat indisposed: during this our indisposition, we made a discovery of a sort of great common, about a mile in extent, that belonged to the palace in which we lived, and where several peacocks came like wild fowl to hatch their eggs. When I perceived this, I charged my piece with powder, and lying in wait for the young peacocks, I every day killed one of them, which served us plentifully to live upon; and such was the effect of this food, that it entirely cured our disorder. Thus we continued our work with alacrity for several months that we had to stay; and went forward with the basin and the cup, a work that required considerable application. About this time the Duke of Ferrara accommodated his differences with Pope Paul, relative to Modena and some other cities; and as the claims of the church were just, the duke made his peace by dint of money; the sum given upon the occasion was considerable, and I think it exceeded three hundred thousand ducats. The duke had at that time an old treasurer, who had been brought up at the court of the duke his father, and whose name was Signor Girolamo Gigliolo; this old man could not bear that so great a sum should be given to the Pope, so that he ran about the streets crying out aloud—"Duke Alphonso, our present duke's father, would sooner have taken Rome with this money, than have given it

to the Pope;" and he would obey no order for paying it. The duke having, however, at last forced him to pay the money, the old man was attacked by a flux so violent that it brought him almost to the brink of the grave. Whilst he lay ill, the duke sent for me and desired me to take his likeness; I accordingly drew his picture upon a round black stone about the size of a little dish. The duke was greatly pleased with my performance, and with some agreeable conversations which passed between us: the consequence was, that he generally staid at least four or five hours a day to have his likeness taken; and sometimes he made me sup with him at his own table. In a week's time I finished this portrait; he then ordered me to make a reverse; the design of it was a female figure, that represented Peace holding in her hand a small torch, with which she set fire to a trophy of arms: this female figure I represented in a joyous attitude, with garments of the thinnest sort, which flowed with the utmost grace; under her I designed frantic Rage afflicted, and bound with heavy chains. In this work I exerted the utmost efforts of my art, and it did me great honour; the duke repeatedly expressed the highest satisfaction at my performance, and gave me the inscription for the head of his excellency as well as for the reverse. The words intended for the reverse were "Pretiosa in conspectu domini:" this intimated, that the peace had been dearly purchased.

Whilst I was busy about this reverse, the cardinal wrote to me to get ready, for the king insisted upon my coming directly; and that the next time I heard from him, I should receive an order for all he had promised me. I caused my basin and cup to be packed up, having before showed them to the duke. A gentleman of Ferrara, whose name was Signor

Alberto Bendidio, was agent to the cardinal; this person had been twelve years without ever stirring out of his house, which had brought upon him a lingering disorder. He one day sent for me in a great hurry, and said that I must that instant take post, and use the utmost expedition to wait upon the king, who had inquired for me with the greatest eagerness and solicitude, thinking I was in France. The cardinal, to excuse himself, had told the monarch, that I had stopped at an abbey of his at Lyons, somewhat out of order, but that he would take care I should be shortly with his majesty; therefore I must take post, and repair to the court of France with all speed. This Signor Alberto was a very worthy man, but haughty, and his disorder rendered his pride and humour insupportable: he told me that I must, without delay, prepare to ride post; I made answer, that—" It was not customary with men of my calling to ride post; but that if I were to proceed to the court of France, I should choose to go by gentle stages, and to carry with me Ascanio and Paolo, my companions and artificers, whom I had taken from Rome;" adding, that " there must likewise be a servant with us on horseback, to attend us; and that I expected to be supplied with a sum sufficient to defray the charges of the journey." The infirm old man then proudly made answer, that—" The duke's sons travelled in the very manner I had described." I instantly replied, that—" The sons of the art which I professed, travelled in the manner I said; and that as I had never been the son of a duke, I did not know how such gentry appeared on their journeys; therefore, I would not go to France at all, as well because the cardinal had broken the promise he had made me, as by reason I had now received such abusive language." I then formed a resolution to have no

more dealings with the people of Ferrara; and having spoken thus, I departed, murmuring my discontent, whilst he continued to bully and insult me. After this I waited on the duke with his medal finished: his reception of me was the kindest imaginable, and no man was ever more caressed by a prince. He had given orders to Signor Girolamo Gigliolo, who was then recovered, to look out for a diamond ring worth above two hundred crowns, as the reward of my labour, and put it into the hands of Fraschino, one of the gentlemen of his bed-chamber, who was to give it to me: these orders were obeyed. Fraschino, on the same evening that I had given him the medal, put a ring into my hands, with a diamond set in it, which made a great show; and told me, from the duke, that my masterly hand, which had acquitted itself so admirably in consecrating the memory of his excellency, well deserved to be adorned with such a diamond. The day following I examined the ring, the diamond of which was an inconsiderable one, not worth above ten crowns; and as I could not conceive the duke could use such grand expressions in giving so trifling a premium, or that he imagined he had properly recompensed me, I took it for granted that the rogue of a treasurer had played me a trick. I therefore gave the ring to a friend, desiring him to contrive some way or other to return it to Fraschino, the gentleman of the bed-chamber: this friend was Bernardo Saliti, who performed the commission admirably. Fraschino immediately came to me, and made a terrible stir, telling me, that if the duke were to discover that I had been so rude as to return a present which he had made me in so kind and gracious a manner, he would certainly resent it, and I might very possibly repent my having taken so indiscreet a step. To this I answered, that—"The ring which his excel-

lency had sent me, was not worth above ten crowns, and the work which I had done for him came to above two hundred; but to show his excellency that it was his favour alone I set a value upon, he might send me one of those English crab-rings, which are worth only ten-pence, and I would keep it in remembrance of him as long as I lived; at the same time retaining in mind those honourable expressions of his excellency concerning my genius and abilities; for I considered my labour as abundantly paid by the honour of having served so great a prince; whereas a jewel of so little value disgraced me." These words occasioned the duke so much displeasure, that he sent for his treasurer, and reproved him most severely; he at the same time sent me orders not to leave Ferrara, without apprising him of my departure, and commanded his treasurer to give me a diamond worth three hundred crowns. The avaricious treasurer found one, the value of which was not above sixty crowns, and maintained that it was worth above two hundred.

In the mean time Signor Alberto had taken the right method of proceeding, and furnished me with all I had desired for my journey. I had resolved by all means to quit Ferrara directly; but the duke's careful chamberlain had so concerted matters with Signor Benedetto, that I could not that day provide myself with horses. I had loaded a mule with my baggage, and with it I packed up the basin and the cup which I had made for the cardinal. Just at this juncture came in a gentleman of Ferrara, whose name was Signor Alphonso de' Trotti: he was advanced in years, exceedingly affable, and delighted greatly in talents and genius; but at the same time he was one of those that are very hard to be pleased, and who, if they happen to see any thing which strikes them, represent it to their imaginations as

so admirable, so divine, that they never expect again to see any thing equal to it. Signor Alphonso, as I before observed, happening to enter the room just at this time, Alberto said to him—" It happens unluckily that you are come too late, for the cup and basin that we are sending to France to the cardinal are now packed up." Alphonso hearing this, said he did not care; and upon beckoning to his servant, the latter went to his house, and brought from thence a white bowl of porcelain, the workmanship of which was admirable: whilst the servant was going on his errand, Alphonso said to Alberto—" I will tell you why I have no longer any curiosity to see cups or any other sort of vases; I once beheld an antique silver cup of such extraordinary beauty, that human imagination is incapable of forming an adequate idea of its excellence. Since that time, I am indifferent about seeing any thing else of the same kind, lest it should destroy the idea that I had formed in my imagination. It was in the possession of a person of condition, of great taste, who happening to go to Rome about some business, this antique cup was shown him secretly; and he, by dint of money, having corrupted the person who had the custody of it, brought it away with him: but he takes care to keep it from the knowledge of the duke, for he is afraid he should be deprived of it, if his excellency should once come to know of his being possessed of so valuable a treasure." Whilst Alphonso was telling this long story, he never once took notice of me, though I was present all the time. In the mean while this fine piece of porcelain made its appearance, and was displayed with such pomp and ostentation, that I no sooner set my eye upon it, than I turned to Alberto, and said—" I am happy in having seen this great curiosity." Alphonso then answered me, with great

contempt—"Who are you? You seem not to know what you are saying." To this I replied—"Listen to me, and you will see which of us knows best what he is saying." Then turning to Signor Alberto, who was a man of great gravity and uncommon genius, I spoke thus—"Here is a little silver cup of such a weight, which I made at such a time for that mountebank Jacopo, a surgeon of Carpi, who came to Rome, staid there six months, and by means of a quack medicine took in several noblemen and poor gentlemen, whom he defrauded of many thousands of ducats; at that time I made this cup for him, and another of a different sort, and he paid me very ill both for the one and the other. At present, all the unfortunate gentlemen who used his nostrum, are at Rome, crippled, and in a most wretched condition. It is a great honour to me that my works have acquired so high a degree of reputation amongst men of fortune like you; but I must tell you, that for many years past I have laboured with the utmost assiduity to learn and improve; so that I cannot but be of opinion, that the cup which I am carrying to France will prove much more worthy of the cardinal and the king, than the other did of the quack-doctor Jacopo." As soon as I had delivered myself to this effect, Alphonso appeared to be in the utmost impatience to see the basin and cup, and I persisted in refusing to gratify his curiosity: this contest having lasted for some time between us, he declared that he would go to his excellency, and by his means contrive to get a sight of it. Thereupon Alberto Benedidio, who, as I have already observed, was a very proud, haughty man, said—"Before you leave this place, Signor Alphonso, you shall see it without being under a necessity of making any application to the duke." I quitted the room, and left Ascanio and Paolo to

show it to them: they afterwards told me, that the gentlemen had paid me a great many compliments, and spoke highly in my favour. Signor Alphonso then expressed a desire of contracting an intimacy with me, so that I began to grow quite impatient to leave Ferrara. The only valuable or useful acquaintance I made there, were Cardinal Salviati and the Cardinal of Ravenna, with some of the connoisseurs in music; for the gentry of Ferrara are not only exceedingly avaricious, but rapacious after the property of others, and endeavour to get possession of it by every expedient they can think of: this is the general character of them all. About ten o'clock Fraschino came and delivered me the diamond, which was worth above sixty crowns; desiring me, with a melancholy countenance, and in few words, to wear it for his excellency's sake. I made answer, I should; I then mounted my horse, and set out upon my journey in God's name: he took notice of all my gestures and words, and gave information thereof to the duke; who seemed to be incensed with what he heard to the highest degree, and was very near ordering me to be brought back.

Before night I had travelled above ten miles, trotting all the way, and upon finding myself the day following out of the district of Ferrara, I was highly rejoiced; for I had never met with any thing good in that country, except the peacocks, by which I had recovered my health. We steered our course by Mount Cenis, taking particular care to keep clear of Milan, on account of the suspicion abovementioned; and soon after I arrived safely and in health at Lyons, with Paolo, Ascanio, and a servant: we were all of us pretty well mounted. Upon our arrival at Lyons we stopped for several days to wait the coming of the muleteer, who was charged with

the silver basin and the cup, as likewise with part of my baggage: we were lodged in an abbey belonging to the cardinal. The muleteer being arrived, we packed up every thing belonging to us very safely in a chest, and in this manner continued our journey to Paris; by the way we met with some little impediments which were not of much consequence.

CHAPTER IV.

The Author meets with a most gracious reception from the French king.—Character of that goodnatured monarch.—The Author attends the king in his tour to Dauphiné.—Grand retinue of that prince.—The cardinal proposes to Cellini to work for an inconsiderable salary.—He is highly disgusted at this, and goes off abruptly upon a pilgrimage to Jerusalem.—He is pursued and brought back to the king, who settles a handsome salary on him, and assigns him a house to work in at Paris.—He sets out for that capital, but meets with great opposition in taking possession of the house, which he at last, however, completely overcomes.

We found the court of the French monarch at Fontainebleau, where we waited directly on the cardinal, who caused apartments to be assigned us; we spent the night very agreeably, and were well accommodated. The next day the waggon came up, so we took out what belonged us, and the cardinal having informed the king of our arrival, he expressed a desire to see me directly. I waited on his majesty accordingly, with the cup and basin so often mentioned: being come into his presence, I kissed his knee, and he received me in the most gracious manner imaginable. I then returned his majesty thanks for having procured me my liberty; observing—"That every good and just prince, like his majesty, was bound to protect all men eminent for any talent, especially such as were innocent like myself; and that such meritorious actions were set down in the books of the Almighty before any other virtuous deeds whatever." The good king listened to me till I had made an end of my speech, and expressed my gratitude in terms worthy of so great a

monarch. When I had done, he took the cup and the basin, and said to me—"It is my real opinion, that the antients were never capable of working in so exquisite a taste: I have seen all the masterpieces of the greatest artists of Italy, but never before beheld any thing that gave me such high satisfaction." This the king said in French to the Cardinal of Ferrara, at the same time paying me several other compliments greater even than this. He then turned about and said to me in Italian—"Benvenuto, indulge yourself and take your pleasure for a few days, in the mean time I shall think of putting you into a way of making some curious pieces of work for me." The Cardinal of Ferrara soon perceived that his majesty was highly pleased with my arrival, and that the specimens he had seen of my abilities, had excited in him an inclination to employ me in other works of greater importance.

Whilst we followed the court, we may justly be said to have been in great straights; and the reason is, that the king travels with upwards of twelve thousand horses, his retinue in time of peace being eighteen thousand: we sometimes danced attendance in places where there were hardly two houses, were often under a necessity of pitching tents, and lived like gypsies. I frequently solicited the cardinal to put the king in mind of employing me; he made answer, that it was best his majesty should think of it himself, advising me to appear sometimes in his presence when he was at table. This advice I followed, and the king one day called me to him whilst he was at dinner; he told me in Italian, that he proposed I should undertake some pieces of great importance; that he would soon let me know where I was to work, and provide me with tools and all things necessary; he at the same time conversed with me in a free easy manner on a variety of diffe-

rent subjects. The Cardinal of Ferrara was present, for he almost always dined with the king: the conversation being over, his majesty rose from table, and the cardinal said in my favour, as I was informed afterwards—" May it please your majesty, this Benvenuto has a great desire to be at work, and it would be a pity to let such a genius lose his time." The king made answer, that he was very right, and desired him to settle with me all that concerned my subsistence. The cardinal, who had received the commission in the morning, sent for me that night after supper, and told me from the king that his majesty had resolved I should immediately begin to work; but that he desired first to know my terms. To this the cardinal added—" It is my opinion that if his majesty allow you a salary of three hundred crowns a year, it will be abundantly sufficient. Next I must request it of you, that you would leave the whole management of the affair to me, for every day I have opportunities of doing good in this great kingdom, and I shall be always ready to assist you to the best of my power." I made answer—" Without my ever soliciting your reverence, you promised upon leaving me behind you in Ferrara, never to let me quit Italy, or bring me into France, without first apprizing me upon what terms I was to be with his majesty. But instead of acquainting me with the terms, you sent me express orders to ride post, as if riding post was my business. If you had then mentioned three hundred crowns as a salary, I should not have thought it worth my while to stir for double the sum: I notwithstanding return thanks to heaven and to your reverence, since God has made you the instrument of so great a blessing as my deliverance from a long imprisonment. I therefore declare, that all the hurt you can do me, is not equal to a thou-

sandth part of the great blessing for which I am indebted to you; I thank you with all my heart, and take my leave of you; and in whatever part of the world I shall abide, I shall always pray for your reverence." The cardinal then said in a passion—"Go wherever you think proper, for it is impossible to serve any man against his will." Some of his niggardly followers then said—"This man must have a high opinion of his merit, since he refuses three hundred crowns:" others amongst the connoisseurs replied—"The king will never find another artist equal to this man, and yet the cardinal is for bating him down as he would a faggot of wood." It was Signor Luigi Alamanni that said this, the same who at Rome gave the model of the salt-cellar, a person of great accomplishments, and a favourer of men of genius; I was afterwards informed, that he had expressed himself in this manner before several of the noblemen and courtiers. This happened at a castle in Dauphiné, the name of which I cannot recollect; but there we lodged that evening.

Having left the cardinal I repaired to my lodging, for we always took up our quarters at some place not far from the court, but this was three miles distant. I was accompanied by a secretary of the Cardinal of Ferrara, who happened to be quartered in the same place. By the way, this secretary, with a troublesome and impertinent curiosity, was continually asking me what I intended to do with myself when I got home, and what salary I should have expected. I who was half angry, half grieved, and highly provoked at having taken a journey to France, and being afterwards offered no more than three hundred crowns a year, never once returned him any answer: I said nothing more to him, but that I knew all. Upon my arrival at our quarters, I found Paolo and Ascanio, who were waiting for

me: I appeared to be in great disorder, and they knowing my temper, forced me to tell them what had happened: seeing the poor young men terribly frightened, I said to them—"To-morrow morning I will give you money enough to bear your charges home, for I propose going by myself about some business of importance; it is an affair that I have long revolved in my mind, and there is no occasion for your knowing it."

Our apartment was next to that of the secretary, and it seems very probable that he might have acquainted the cardinal with all that I intended, and was firmly resolved to do; though I could never discover whether he did or not. I lay restless the whole night, and was in the utmost impatience for the approach of day, in order to put my design in execution.

As soon as morning dawned, I ordered that my horses should be in readiness, and having got ready myself likewise, I gave the young men all that I had brought with me, with fifty gold ducats over, and kept as many for myself, together with the diamond, which the duke had made me a present of; taking with me only two shirts, and some very indifferent clothes to travel in, which I had upon my back. But I could not get rid of the two young men, who were bent upon going with me by all means. I did my utmost to dissuade them, and said—"One of you has only the first down upon his cheeks, and the other has not even that; I have done my utmost to teach you my profession, insomuch that you are become the two most expert young men in your way in Italy; are you not then ashamed that you cannot contrive to do for yourselves, but must be always under my care like children? This is a sad affair, and if I were to dismiss you without money, what would you say? Be gone directly,

and may God give you a thousand blessings; so farewell." I thereupon turned my horse about, and left them both, bathed in tears. I took a delightful path through a wood, intending to ride at least forty miles that same day, to the most remote corner I could possibly reach. I had already ridden about two miles, and in the little way I had gone formed a resolution to stop at no place where I was known; nor did I ever intend to work upon any other figure than a Christ about three cubits high, willing to make as near an approach as possible to that extraordinary beauty which he had so often displayed to me in visions. Having now settled every thing in my own mind, I bent my course towards the holy sepulchre, thinking I was now got such a distance, that nobody could overtake me.

Just at this time I found myself pursued by men on horseback, which occasioned me some apprehensions, for I had been informed that these parts were infested by numbers of freebooters, or adventurers, who rob and murder passengers, and who, though many of their gang are hanged almost every day, do not seem to be in the least intimidated. Upon the near approach of the horsemen, I perceived them to be one of the king's messengers accompanied by Ascanio: the former upon coming up to me said—"I command you in the king's name to repair to him directly;" I answered—"You come from the Cardinal of Ferrara, for which reason I am resolved not to go with you." The man replied, that since I would not go by fair means, he had authority to command the people to bind me hand and foot like a prisoner. Ascanio at the same time did his utmost to persuade me to comply, reminding me, that whenever the king of France caused a man to be imprisoned, it was generally

five years before he consented to his releasement. The very name of a prison revived the idea of my confinement at Rome, and so terrified me, that I instantly turned my horse the way the messenger directed, who never once ceased jabbering in French till he had conducted me to court: sometimes he bullied me, sometimes he said one thing, and sometimes another, by which I was provoked to such a degree, that I was almost at my wits' end.

In our way to the king's quarters, we passed before those of the Cardinal of Ferrara, who being at his door, called me to him and said—"Our most Christian king has of his own accord assigned you the same salary that he allowed Leonardo da Vinci the painter, namely, seven hundred crowns a year: he will pay you over and above for whatever you do for him; he likewise makes you a present of five hundred crowns for your journey; and it is his pleasure that they should be paid you before you stir from hence." When the cardinal had made an end, I answered, that these indeed were offers worthy of so great a monarch. The messenger who did not know who I was, seeing such great offers made me in the king's name, asked me a thousand pardons. Paolo and Ascanio said—"It is to God we owe this great good fortune." The day following, I went to return his majesty thanks, who ordered me to make him models of twelve silver statues, which he intended should serve as candlesticks round his table; he desired they should be the figures of six gods and six goddesses, made exactly of his own height, which was very little less than three cubits. When he had given me this order, he turned to his treasurer and asked him whether he had paid me five hundred crowns; the treasurer made answer, that he had heard nothing at all of

the matter: this the king was highly offended at, as he had commanded the cardinal to speak to him about it. He at the same time desired me to go to Paris, and look out for a proper house to work at my business, telling me I should have it directly. I received the five hundred gold crowns, and repaired to Paris to a house of the Cardinal of Ferrara's, where I began to work in God's name, and made four little models half a cubit high, one in wax, of Jove, Juno, Apollo, and Vulcan.

At this juncture the king coming to Paris, I waited on his majesty, and carried my models with me, as likewise the two young men, Ascanio and Paolo. When I perceived that the king was pleased with my performance, and had ordered me to make the silver Jupiter of the height above-mentioned with all possible expedition; I informed his majesty that I had brought those two young men with me from Italy for his service; and as they were my pupils, they were likely to be of much greater use to me, who had instructed them in the principles of my art, than any of the journeymen artists of Paris. The king in answer to this desired me to settle on the two young men such a salary as should appear to me handsome and sufficient to support them. I then told him that a hundred gold crowns a piece would do, and that I had found a place very proper for carrying on my business. The place I meant belonged to his majesty, and was called the little Nello; it was then in the hands of the provost of Paris, to whom his majesty had granted it; but as the provost made no use of it, his majesty might give me leave to work in it for his service. The king made answer directly--"The place you mention is a house of mine; the person to whom I have granted it does not reside in it, nor make any sort of use of it; you may

therefore take it for the purpose you mentioned. He thereupon ordered one of his officers to put me in immediate possession of the Nello. The officer declined this at first, telling the king that it was not in his power to obey him. The king replied in a passion, that he would give things to whoever he thought proper, and to such men as were of use to him and served him; for with regard to the provost, he was of no use to him at all: he therefore desired to hear no more objections or demurs. The officer rejoined, that it would be necessary to have recourse to violence. The king then said—"Go thither directly, and if a little force be not sufficient you must exert yourself." The officer immediately conducted me to the place, and I was obliged to proceed to violence, before I could take possession of it; he then bid me take care of myself, assuring me that my life was in imminent danger. I entered my new habitation, and immediately hired servants and purchased different weapons. My situation there was very uneasy during several days, for my adversary was a gentleman of Paris, and many other gentlemen were likewise my enemies, insomuch that I constantly received fresh insults. I must not omit that his majesty took me into his service in the year of our Lord 1540, and I was then exactly forty years old. When I found myself liable to these daily affronts, I again waited upon the king and requested him to place me somewhere else: the answer he made me was—"Who are you, and what is your name?" at so strange a reception I was quite disheartened, and could not possibly guess his majesty's meaning: as I remained in silent astonishment, he repeated his question a second time. I then made answer that my name was Benvenuto. The king said thereupon—"Are

you the same Benvenuto that was introduced to me? Do just as you like, I give you free permission." I told his majesty that it was sufficient for me to continue in his good graces, and then it was impossible for any thing to hurt me. The king replied with a smile—"Go your ways, and depend upon it that my favour shall never be wanting." Immediately upon this he ordered one of his secretaries, whose name was Monsieur de Villeroy, to see me properly accommodated, and provided with every thing necessary. This Villeroy was an intimate friend of the provost of Paris, in whose possession the place called Nello had been for some time.

It was a large old castle of a triangular form, contiguous to the walls of the city, but had no garrison. Monsieur de Villeroy advised me to look for some other building, for as the person to whom Nello had belonged was a man of great power, he would certainly get me assassinated. To this I made answer, that I was come from Italy to France for no other motive than to serve their great monarch; with regard to dying, I was sensible that death is the common fate of all men; and whether it happened a little sooner or a little later, was a matter of perfect indifference to me. This Villeroy was a man of excellent understanding, of most extraordinary qualifications and endowments, and exceedingly rich; he would have done any thing to hurt me, but artfully concealed his malice: he had a grave deportment, a good aspect, and spoke deliberately. On this occasion he employed another gentleman, named Monsieur de Marmande, who was Treasurer of Languedoc. The first thing that this person did was, to look out for the best apartments in the building, and get them fitted up for

himself. I told him that the king had given me the place to work in for his majesty, and that I was resolved it should be inhabited only by myself and my servants. Whereupon this man, who was proud and audacious, declared that he would do as he thought proper; that contending with him would be the same thing as running my head against a wall, and that he had Villeroy's authority for all he did. I then replied, that I claimed the place by the king's authority, and that neither he nor Villeroy had any right to act in that manner. When I had expressed myself to this effect, the haughty treasurer grossly abused me in French; whereupon I told him in my own language that he was a liar. At this he was incensed with rage, and by his gestures seemed just going to draw his hanger; I instantly clapped my hand to a large cutlass, which I constantly wore by my side for my defence, and said to him—"If you offer to draw that hanger I will instantly kill you." He had with him two servants, and I had my two apprentices; whilst Monsieur de Marmande remained thus in suspense without determining upon any thing, and rather inclined to mischief than otherwise, he muttered to himself—"I will never put up with this treatment." As I saw that he had bad intentions, I determined directly what conduct to pursue, and said to Paolo and Ascanio—"As soon as you see me draw my cutlass, fall upon those fellows and kill them if you can; for I will begin with destroying that villain, and then we shall make our escape with the assistance of God." When Monsieur de Marmande perceived that I had formed this resolution, he thought himself happy if he could get out of the place alive. I wrote an account of all that had happened, in the most modest terms I could think

of, to the Cardinal of Ferrara, who immediately acquainted the king with the whole transaction: his majesty highly provoked at this affair, put me under the care of another of his courtiers, who was called Monsieur d'Orbech. This gentleman provided me with every thing necessary for my business, and that with the most complaisant officiousness.

CHAPTER V.

The king employs our author to make large silver statues of Jupit r, Vulcan, and Mars.—Whilst he is at work about these, he presents his majesty with a fine basin and cup of silver, together with a salt-cellar of the same metal of admirable workmanship.—The king expresses his satisfaction by an ext:aordinary act of generosity to the Author, who loses the benefit of it by the avarice of the Cardinal of Ferrara.—His majesty, accompanied by Madame d'Estampes and the whole court, pays the Author a visit.—The king orders a considerable sum of money to be given him.—As he is going home, he is attacked by four armed ruffians whom he repulses.—Dispute between him and the French artists, whom he makes sensible of their error.

As soon as I had made all the necessary preparations in my house and shop, in the most convenient and most creditable manner, I began to make three models exactly of the size that they were to be of in silver; these were Jupiter, Vulcan, and Mars: I made them of earth well covered with iron; and then repaired to the king, who, as nearly as I can recollect, ordered that I should have three hundred pounds of silver to enable me to begin my work. Whilst I was making these preparations, the cup and the golden basin which had been several months in hand, were finished; as soon as this was done, I got them well gilt. This appeared to be the finest piece of work that had ever been seen in France: I carried it directly to the Cardinal of Ferrara, who thanked me, and waited on the king to make him a present of it. His majesty was highly pleased, and lavished greater praises upon me than had ever been before bestowed upon any artist. In return for this present, he gave the Cardinal of Ferrara an abbey worth seven thousand crowns a

year: at the same time he was for making me a present; but the cardinal prevented him, telling his majesty it was too soon, as I had not yet finished any work for him. This confirmed the king, who was one of the most generous of men, in his resolution, and he said—"For that very reason I will encourage him to exert himself, and make something masterly for me." The cardinal in the utmost confusion replied—"Sire, I beg you would leave it to me, for I propose settling a pension of at least three hundred crowns a year upon him, as soon as I have taken possession of my abbey." These I never received; but I should tire the reader's patience if I were to relate all the diabolical tricks of that cardinal; I shall therefore proceed to subjects of greater consequence.

I returned to Paris, and being thus become a favourite of the king, I was universally admired. As soon as I received the silver which had been promised me, I began to work at the above-mentioned statue of Jupiter; and took into my service several journeymen. We worked day and night with the utmost assiduity, insomuch, that having finished Jupiter, Vulcan, and Mars, in earth, and Jupiter being pretty forward in silver, my shop began to make a grand show. Just about this time the king made his appearance at Paris, and I went to pay my respects to him. When his majesty saw me, he called to me in high spirits, and asked me whether I had any thing curious to show him at my shop, for he intended to call there. I told him of all I had done, and he expressed an earnest desire to see my performances. After dinner he made a party consisting of Madame D'Estampes, the Cardinal of Lorraine, and some other great men, (as the King of Navarre, cousin to King Francis,) and the queen

his sister; the Dauphin and Dauphiness came likewise; in a word, that day all the nobility belonging to the court of France repaired to my shop. I had just got home, and was beginning to work, when the king made his appearance at my castle gate; upon hearing the sound of so many hammers he commanded his retinue to be silent. All my people were at work, so that the king came upon us quite unexpected. As he entered the saloon, the first object he perceived was myself with a large piece of plate in my hand, which I had not yet placed, and which was to make the body of Jupiter; another was employed on the head, another again on the legs—so that the shop resounded with the beating of hammers. Whilst I was at work, as I had a little French boy in the shop, who had some way or other offended me, I gave him a kick, which luckily hit between his legs; in this manner I pushed him above four cubits forward, so that when the king entered, the boy fell upon his person; the good monarch laughed heartily, and I was in the utmost confusion. His majesty began to ask me what I was about, and expressed a desire that I should proceed with my work; telling me that he should be much better pleased, if I would never harass myself with my business, but take as many men as I thought proper into my service; for it was his desire that I should take care of my health, that I might be the longer able to serve him. I answered his majesty, that if I were to discontinue working, I should not enjoy my health, and that the performances would then be no longer worthy of so great a prince. The king thinking that I said this through vanity, and did not speak my real sentiments, ordered the Cardinal of Lorraine to repeat to me what he had himself proposed; but I explained myself

so fully to the cardinal, that he acquiesced in my reasons, and advised his majesty to let me act as I thought proper.

The king, when he had taken a sufficient view of my work, returned to his palace, after having conferred so many favours on me, that it would be tedious to enumerate them: the day following he sent for me immediately after dinner; the Cardinal of Ferrara was present and dined with him. I came just when they were at the second course; his majesty immediately began to talk to me, saying that since he had so beautiful a cup and basin of my making, he must have a handsome salt-cellar to accompany such fine things; that he wanted me to draw a design for one, and the sooner the better. I answered that his majesty should see such a design much sooner than he expected; for that whilst I was employed about the basin and the cup, I thought a salt-cellar would be a necessary companion to them, and therefore had already made one, which I would show to his majesty in a few moments. The monarch turned about with great vivacity to the noblemen present, to the King of Navarre, the Cardinal of Lorraine, and the Cardinal of Ferrara, and said to them—"This is so obliging a man, that whoever has heard his character, would be desirous to know him." He then told me he would be glad to see my design. I went for it and soon returned, for I had nothing to do but cross the Seine: I brought with me a model of wax, which I had made at Rome at the request of the Cardinal of Ferrara. Upon showing it to the king, he expressed great surprise, and said—"This is a much finer design than I expected; it is a most noble production; such a genius should never be unemployed." He then turned to me and said with great cheerfulness, that he was highly pleased with my model, and should be glad

to have a salt-cellar made according to it in gold. The Cardinal of Ferrara tipped me the wink, giving me to understand, that he knew this to be the same model I had made for him in Rome. I thereupon repeated what I had before told him, that I had made it for one who would pay for it. The cardinal recollecting these words was nettled, and had a mind to take his revenge: he therefore thus addressed the king—"Sire, this is certainly a great undertaking; I have only one objection to make, namely, that I never expect to see it finished; for men of genius who have noble and sublime ideas in their own art, are very ready to engage in grand enterprizes, without duly considering when they can bring them to a conclusion; therefore, if I were to order works of such importance, I should be glad to know how soon they could be executed" The king made answer, that he who was so anxiously solicitous about the finishing of works, would never begin any; and this he said in such a manner, as intimated that he did not consider such undertakings as suitable to men of narrow minds. I then said—"When princes give their servants such noble encouragement as your majesty does both by words and deeds, they are sure of succeeding in all great undertakings; and since God has blessed me with so munificent a patron, I flatter myself that I shall be able to execute many great and admirable works for your majesty:" "I do not doubt but you will," answered the king, rising from table. He sent for me to his apartment, and asked me how much gold the making of the salt-cellar would require. I immediately answered him a thousand crowns. The king called for his treasurer, Monsieur d'Orbech, and commanded him to give me directly a thousand old gold crowns good weight.

I quitted his majesty and sent for the two clerks,

who had caused the money to be given me for the statue of Jupiter and many other things; and having crossed the Seine, I took with me a little basket, which I had from a nun, a cousin-german of mine, in a convent at Florence; by good luck I took this basket and not a wallet: I thought to do the business by day, as it was then early, and did not care to disturb my journeymen, nor did I even mind to carry a servant with me. I came to the treasurer's house, who had the money ready before him, and chosen the pieces out according to the directions of the monarch. It appeared to me that the villain had recourse to all the little artifices and stratagems he could think of, to delay paying me the money till late at night. I was by no means defective in diligence, but sent for some of my journeymen to come to me about business of the utmost consequence: when I found that they did not appear, I asked the messenger whether he had obeyed my orders; the scoundrel told me that he had, and that they answered him they could not come; but he would carry the money for me with pleasure: I replied that I chose to carry it myself. In the mean time the writing was drawn up; and the money being brought, I put it all into the basket, then thrust my arm through the two handles: as it entered with great difficulty, the money was well secured, and I carried it with much greater ease, than if I had made use of a bag. I was armed with a coat of mail, and having my sword and dagger by my side, I set out directly for my own house. Just then I took notice of some of the servants who were whispering to one another: but they soon quitted the house, and seemed to turn down quite a different street from that which I had taken. I being in great haste, passed the bridge, of the change, and went up by a little wall in the

marshes, which carried me to my own house at Nello. When I was just at the Augustinians, a very dangerous place, though within five hundred paces of my own house, where if I had attempted to call out, my voice would not have been heard by any body, I in a moment came to a resolution, seeing four swords drawn against me; quickly covering my basket with my cloak, I clapped my hand to my sword, and perceiving that they were eager to surround me, I told them there was nothing to be won from a soldier but his cloak and sword; these I was resolved not to resign tamely, but to defend them at the risk of my life. Whilst I bravely opposed the villains, I several times opened my arms wide, that in case they had been set on by the servants who saw me receive the money, they might have some reason to think I could not have any such sum about me. The battle did not last long, for they began gradually to retire; some of them said in French—"This Italian is a brave fellow, he certainly cannot be the person we wanted; and even if he be the man, he has no sum of money about him." I sputtered Italian, and dealt my blows with such dexterity, that I was near killing some of them; as I appeared to be an excellent swordsman, they thought it most likely that I was a soldier; so they crowded close together, and imperceptibly drew off from me, muttering all the while in their own language. I at the same time continued to say modestly and without any sort of bullying or rodomontade, that he who wanted to possess himself of my arms and cloak, must purchase them dearly. I began to mend my pace, and they followed me slowly; my fear thereupon increased, and I was filled with apprehensions of falling into an ambush of other villains, who might surround me. But when I got within a hundred paces of

my own house, I mended my pace as fast as I could; and cried out with a loud voice—"Help! help! or I am assassinated." Immediately there sallied out four of my young men with long pikes, who made an offer to pursue the fellows that had attacked me and were still in sight: but I stopped them, saying aloud—"Those four cowardly dogs have not been able to take from a single man a booty of a thousand gold crowns, the weight of which has almost broken his arm; let us therefore first go and lay them up, and then I will attend you with my great two-handed sword, wherever you will." While we were putting up the money, the young men expressed great concern for the danger I had been exposed to, and said to me in a reprimanding tone—"You have too much confidence in your own courage, which will bring you one day into some scrape, and make us all lament your unhappy fate." I had a long chat with them, and they told me that my adversaries were gone off; so we all supped cheerfully, and were very merry, making a jest of the various turns and changes of fortune, which, whether prosperous or adverse, can affect us but for a time I own it is a common saying that every reverse of fortune teaches us how to behave on another occasion; but that is not true, as the circumstances which attend each event are different, and such as could not be foreseen.

The next morning I began the great salt-cellar, and caused that and other works to be forwarded with the utmost expedition. I had by this time provided myself with several journeymen, as well for sculpture, as for the goldsmith s business: these journeymen were Italians, French, and Germans, and sometimes I had a considerable number of them. When I happened to meet with able arti-

ficers (for I almost every day changed them, taking into my shop such as were most expert and knowing) I hurried them in such a manner, that unable to bear the constant labour as I did, who had received a happy constitution from nature, they endeavoured to restore and keep up their spirits by eating and drinking: some of the Germans who were more skilful and knowing than the rest, strove to keep pace with me, but could not bear the fatigue; so that the attempt cost them their lives. Whilst I went on with the silver statue of Jupiter, seeing that I had plenty of that metal, over and above what the statue required, I, without the king's knowledge, set about making a large silver vessel with two handles, about a cubit and a half high: I had likewise a fancy to cast in bronze the grand model which I had made for the silver Jupiter. I immediately began this arduous undertaking, which was of such a nature that I had never attempted any thing of the kind before; and having entered into a conversation upon the subject with some of the old experienced artists of Paris, I mentioned to them all the methods used in Italy to bring such a work to bear. They told me that they had never made use of that process, but that if I would let them take their own way, they would cast me the model of bronze as fine and as exact as the earthen one. I chose to make a bargain upon employing them, and thinking their demand moderate, promised them several crowns more than they asked. They set about the work, but I soon perceived that they did not take the right method; I therefore began a head of Julius Cæsar, the breast covered with armour, much bigger than the life, which I took from a little model I had brought with me from Rome, representing an antique head of admirable workmanship. I likewise began another head

of the same size, which was the likeness of a fine girl whom I had at that time in keeping: I gave her the name of Fontainebleau, from the seat which the king had chosen for his favourite residence. Having made a proper furnace to melt the bronze, and arranged and baked our figures, they their Jupiter, and I my two heads, I said to them—"It is my opinion that your Jupiter will not come out, as you have not blown enough under it for the wind to play, so that you labour in vain." To this they answered, that in case their work did not succeed, they would return me the money and make good all my expenses; but they at the same time maintained that the fine heads which I wanted to cast in the Italian manner, would never succeed according to my expectation. There were present at this dispute the treasurers and other gentlemen who came to me from the king, and who related to his majesty all that was said and done upon the occasion. The two old artists who proposed casting the model of Jupiter, occasioned some delay in the preparations for that purpose; they said they would gladly adjust the two moulds of my heads, it being impossible that they could succeed according to my process, and it would be vexatious that two such fine pieces should be spoiled. As they had informed his majesty of this, he desired they would endeavour to learn, and not take upon them to teach a person who was a master of the business: they with great laughter and merriment put their work into the mould, and I without any sort of emotion, without either laughing or discovering any uneasiness, put my two heads on each side of the figure of Jupiter: when our metal was thoroughly melted, we poured it out with great satisfaction; the mould of Jupiter was thereupon cleverly filled, as were likewise those of my two heads at the same

time: the two old artists were highly rejoiced, while I was very well pleased with my success; in short it was an equal triumph to us both that we had been mistaken with regard to our opinion of each other's performance. They then were in high spirits, and desired to drink, according to the French practice, which I granted, and readily entertained them with a collation. The next thing they asked me for, was the money I had agreed to give them, and what I had promised them over and above: I answered—"You have been very merry, where I doubt you should have been sad; for I have taken it into consideration that there has been a greater consumption of metal upon this job than should have been, so that I am determined not to let you have any more money till to-morrow morning. The poor men began to reflect seriously on this speech of mine, and without making any answer returned home. When they came again in the morning, they without any stir began to take the figures out of the moulds; and because they could not get at their own great figure without first taking out my two heads, they did so accordingly, and placed them in such a manner that they appeared to the utmost advantage. Soon after they set up so loud a cry, that I thought it was a shout of joy, and immediately ran to the workshop from my own chamber, which was at a considerable distance: I found them exactly in the attitude of those who guarded Christ's sepulchre, in sorrow and astonishment. I cast my eyes upon the two heads, and seeing that they made a very good appearance, I was partly pleased and partly vexed, while they excused themselves by saying—"We have been unfortunate." I answered—"You have been very fortunate, but you have shown little skill; if I had but instructed you with a single word, the

figure would have come out admirably, which would have been greatly to my honour and your advantage: but as to my honour I can easily find an excuse, you for your parts will gain neither honour nor profit: therefore another time learn to work, and not to banter and make sport of others." They begged I would take compassion upon them, acknowledging that I was in the right, and that if I did not show them indulgence in not obliging them to make good all that great expense, they must be reduced to beggary as well as their families. My answer was, that when the king's treasurers paid them what they had been promised, I should fulfil my agreement, for I saw that they had done their best. By acting in this manner I greatly conciliated the good graces of the king's treasurers and ministers. A full account of the whole affair was given to his majesty, who was so generous as to order that I should be satisfied in all my demands.

CHAPTER VI.

The Author obtains a grant of naturalization, motu proprio, from the king, and is made lord of the house he resides at, called Piccol Nello.—The king pays him another visit accompanied by Madame D'Estampes, and orders him to set about superb ornaments for the fine fountain at Fontainebleau.—In obedience to the king's commands he makes two beautiful models of the ornaments for the fountain, and shows them to his majesty.—Description of those ornaments.—Remarkable conversation between him and the king upon this occasion.—Madame D'Estampes is offended with the Author for not taking notice of her in any of his designs.—To recover her favour he waits upon her, intending to make her a present of a fine vase of silver, but is refused admittance.—He presents it to the Cardinal of Lorraine, who behaves most generously to him.—He involves himself in a scrape, by turning out of his house a favourite servant of Madame D'Estampes, who had taken up his quarters there for some time.—Madame D'Estampes endeavours to alienate the king from him, but the Dauphin interposes in his favour.

Just at this time arrived at court the great Piero Strozzi, who having put the king in mind of his letters of naturalization, his majesty gave orders that they should be made out directly: he at the same time said—"Prepare letters of naturalization for Benvenuto likewise; carry them to his house, and let him pay no fee whatever." Those of the great Piero cost him several hundred ducats; mine were brought me by one of the king's first secretaries, whose name was M. Anthony Mason. This gentleman put the letters into my hands, with many expressions of kindness from the king; and said—"His majesty makes you a present of these to encourage you to serve him with the greater zeal; they are letters of naturalization." He at the same

time told me, that " Letters of the like nature had been granted with much solicitation, and as a great favour, to Piero Strozzi; but that the king gave me these of his own accord; a mark of distinction which had never been shown before to any foreigner in that kingdom." I returned my royal benefactor thanks, with all possible demonstrations of gratitude; and requested the secretary to inform me what those letters of naturalization meant. The secretary was a very polite well-bred man, who spoke Italian incomparably well; he first laughed heartily, and then resuming his gravity, told me in my own language the meaning of letters of naturalization, that it was the highest honour that could be conferred on a foreigner; and something of much greater consequence than being made a Venetian gentleman. Having quitted me, and returned to the king, he related to his majesty all that had passed between us; the monarch laughed a good while, and said—" He shall know presently why I sent him the letters of naturalization. Go and make out his patent of lord of the castle of Nello, which is a part of my demesne; he will understand this much more easily than he did the letters of naturalization." There came a messenger to me from the king with the above patent, and I was for giving him a gratification, but he refused it, telling me that he had his majesty's express orders to the contrary. The above-mentioned letters of naturalization, together with those of the grant of the castle, I took with me when I returned to Italy; and wherever I reside, or wherever I am to finish my days, I shall always endeavour to have them with me.

I now resume the thread of my narrative. Having upon my hands the works of which I have already spoken, I mean the silver Jupiter, which was begun, the golden salt-cellar, the great silver vase, and the

two heads of bronze; I proceeded with expedition, and gave orders to have a basis cast for the statue of Jupiter: this I caused to be made very magnificently of bronze, set off with a variety of ornaments; amongst which I carved in basso relievo the rape of Ganimede, and on the other side Leda with her swan: the latter I cast in bronze, and it had surprising success. I made another of the same sort, intending to place upon it the statue of Juno, expecting soon to begin that likewise, if the king furnished me with silver for such an undertaking. Continuing to work with the utmost assiduity, I had already completed the silver Jupiter, and had also cast the golden salt-cellar; the cup was very forward, and the two heads of bronze were finished: I had likewise executed several little pieces for the Cardinal of Ferrara, and moreover a small silver vase of very rich workmanship, which I designed as a present to Madame D'Estampes: at the same time, I had done some jobs for several Italian noblemen, as for Signor Piero Strozzi, the Count D'Anguillara, the Count of Pitigliano, the Count of Mirandola, and many others. When I was pretty forward with these works for my gracious monarch, he returned to Paris, and three days after came to my house, with a number of the chief nobility of his court: they all expressed great surprise at my being so forward with so many performances; and as Madame D'Estampes was with him, they began to talk of Fontainebleau. The lady observed to his majesty, that he should order me to make some fine ornament for his favourite residence: the king instantly answered—"What you say is very just; I will presently determine upon something very handsome for him to execute." Then turning to me, he asked me what I thought would be a proper ornament for that charming fountain. I proposed

some of my fancies; his majesty likewise told his opinion: he mentioned at the same time, that he intended going to take his pleasure for fifteen or twenty days, at St. Germain en Laye, which was twelve leagues distant from Paris, desiring that I would in the meanwhile make a model for his seat at Fontainebleau, with the finest inventions I could think of, that being the most delightful place of recreation in his whole kingdom; he concluded with ordering me to exert my utmost efforts to produce something masterly; I promised to do my best. The king seeing such a number of works so far advanced, said to Madame D'Estampes—"I never knew a man in his way that pleased me more, or that deserved to be more encouraged; we must endeavour to keep him here, he spends a good deal of money, is a good companion, and works hard. I am indeed under a necessity of thinking of him myself, for in all the times that he has been with me, or that I have been here, he has never asked any thing; his mind seems to be entirely taken up with his business; I must confer some favour on the man, for fear of losing him." Madame D'Estampes replied—"I will take care to put you in mind." They went away, and I proceeded with the utmost expedition in the works I had begun; at the same time I set about the model of a fountain, and used all dispatch in bringing it to perfection.

In about six weeks the king returned to Paris, and I, who had worked night and day, waited on his majesty with my model; the figures were so elegant that it was a very easy matter to understand the design. The fatal disputes between the king of France and the emperor being already renewed, I found him very pensive; and therefore addressed myself to the Cardinal of Ferrara, telling him that I had brought some models, which the king had

employed me to make; and I requested him to take the first opportunity of mentioning them to his majesty, as I was inclined to think they would afford him pleasure. The cardinal complied with my request, and spoke of the models to the king, who quickly repaired to the place where I kept them.

First of all I had designed the palace gate of Fontainebleau; and made as little alteration as possible in the form of it, which, according to the whimsical taste of the French, seemed to be an odd mixture of greatness and littleness; for its dimension was almost square, with a semicircle over it, bent like the handle of a basket, in which the king was desirous of having a figure to represent Fontainebleau. I gave a beautiful proportion to the gate, and over it I put an exact semicircle, with some agreeable projectures on each side; instead of two pillars which the order of architecture seemed to require for their support, I placed two satyrs: one of these, something above half relievo, appeared to sustain with one arm that part of the pile which touched the columns; in the other it held a large massive club; the countenance was so stern and fierce as to strike terror into the beholders: the other satyr had the same attitude, but differed from the former in the head, and some other parts; it held in its hand a whip, with three balls fastened to certain chains. Though I call these figures satyrs, they had nothing in common with those sylvan gods, but certain little horns and heads, resembling that of a goat; in all other respects they were of the human form. In the same circle I represented a female figure in a reclining attitude, with her left arm upon the neck of a hart, which was a device of the king's; on one side of her I designed, in half relief, little goats, boars, and other wild beasts; and

on the other, in high relief, greyhounds, and other dogs of different sorts, such as are to be seen in the delightful woods where the fountain rises. I drew the whole plan in an oblong form, and at each corner I designed a victory in basso relievo, holding little torches in their hands, as they are represented by the ancients. On the top I placed the figure of a salamander, the king's own emblem, with several other ornaments pleasing to the eye, and adapted to the nature of the work, which was of the Ionic order.

The sight of this model raised the king's spirits, and diverted him from that disagreeable conversation in which he had been engaged above two hours. Finding him in this good humour, I showed him two other models, which he little expected, for he imagined he had seen ingenuity enough in the first. This model was above two cubits in size; it represented a fountain in the form of a complete square, with fine steps round it, which intersected each other; a thing almost unexampled in any country whatever. In the midst of this fountain I placed a solid piece, which rose a little above its brim, and upon it I placed a naked figure of a most graceful shape: this had a broken lance in its right hand, raised aloft in the air, and the left it kept upon the handle of a scymitar, the form of which was exceedingly beautiful; it rested upon the left foot, and held the right upon the crest of a helmet, the workmanship of which was the richest and most elegant that could be conceived: at the four sides of the fountain, I had designed a highly raised figure, seated, with many pretty devices and ornaments to each. The king began to interrogate me about the fancy of this elegant work, telling me that he had himself understood my whole plan of the gate, without asking a single question; but as for my

present design, though it appeared to him exceedingly beautiful, he could not so much as form a conjecture concerning its meaning: he added, that he was very sure I had not done like some foolish artists, who though they produced works which had some beauty and elegance in them, were notwithstanding void of signification. As I had had the good luck to please his majesty by my performance, I prepared to give him a second pleasure by my explanation of it, which was couched in the following words—"May it please your majesty, this little work was designed in small measure, but when it is carried into execution, there will be the same symmetry and exactness in great, as in miniature. That figure in the middle is of fifty-four feet." When I spoke thus, the king appeared to be greatly surprised. "Next," continued I, "is represented the god Mars; those other four figures are made for the virtues, in which your majesty so highly delights, and which you so much favour. The figure upon the right hand is the emblem of science: observe its symbol, that denotes philosophy with all its train of attendant virtues; that other signifies the art of designing, which comprises sculpture, painting, and architecture. That next figure represents music, a proper companion for all the other sciences. That which appears so kind and courteous, is intended for liberality; since, without her aid, none of those virtues or talents given us by the Almighty, can ever become conspicuous. The great statue in the middle represents your majesty, who are the Mars of this age, the only valiant prince in the world, a prince who exerts that valour in supporting and asserting the glory of his crown." Scarcely had he the patience to hear me out, when he exclaimed aloud—"I have at last found a man after my own heart." He immediately sent for his treasurer, and ordered

him to supply me with whatever I required, however great the expense. He then clapped me on the shoulder, and said to me in French, "Mon ami, my friend, I do not know which pleasure is the greatest, that of a prince who meets with a man after his own heart, or that of the artist who finds a prince that gives him all the encouragement necessary to carry his great and sublime ideas into execution." I made answer, that—"If I was the artist meant by his majesty, the happiness was entirely on my side." He answered, laughing—"Let us then reckon it equal on both sides."

I left the monarch in high spirits, and returned to my work. It happened unluckily for me, that I had not been apprised to act the same farce with Madame D'Estampes, who having in the evening heard all that passed from the king himself, conceived so deep a resentment at the neglect, that she said, with the utmost indignation—"If Benvenuto had shown me his fine works, I should have had reason to remember him at the proper time." The king endeavoured to excuse me, but without success. Having received this information about a fortnight after, when the court, after making a tour to Normandy, was returned to St Germain en Laye, I took with me the fine piece of plate which I had wrought at the desire of Madame D'Estampes herself, in hopes that by making her a present of it, I might recover her good graces: accordingly I carried it to her, and having mentioned my intention to her waiting woman, showed her the cup which I proposed presenting to her lady: she received me in the kindest manner imaginable, and said she would just speak a word to Madame D'Estampes, who was not yet dressed, but that as soon as ever she had apprised her of my coming, she would introduce me. Upon acquainting her lady with my arrival, and the

present I had brought, the latter answered, in a passion—"Tell him to wait." Having heard this, I armed myself with patience, and continued in suspense till she was going to dinner; perceiving that it grew late, hunger provoked me to such a degree, that unable to resist its cravings any longer, I gave the lady a hearty curse, and going directly to the Cardinal of Lorraine, made him a present of the cup, begging he would stand my friend with the king, and prevent me from being deprived of his good graces. He made answer, that—"I did not want a friend at court; and in case I did, he would have espoused my cause without being solicited:" then calling to his steward, he whispered something in his ear. The steward having waited till I had quitted the cardinal's presence, said to me—"Benvenuto, come this way, and I will treat you with a bottle of good wine." As I was not well aware of his meaning, I made answer—"For God's sake, good Mr Steward, do but give me a single glass of wine, and a bit of bread, for I am ready to sink for want of sustenance; I have waited fasting since the morning early at Madame D'Estampes' door, with an intention to make her a present of that fine gilt cup; and when I sent her word that I was there, she ordered me to be told to wait: at present hunger attacks me, and I find my powers begin to fail; so, as it was God's will, I have bestowed my property and my work on one that deserved it much better, and all I desire of you is to give me something to eat; as I am of a temper rather impatient, and hunger pinches me to such a degree that I am almost ready to faint." Whilst I uttered these words with great difficulty, a servant brought in some excellent wine and other delicacies for a collation; I refreshed myself very well, and having recruited my spirits thoroughly, my peevish-

ness and impatience subsided. The worthy steward having put into my hands a hundred gold crowns, I declined accepting them on any account; upon this he went and told the cardinal, who reprimanded him very severely, and commanded him to force them upon me, or not appear again in his presence. The steward came back highly offended, declaring that the cardinal had never rated him so before; he then endeavoured to persuade me to accept of his master's bounty; and upon my making some resistance, he said in a passion, that he would compel me to take the money. I at length accepted it, and proposed going to return the cardinal thanks; but he gave me to understand by one of his secretaries, that whenever he had it in his power to befriend me, he should do it with pleasure. I returned to Paris the same evening: the king was informed of all that had passed, and Madame D'Estampes was very much rallied upon the occasion; but this only increased her resentment against me, whence my life was afterwards in danger, as the reader shall be informed in due time.

I should, however, first take notice of my having acquired the friendship of one of the most learned, and most amiable acquaintances that I ever had in my life: this was Signor Guido Guidi, an excellent physician, and eminent citizen of Florence: on account of the calamities in which adverse fortune had involved me, I deferred speaking of him before, but I thought that neglect excusable, as he was always next my heart. Having afterwards taken it into consideration, that my life was never agreeable without him, I have inserted an account of him amidst that of my greatest crosses, that as he constantly comforted and assisted me, I may in this narrative dwell upon the remembrance of the happiness I enjoyed in his friendship. Signor Guido Guidi

came to Paris while I resided in that capital: upon our first acquaintance I conducted him to my castle, and assigned him an apartment in it, so that we enjoyed each other's company several years. Thither also came the Bishop of Pavia, Monsignor de Rossi, brother to the Count of St Secondo: I made this prelate leave his inn, and took him with me to my castle, where I gave him apartments, in which he was handsomely accommodated, with all his retinue, during several months. Upon another occasion I accommodated Signor Luigi Alamanni and his sons for some months; and the Almighty was so favourable to me, as to put it into my power to serve some other persons of distinction and men of genius. I enjoyed the friendship of Signor Guido as many years as I resided at the castle; and we often boasted to each other, that we had acquired some improvement in our respective professions at the expense of the great and munificent king, who had invited us to his capital. I can say with truth, that if I have any reputation, or have ever produced works deserving of notice, it was owing to the encouragement of that generous monarch. I therefore resume the thread of my narrative concerning him, and the great works in which I was employed by his majesty. My castle had a tennis-court, from which I derived great benefit; at the same time that I used it for exercise, there were many habitations in it, occupied by several men of different trades, amongst whom there was an excellent printer: almost his whole shop was within the precincts of my castle, and it was he that first printed the excellent medical treatise published by Signor Guido. As I had occasion for the shop, I made him quit it, but not without some difficulty. There was likewise, in the same place, a person who made gunpowder; I wanted the habitation he occupied, for

some of my German artists, but the powder-maker would upon no account dislodge, though I several times civilly desired him to let me have the apartment, which was really necessary for some of my men, employed in the king's service. The more humble my remonstrances, the more insolently the brute answered me; at last I allowed him three days to remove; but he laughed, and told me that he would think of it in about three years. [I did not know at first that this fellow was a domestic of Madame D'Estampes; and if it had not been that the above affair between that lady and myself had made me particularly cautious, I should instantly have dislodged him; but I thought it advisable to have patience for the three days: these being expired, I took with me several armed men, Germans, Italians, and French, as likewise some menial servants, who in a short time cleared the house, and threw all he had in it into the streets. I treated him with this particular rigour, because he had told me that he did not think any Italian had the courage to move the least thing belonging to him out of its place: in consequence of his having made such a boast, I behaved to him in that manner; and then said to him—"I am the least of all the Italians; but I have done nothing to you yet, in comparison of what I find myself disposed to do, and what I certainly shall perform if you speak another word;" with many more angry and menacing expressions. The man, in the utmost terror and astonishment, gathered up his effects the best he could, and ran to Madame D'Estampes, to whom he gave a most terrible account of the whole transaction: that grand enemy of mine, an enemy the more dangerous in proportion to her greater influence and credit, represented the affair in the worst light to his majesty. The monarch, as I have been informed, flew into a

violent passion, and was upon the point of giving very severe orders against me; but as his son Henry the Dauphin, now King of France, had received many affronts from that presumptuous lady which had also been the case of the Queen of Navarre, sister to King Francis, they both espoused my cause so warmly, that the king turned the whole affair into ridicule; so that with the assistance of the Almighty, I had a fair escape at this critical juncture.

CHAPTER VII.

Madame D'Estampes encourages Primaticcio, otherwise called Bologna, the painter, to torment and rival the Author.—He is entangled in a troublesome lawsuit by a person whom he had turned out of his apartments at Piccol Nello.—Description of the French courts of justice.—The Author finding himself very much persecuted and distressed by the chicanery and delays of the law, puts an end to the suit by his sword, which greatly intimidates his adversaries.—Account of his four men-servants and his maid Catherine.—One of the four, a hypocritical pretender to devotion, betrays his master by seducing Catherine.—He is caught in the fact by Cellini, who turns Catherine and her mother out of doors.—Catherine in revenge accuses Cellini of having committed a horrible crime with her.—The Author's anxiety under this prosecution.—He recovers his spirits, and having boldly vindicated his character, and pleaded his own cause before his judges, is honourably acquitted.

After I had thus got rid of my Frenchman, I found myself obliged to proceed in the same manner with another tradesman, but did not demolish the house; I only caused the goods to be thrown out of the window. This provoked Madame D'Estampes so highly, that she said to the king—"I believe this devil of a fellow will one day ransack the city of Paris." The king answered in a passion, that I did very right in ridding myself of a rabble, which would have prevented me from executing his orders. The fury of this cruel woman rising every day to a higher pitch, she sent for a certain painter, who lived occasionally at Fontainebleau, the king's place of residence; this painter was an Italian, and a native of Bologna, by which name he was universally known, but his real name was Francis Primaticcio.

Madame D'Estampes bid him apply to the king for the work which he had resolved to put into my hands, and said she would second him to the utmost of her power: this was agreed upon between them. Bologna was highly rejoiced, looking upon himself as sure of success, though the business was quite out of the sphere of his profession. But as he was master of the art of designing, and had agreed with certain workmen, who had learned their business under Rosso, our celebrated painter of Florence, who must be acknowledged to have been a man of great genius; and as Bologna himself in whatever he had produced of any degree of merit, had followed the excellent manner of that Rosso, who was at this time no more: these very plausible reasons had such weight, being backed by Madame D'Estampes, and conspiring with the continual dinning in the king's ears day and night, either by Bologna or the lady, that this great prince at last began to listen to their suggestions. They said to him—"How is it possible that your sacred majesty can employ Benvenuto to make you twelve statues of silver, when he has not yet finished one? If you engage him in so great an undertaking, you must resolve to give up the other plans which you are so much bent upon, because a hundred men of first-rate talents would be unable to finish all the great works which this one enterprising genius has taken in hand. It is obvious at the same time, that he exerts himself too much, and is indefatigable in his business, which may very probably be the cause of your losing both him and the works he is employed in." These and many other arguments of the like sort, by being urged at a proper time, produced their effect upon the mind of the king, so that he complied with their desires; and yet he had not hitherto seen any designs or models by the said Bologna.

Just at this very juncture the second person whom I had driven out of the precincts of my castle, had commenced a lawsuit against me at Paris, affirming that I had robbed him of several of his effects at the time that I had made him dislodge; this suit occasioned me a great deal of trouble, and took up so much of my time, that I was frequently upon the point of forming a desperate resolution to quit the kingdom. It is customary in France to make the most of a suit which they commence with a foreigner, or with any other person who is not used to law transactions; as soon as they have any advantage in the process, they find means to sell it to certain persons, who make a trade of buying lawsuits. There is another villanous practice which is general with the Normans, I mean that of bearing false witness, so that those who purchase the suit, immediately instruct five or six of these witnesses, as there happens to be occasion: by such means, if their adversary cannot produce an equal number to contradict and destroy their evidence, and happens to be ignorant of the custom of the country, he is sure to have a decree given against him. Both these accidents having happened to me, I thought the proceeding highly dishonourable; I therefore made my appearance in the great hall of the Palais at Paris, in order to plead my own cause, where I saw the king's lieutenant for civil affairs, seated upon a grand tribunal. This man was tall, corpulent, and had a most austere countenance: on one side he was surrounded with a multitude of people; and on the other with numbers of attornies and counsellors, all ranged in order upon the right and left; others came one by one, and severally opened their causes before the judge. I observed that the counsellors who stood on one side, sometimes spoke all together.

To my great surprise this extraordinary magistrate, with the true countenance of a Pluto, seemed by his attitude to listen now to one, now to another, and constantly answered with the utmost propriety; as I always took great pleasure in seeing and contemplating the efforts of genius, of what nature soever, this appeared to me so wonderful, that I would not have missed seeing it for any consideration. As the hall was of a prodigious extent, and filled with a great multitude of persons, particular care was taken that none should enter, but such as came about business; so the door was kept locked, and the avenues were guarded by door keepers; these men, in opposing those who were for forcing in, made sometimes such a noise, that the judge reprimanded them very severely. I stooped down several times to observe what passed; the words which I heard the judge utter, upon seeing two gentlemen who wanted to hear the trial, and whom the porter was endeavouring to keep out, were these—"Be quiet, be quiet, Satan, get hence, and leave off disturbing us:" the terms in French were—"Paix, paix, Satan, allez, paix." As I had by this time thoroughly learned the French language, upon hearing these words, I recollected what Dante said, when he with his master Virgil entered the gates of hell: for Dante and Giotto the painter were together in France, and visited Paris with particular attention, where the court of justice may be considered as hell. Hence it is that Dante, who was likewise perfect master of the French, made use of that expression; and I have often been surprised that it was never understood in that sense; so that I cannot help thinking that the commentators on this author have often made him say things which he never so much as dreamed of.

To return to my suit: finding that there was no

redress to be expected from the law, I had recourse to a long sword, which I had by me, for I was always particularly careful to be provided with good arms: the first that I attacked was the person who commenced that unjust and vexatious suit, and one day I gave him so many wounds upon the legs and arms, taking care however not to kill him, that I deprived him of the use of both his legs. I then fell upon the other who had bought the cause, and treated him in such a manner, as quickly caused a stop to be put to the proceedings; for this and every other success, I returned thanks to the Supreme Being, and began to conceive hopes that I should be for some time unmolested. I earnestly entreated my young journeymen, especially the Italians, to be attentive to their business, and to work hard for a time, till I could finish the works I had undertaken; for I proposed to return to Italy as soon as ever they were completed, not being able any longer to bear the villany of the French; at the same time seriously considering, that if the monarch should once happen to be angry with me, I might probably meet with severe treatment for having revenged myself in the manner I had done.

These Italian journeymen were as follow: the first and most in my favour was Ascanio, born in the kingdom of Naples, at a place called Tagliacozzo: the second was Paolo Romano, a person of mean birth, who did not so much as know his own father; these two I had brought from Rome, where they had lived with me: the third was likewise a Roman, who came from Italy, on purpose to enter into my service; his name was also Paolo, and he was son to a poor Roman gentleman of the Maccherani family; this young man had made but little proficiency in the business, but he was brave and

an excellent swordsman: the fourth journeyman was a native of Ferrara, whose name was Bartolomeo Chioccia: the fifth was a Florentine, named Paolo Micceri; who had a brother surnamed Gatta, a very able clerk, but guilty of extravagance, when he managed the business for Tommaso Guadagni, a rich merchant; he afterwards kept my books, which contained my accounts with his most Christian majesty, and others by whom I was employed. Paolo Micceri having learned his brother's method of book-keeping, continued to follow it, and I allowed him a good salary; he appeared to me to be a very pious youth, and discovered a great turn to devotion, sometimes singing psalms, sometimes telling his beads; so that I conceived great hopes from such an appearance of virtue. I therefore called him aside, and spoke to him thus—"My dear friend Paolo, you see how happily you are settled with me, and may remember you were before out of business; you are a Florentine, which makes me confide in you; and what gives me high satisfaction, is to see you so devout, and so regular in all acts of religion. I therefore make it my request to you, that you would give your attention to two things, in which I am in a particular manner concerned; one is, that you would carefully watch over my property, and be always upon your guard to prevent any body from meddling with it, as likewise you avoid touching it yourself. At the same time you see the poor girl Catherine, whom I keep in the house chiefly on account of my business, and without whom it would be impossible for me to conduct it: she is my mistress; yet she may, very possibly, some time or other, be not over circumspect, an injury which I should never be able to forgive. If any person in this house were to be guilty of such an action, I verily believe I should be the death of

both him and her: therefore, my dear friend, I beg you will assist me; and if any thing of the kind happen, immediately give me notice, for I mean at once to wreak my vengeance upon her and her mother, and upon the person that attempts the outrage; let me entreat you then to keep a good look out." The villain thereupon made the sign of the cross, and exclaimed—"O blessed Jesus! God forbid that ever I should think of such a thing: first I am not at all given to such vile practices; and then can I be ignorant of my obligations to you?" Hearing him utter these words with the simple, unaffected gestures of one that spoke as he thought, in short, of one that had a real affection for me, I was credulous enough to think he expressed his real sentiments.

Soon after this discourse came a holiday, when Signor Mattio del Nasara, who was also an Italian in the king's service, and a very able man in our business, invited me with my young fellows to an entertainment in his garden; I proposed to go thither, and desired Paolo to join us, and take share of the diversions, as I thought the troublesome affair of the lawsuit was pretty well over. The young man made answer, that it would be very wrong to leave the house without any body to look after it—"Do but consider," said he, "how much gold, silver, and jewels you have here; in a city which swarms with thieves, we should be watchful both night and day: whilst I guard the house, I will say my prayers; so go, take your recreation, without being under any apprehensions; the next time the office must be done by another." Thus in a perfect composure of mind, I set out with Paolo, Ascanio, and Chioccia. We went together to the garden to solace ourselves, and there passed a great part of the day very merrily.

When evening began to approach, I grew uneasy,

and could not help thinking of the words of my hypocritical rogue of a servant, and the air of counterfeit integrity with which he uttered them, I mounted a horse, and with two of my young fellows returned to the castle; where I was very near surprising Paolo and Catherine in the very act. No sooner was I arrived, than the old French profligate of a mother cried out with a loud voice—"Paolo, Catherine, your master is come back." They appeared quite terrified, and in a disorderly dishabille, and seemed neither to know what they were saying, or where they were going; from whence I concluded what they had been doing. Anger having now quite deprived me of my reason, I laid hand to my sword, with a resolution to destroy them both: one betook himself to flight; the other fell upon her knees and implored compassion. I wanted to dispatch the man first; but not being able to come up with him immediately, I in the mean time reflected seriously; and thinking better of what I was about, concluded that it would be most advisable to turn them both off; because as I had lately done so many things that exposed me to censure, my life would certainly have been in danger had I added this to the rest. I said therefore to Paolo—"Villain, had I seen what I suspect you of having committed, I should have pierced your body ten times with this sword; begone from my house directly, and let me have no more of your hypocritical canting." I then turned the mother and daughter out of doors, with many kicks and blows. They formed, however, a resolution to revenge this treatment; and upon their advising with a Norman lawyer, he directed Catherine to say that I had committed a loathsome crime with her: "As soon as this Italian," continued he, "hears such an accusation, he will be sensible of the dangerous consequences of it, and

gladly give you several hundred crowns to stop your mouths; for he cannot be ignorant how severely such an offence is punished in France." They therefore agreed to put this design in execution. They laid their accusation, and I was cited to appear; so that the more I sought for peace and quiet, the more I was involved in trouble and perplexity.

Being every day persecuted by fortune in a variety of ways, I began to deliberate what course I should take, whether I should go my ways in God's name, and leave France for ever, or make a defence and patiently wait the event. After having been some time agitated with trouble and anxiety, I at last resolved to decamp, and no longer tempt adverse fortune which had so cruelly persecuted me. Having fixed my resolution, and concerted the best measures possible, to secure such effects as I could not carry with me, I took all that were portable, or gave them in charge to my servants; though it was not without extreme regret that I saw myself obliged to adopt such a method. I had stayed awhile alone in my closet; because when my young men advised me to go in God's name, I told them it was proper I should deliberate a little by myself: though I was at the same time sensible that what they said was in the main very prudent, for I knew that when once I was out of sight, and had given the fury of my enemies time to evaporate, I should be much better able to vindicate my conduct to the king, and convince him by letter that a wicked plot had been laid against me by the envy and malice of my enemies. Thus was I confirmed in my purpose; but upon attempting to move, I found myself seized by the shoulder, and when I turned about, an inspiriting voice said to me—"Benvenuto, act as you were wont, and fear nothing." I then formed a plan quite different from the former, and said to my young Italians—"Arm

yourselves well, my boys, come along with me, and obey my commands, for I am determined to appear; if I were to leave the kingdom, your ruin would quickly ensue—so follow and obey me." The young fellows said to one another—"Since we are here, and subsist through his means, we should go with him, and as long as we have life, assist him in all his undertakings; for nothing can be more just than his observation, that if he were once out of the kingdom, his enemies would soon find means to drive us from hence. Let us but seriously consider the great and important works that are already begun, we could never think of finishing them without him, and his enemies would not fail to give out that he went off, because he despaired of being able to bring them to a conclusion:" with a great deal more to the same purpose. The young Roman, de Maccherani, was the first to encourage the rest; and he called in several of the Germans and French, who were well affected to me, making a corps of ten in all: with these I set out fully determined not to suffer myself to be imprisoned.

When I came into the presence of the judges, I saw Catherine and her mother in court, and surprised them just as they were laughing and whispering to their lawyer: I entered the hall, and boldly called to the judge, a very corpulent man, who was seated upon a bench very high above the rest; of him I desired to know what I was summoned for. The stern magistrate finding that I spoke in such a manner, said to me in a low voice—"Though your name is Benvenuto (welcome), you will find that you came very unluckily upon this occasion." I heard what he said, and repeated my first demand, asking him what I was sent for, and desiring him to dispatch the affair. The judge thereupon turned about to Catherine, and said—"Young woman, declare

before the court all that has passed between you and Benvenuto." The girl thereupon affirmed, that I had conducted myself towards her in a shocking manner, which they impute to the Italians. The judge then addressing himself to me said—"Benvenuto, do you hear what the woman deposes?" I made answer that if I had lived with her after the Italian manner, I did it only that I might have a family according to their own practice. The judge replied—"her meaning does not imply that to be your intention." I then said, that this was not the Italian manner, but might be more properly called that of the French, since he was acquainted with it, and I was not; therefore, I insisted upon her telling in plain terms in what manner I had conducted myself towards her Thereupon the wicked, abandoned prostitute explained her meaning in the most clear and intelligible way possible. I made her repeat her deposition three times, and when she had done, I thus expressed myself with a loud voice—"My lord-lieutenant-criminal, I require of your lordship that justice be done, as I know that his most christian majesty's laws condemn both the agent and patient in a crime of this nature equally to the flames: this shameless woman is present in court and confesses the crime; I am entirely ignorant of it; her infamous mother is here, who well deserves to be burned for her various abominations: I call to your lordship for justice." These words I repeated so often and with so loud a voice, insisting that both she and her mother should be condemned to the flames; and telling the judge that if he did not order her to be taken into custody directly, I would myself repair to the king, and acquaint his majesty how unjustly I had been treated by his lieutenant-criminal; that my adversaries seeing me thus clamorous began to lower their tone, and I became more vociferous

than ever. The prostitute and her mother burst into tears, whilst I cried aloud to the judge—"Burn them, burn them." The magistrate being intimidated, and perceiving that the affair had not passed as he intended, began in gentle terms to excuse the weakness of the female sex: for my part, I knew it was well I had got over so troublesome an affair; so I left the place muttering great threats; though I would rather have paid down five hundred crowns than appear upon such an occasion. Extricated out of this perplexity, I returned my hearty thanks to the Supreme Being, and went home with my young journeymen in high spirits.

CHAPTER VIII.

Open rupture between Cellini and Bologna the painter; the latter having at the instigation of Madame D'Estampes, undertaken to execute some of the designs of the former.—Bologna is intimidated by the Author's menaces, and gives up the point.—Cellini discovers an intrigue between another of his servants, Paolo Micceri and Catherine, which he revenges in an extraordinary manner.—He waits upon his majesty with a salt-cellar of the most exquisite workmanship, of which he gives a particular description.—He takes another girl into his service, to whom he gives the nickname of Scozzone, and has a daughter by her.—The king again visits the Author, and finding the silver statues in great forwardness, orders him a considerable sum of money, of which he is deprived as before by the Cardinal of Ferrara.—His majesty discovering how the Author has been wronged, orders his minister to give him the first abbey that becomes vacant.

When once adverse fortune, or the influence of our ill stars, if that expression seem more proper, begins to persecute a man, it is never at a loss for means to distress him. When I thought I had got clear of one troublesome and dangerous affair, and flattered myself that my evil genius would leave me to rest for a while; I was again involved in the most perplexing difficulties, and in the space of a few days two accidents befel me, by both of which I was in the most imminent danger of my life. This affair happened as follows:—I was obliged to go to Fontainebleau, to wait upon the king, who had written me a letter, desiring me to undertake to stamp the coins for his whole kingdom: in the letter he had inclosed some little designs, the better to explain his mind; but at the same time left me at liberty to follow the dictates of my genius.

In compliance with his majesty's orders, I had drawn new designs, in my own taste, and with the utmost elegance of art. Upon my arrival at Fontainebleau, one of the king's treasurers, who had received orders to provide me with whatever I wanted, and whose name was Monsieur de la Fé, said to me—" Benvenuto, Bologna the painter has been ordered by the king to make your colossal statue; and all the other great works which had been put into your hands, his majesty has now taken from you, and given to him: we were all very sorry for it, and think that this countryman of yours has acted very presumptuously, and behaved extremely ill to you; for you had been entrusted with the works on account of the excellence of your models, and your masterly performance; but this man has supplanted you, merely through the interest of Madame D'Estampes: it is now several months since he undertook those works, and he has not yet so much as begun a stroke." Hearing this, I exclaimed with surprise—" How is it possible I should never have heard a word of all this?" He answered me, that—" Bologna had kept the affair as secret as possible, and obtained his request with the utmost difficulty, the king being very unwilling to grant it; but that Madame D'Estampes had been so earnest in her solicitations, as to extort, in some measure, his compliance." Finding myself so cruelly wronged, so unjustly treated, and deprived of a work which was due to me in consideration of the pains I had taken, I resolved to perform some signal feat of arms, and went with the most eager haste in quest of Bologna. I found him in his chamber, quite absorbed in study; he bid me come in, and with some awkward civilities asked me what was the best news, and what had brought me thither? I answered—" An affair of the last importance." He thereupon ordered his

servants to bring wine; and said—"Before we talk about business we must drink together, for that is the custom here in France." "I must inform you," replied I, "Signor Francesco, that there is no occasion for the conversation, which is to pass between us, to be ushered in with drinking: that perhaps may come afterwards." I then continued thus—"All those who profess themselves to be men of worth and virtue, show by their actions that they are such, and when they behave otherwise they can no longer be considered in that light. I am sensible that you were not ignorant of the king's having employed me to make the colossus, which has been talked of these eighteen months, and neither you nor any body else said any thing about it during that time. I had, by my labours, made myself known to that great prince, who was so pleased with my models, as to commit this grand undertaking to me; and for many months I heard nothing of his having a different intention: it was not till this morning that I heard it was given to you, and that you had basely undermined me, though I was entitled to the work by my elegant performances, and you have no other claim than mere boasting and vanity." "My friend, Benvenuto," answered Bologna, "every man endeavours to do the best he can for himself; and if it be the king's pleasure, what objection can you make? Say what you will, you will only lose your labour in talking against the grant; it has been made to me, and cannot be disputed: now speak as much as you please, and I will listen to you in my turn." I thereupon replied to him thus—"I have a great deal to say to you, Signor Francesco, and could, by many strong and convincing arguments, make you confess, that such methods of acting and reasoning as yours, are not customary amongst rational animals; but I will be brief, and come

directly to the point; listen attentively, for what I am going to say is of great consequence." He was ready to rise from his seat, seeing that I changed colour, and discovered great symptoms of emotion; but I told him it was not yet time for him to stir, and bid him sit still and attend to what I had to say. I then proceeded thus—"Signor Francesco, you know very well that the work was at first put into my hands, and that according to the practice of the world, it was no longer a proper time for any other person to apply for it: I now declare to you, that I am willing you should make a model, and I will make a new one; we then will carry them both to our great monarch, and he who upon that occasion acquits himself best, shall be looked upon as entitled to the honour of making the Colossus: if it should happen to be your lot, I will lay aside all resentment of the injury you have done me, and bless your hands as more worthy than mine of so great an honour. Let us therefore make this agreement, and we shall be friends, otherwise we must be enemies; and God, who always assists the just cause, and I, his instrument, will find means to convince you of your error." Signor Francesco made answer—"The work is mine; and since it has been given me, I do not choose to run any farther risk." To his I replied—"Signor Francesco, since you will not accept of the favourable expedient, which is both just and reasonable, I will propose another to you, which will resemble your own proceeding in its harshness and deformity. I must tell you plainly, that if I ever hear you mention a word of this work of mine, I will kill you as I would a mad dog: and as we are now neither in Rome, Florence, Naples, nor Bologna, and the manner of living in this country is quite different, if I ever hear you drop but a word about it to the king, I will

instantly put you to death without mercy: think, therefore, seriously which proposal you choose to accept—the first or the last: by one you may live; by the other there must be an end of your existence." The man was at a loss what to say, or how to act, and I was almost preparing to put my design instantly in execution, rather than defer it to some other occasion. Bologna said nothing farther than this—"So long as I behave like a man of honour and principle, I shall be free from all fear and apprehensions." To this I replied—"What you say is very just: but when you act in a contrary manner, you have reason to be afraid. Mind what I say." I thereupon instantly left him, to wait on the king, and had a long conference with his majesty concerning the coins, in which we could not agree; for his privy-council being there present, persuaded him that money should still be coined in the same manner, as it always had been before that time, in France. I answered, that—"His majesty had invited me from Italy to work for him so as to deserve approbation; and even if he should give me contrary directions, and command me to work ill, I could never find in my heart to obey him." Farther conversation upon the subject was deferred to another opportunity, and I returned to Paris.

I had no sooner dismounted from my horse, than one of those worthy persons who delight in making mischief, came to tell me that Paolo Micceri had taken a house for that prostitute Catherine and her mother, and that he was there at every turn; that when the fellow spoke of me, he constantly said, in a bantering style—"Benvenuto entrusted his lettuce to the care of geese, and thought they would not devour it; now he goes about hectoring and bullying, and thinks that I am afraid of him. I wear

this sword and dagger to let him know that I can fight as well as he, that I am a Florentine as well as he, and of the family of the Micceri, who are much better men than the Cellini." The scoundrel who brought me this intelligence, delivered it in such a manner that I felt my fever return; I call it a fever in earnest, not by way of comparison, for the agitation I felt was equal to the rage of that disorder, and I should have died of it, had I not resolved to take the best measures I could to assuage the torment it gave me. I desired my journeyman of Ferrara, whose name was Chioccia, to go with me; at the same time I ordered my servant to follow with my horse. When I came to the house of that villain, I found the door half open, and entering abruptly, saw him with his sword and dagger at his side, seated upon a great chest, with his arm about Catherine's neck: scarcely was I got in, when I perceived that he had been talking to her mother about my adventures: whereupon, clapping my hand to my sword, I held the point of it to his throat, and without giving him time to reflect that he had a sword himself, I cried out—"Vile coward, recommend your soul to God, for this moment you die." He, without once stirring, called aloud three times—"Oh, mamma! assist me." Though I was resolved, at all hazards, to demolish him, when I heard him use this foolish expression, my passion half subsided. In the mean time I had given orders to Chioccia not to let either Catherine or her mother escape, being resolved to wreak my vengeance on those two prostitutes, as well as on Paolo. Continuing to hold the point of my sword at his throat, I pricked him with it a little, and spoke to him in the most thundering tone; but observing that he made no sort of defence, I did not know what to do; so thinking my menaces thrown away, I took it into

my head to make him marry the girl, with an intention of taking my revenge afterwards. Having formed this resolution, I said to him—"Coward, take off that ring, and espouse Catherine directly, that I may afterwards treat you according to your deserts." The other made answer—"Spare my life, and I will do whatever you desire of me." "Then," said I, "put the ring upon Catherine's finger;" at the same time I turned the point of my sword aside from his throat, as well to enable him to do it, as to dissipate his apprehensions. When he had put the ring upon her finger, I farther added—"This ceremony is not sufficient, nor am I satisfied with it; I insist upon two notaries being sent for, and the affair being transacted and stipulated by contract." I thereupon bid Chioccia go for the notaries: then turning about to Catherine and her mother, I said to them in French—"The notaries and the witnesses will be here presently; the first of you that offers to say a word of what has passed on the occasion, I will put to death; nay, I will destroy you all three; therefore be upon your guard, and do not open your lips about it." To Paolo I addressed myself in Italian, and said—"If you make the least objection to any thing I propose, I will that instant rip you up." All the answer he made me was—"Provided you do not deprive me of my life, I will do whatever you order me, and make no objection." The notaries and the witnesses came, an authentic and complete contract was drawn up, and all the rage and fury into which I had been thrown, by the scoundrel who had brought me the first intelligence, entirely subsided. I paid the notaries, and went about my business.

The next day Bologna the painter came to Paris on my account, and sent Mattio del Nasaro for me; I waited upon him accordingly, when he begged I

would consider him in the light of a brother, and declared he would not mention a word concerning the great work to the king, as he was sensible that I must be in the right.

If I were not to acknowledge myself to have done wrong in some of these adventures, those in which I am sure I did right would not be believed. I therefore confess I did wrong in taking such a revenge on Paolo Micceri: for I had not only made him marry that thorough-paced prostitute, but to indulge my vindictive spirit, I afterwards sent for her, drew her likeness, then treated her to a collation, and made a cuckold of that wretch Paolo: farther, to sate my revenge upon her, I gave her several kicks and cuffs, which set her a crying, so that she declared she would never more come near me. The next morning, however, I heard a knocking at my door, and upon opening it, Catherine said to me, with great chearfulness—"I am come to breakfast with you, sir." I bid her come in, and after taking her likeness, treated her as I did the previous day, to complete my revenge upon Paolo; this continued for several days successively. Whilst I was going on with this work, I set apart certain hours of the day to continue the salt-cellar, about which several hands had been employed, for I could not otherwise conveniently work upon the statue of Jupiter. About the time that I had completely finished it, the king was returned to Paris: I paid him a visit, carrying the salt-cellar with me, which, as I have observed above, was of an oval figure, and in size about two-thirds of a cubit, being entirely of gold, and admirably engraved by the chisel. Agreeably to the account already given of the model, I had represented the sea and the earth both in a sitting posture, the legs of one placed between those of the other, as certain arms of the sea enter the land, and certain

necks of land jut out into the sea; the manner in which I designed them was as follows:—I put a trident into the right hand of the figure that represented the sea, and in the left a bark of exquisite workmanship, which was to hold the salt: under this figure were its four horses, the form of which, in the breast and fore feet, resembled that of a horse, and all the hind part, from the middle, that of a fish; the fishes tails were entwined with each other in a manner very pleasing to the eye; and the whole group was placed in a striking attitude. This figure was surrounded by a variety of fishes of different species, and other sea-animals. The undulation of the water was properly exhibited, and likewise enamelled with its true colours. The earth I represented by a beautiful female figure, holding a cornucopia in her hand, entirely naked, like the other male figure; in her left hand she held a little temple, the architecture of the Ionic order, and the workmanship very nice; this was intended to put the pepper in. Under this female figure I exhibited most of the finest animals which the earth produces; and the rocks I partly enamelled, and partly left in gold. I then fixed the work on a basis of black ebony of a proper thickness; and there I placed four golden figures of more than half relievo; these were intended to represent night and day, and there was one likewise for the morning. There were also four other figures of the four principal winds, the workmanship and enamel of which were elegant to the last degree. When I showed the king this piece of work, he burst into an exclamation of surprise, and could never sufficiently admire it; he then bid me carry it home, telling me he would soon let me know what to do with it. Having taken it back, I immediately invited several of my most intimate friends to dinner, and put the

salt-cellar upon the table; thus we were the very first to make use of it, and spent the day very cheerfully. After this I continued to work upon the statue of Jupiter, and the great silver vase already mentioned, on which were engraved several pretty mottos, with a variety of different figures.

About this time Bologna the painter told the king, that it would be proper for his majesty to send him to Rome, and give him letters of recommendation, that he might take designs of the first-rate antiques of that city—the Laoccoon, the Cleopatra, the Venus, the Commodus, the Apollo; which are indeed the finest things in Rome. He at the same time told the monarch, that his majesty, by seeing those admirable master-pieces, would be able to form a judgment of the art of drawing; for all the works of modern artists that had been shown him, were infinitely inferior to the masterly performances of the ancients. The king approved of his proposal, and gave him all the encouragement he desired. So the fool went off in this manner, and not having the spirit to rival me, had recourse to this artifice worthy of a Lombard, of pretending to imitate the works of the ancients, in order to depreciate mine; but though he took excellent drawings of them, his success proved quite the reverse of what he had flattered himself it would, as we shall inform the reader in due time.

Having entirely discontinued my connection with Mrs. Kate; and the poor unfortunate young man who had conspired with her to wrong me, being gone from Paris; I intended to have my ornament for Fontainebleau, which was of bronze, properly cleaned, as likewise to get the two figures of victory, which extended from the side angles to the middle circle of the gate, furbished up: for this purpose I took into my house a poor girl about fifteen years of

age; she was extremely well shaped, and of a complexion rather swarthy; and as she was somewhat rustic, spoke little, walked fast, and had a sort of wildness in her eyes; I gave her the name of Scozzone, but her own name was Jane. With the assistance of this servant-maid I completely finished my Fontainebleau, and the two victories intended for ornaments to the gate. By this Jane I had a daughter, on the seventh of June, at three in the afternoon, in the year 1544, when I was precisely in the forty-fourth year of my age. I gave this child the name of Constantia, and she was held upon the font by Signor Guido Guidi, physician to the king, and one of my most intimate friends. He alone stood godfather; for the custom of France is, that there should be but one godfather and two godmothers; one of these was Signora Maddalena, wife to Signor Luigi Alamanni, a gentleman of Florence, and an admirable poet; the other godmother was a French lady of good family, wife of Signor Riccardo del Bene, also citizen of Florence; and an eminent merchant. This was the first child that I ever had to the best of my remembrance. I assigned the mother such a maintenance, as satisfied an aunt of her's, into whose hands I put her, and never had any acquaintance with her afterwards.

I continued my works with all possible expedition, and by this time they were in great forwardness; the Jupiter was as good as finished, so was the vase, and the gate began to display its beauties. Just at this time the king arrived at Paris; and though I have spoken of the birth of my daughter, as having happened in 1544, at the time now under consideration, the year 1543 was not quite elapsed: this was owing to my having occasion to speak of my daughter; however, to avoid interrupting the relation of affairs of greater importance, I shall drop

the subject at present, and resume it in its proper place. The king came to Paris, as I have said already, and immediately repaired to my house, where my works were in such forwardness, that they gave great satisfaction to the eye; the monarch was as much pleased with them as an artist could wish, who had bestowed great pains on his productions. He recollected of himself that the cardinal of Ferrara had given me none of the money that he had promised me: so talking in a low voice to his admiral, he said, that the Cardinal of Ferrara had done very wrong in not paying me; but that he himself would see justice done me; for he perceived that I was a man of few words, and would leave the kingdom if I were not satisfied. Without adding a word more they withdrew, and the king after dinner bid the cardinal tell the treasurer to pay me with all possible expedition, seven thousand gold crowns at three or four disbursements, according as he found it convenient, and not to fail at his peril. He then concluded with these words—"I had put Benvenuto under your care, and you have quite forgotten him." The cardinal assured the king, that he would punctually obey his orders; but the natural malignity of his temper made him stay till the monarch's fit of generosity and good-nature was over. In the mean time France was threatened more and more with the calamities of war, and the emperor, with a numerous army, seemed to be upon the point of marching to Paris. The cardinal perceiving that money was very scarce in the kingdom, took occasion one day to speak of me to the king in these terms—"I thought it best not to give Benvenuto the money your majesty ordered him, and one of the reasons was, that you now stand but too much in need of it yourself; the other, that so generous a present would have deprived us of him the

sooner, for if once he had found himself rich, he would have purchased an estate in Italy, and when the whim took him, would certainly have left you: so I have considered with myself, that it is most advisable your majesty should assign him some settlement in your dominions, if you desire that he should continue any considerable time in your service." The king seemed to approve of what was said; however, with a greatness of soul worthy of such a monarch, he took it into consideration that the cardinal had acted as he had done, rather to gratify his own temper, than because he had so long before had the sagacity to foresee the distressed state of so great a kingdom. Thus, though the king appeared to assent outwardly to the reasons assigned by the cardinal, his private sentiments were very different; for he soon returned to Paris, and the day after his arrival, came of his own accord to my house, when I conducted him through several apartments, in which there was a variety of works of different sorts. Beginning with those of least value, I showed him several pieces of bronze, which surpassed any thing of the kind he had ever beheld. I then led him to the silver Jupiter, and he was pleased to find it almost finished, with all its beautiful ornaments. This indeed he admired much more than any other man would have done, on account of an unlucky accident which had happened to him a few years before, when the emperor, intending an expedition against the town of Tunis, passed through Paris with the consent of the French monarch. Francis being desirous of making Charles a present worthy of so great an emperor, caused a silver Hercules to be cast for that purpose, exactly of the same size with my Jupiter. This Hercules was a most ordinary piece of work, and when the king found fault with it, the artists whom he had

employed, and who pretended to be the greatest masters in the whole world, maintained that nothing more complete could be made of silver; insisting upon two thousand ducats for their bungling piece of work. For this reason, when his majesty saw my performance, he was surprised at the admirable polish of it, which he could never have conceived. To such a degree was he pleased with my statue of Jupiter, that he valued it at two thousand crowns; and said—"Those bungling artists received no recompense from me; for this I will give two thousand crowns, and it is well worth the money." I then carried his majesty to see some other performances, both in silver and gold, and many other models of new works; at last, when he was upon the point of departing, I conducted him through the castle-garden, where I showed him my statue of the great giant; at the same time giving his majesty to understand, that nothing larger could be made in silver. The king discovered the greatest astonishment imaginable, and turning about, spoke thus to the admiral, who was Monsieur D'Annebaut—"Since the cardinal has not yet supplied this man with money, and the latter is so backward to ask it, I must, without more delay, take care to provide for him myself; for when artists are too modest to ask any recompense, their works seem sufficiently to claim it: therefore give him the first abbey that becomes vacant, the revenue of which amounts to two thousand crowns a year, and in case you cannot let him have it in one benefice, give it him in two or three; it will be the same thing to him." I was present, heard all that was said, and immediately returned thanks to his majesty, as if I had the abbey already in my possession; telling him, that I intended when that

work was finished, to serve his majesty without any other reward, salary, or recompense for my labour, till old age should render me incapable of working, when I may be allowed to retire to necessary repose, happy in the remembrance of having served so great a monarch. To this the king, with great alacrity, answered—"So be it;" and left me in high spirits.

CHAPTER IX.

Madame D'Estampes, with a view of farther persecuting the Author, obtains leave from the king for a perfumer to take possession of a tennis court within his inclosure.—The perfumer is opposed by Cellini, notwithstanding the king's grant, and obliged at length to quit the premises.—The Author triumphs on meeting with the king's approbation.—He sets out for Fontainebleau with the silver statue of Jupiter.—Bologna, the painter, upon his return from Rome, whither he went to make drawings of some antique statues, endeavours to traduce the Author, and diminish the praise which he received on account of his admirable performances.—Madame D'Estampes' partial behaviour to Bologna the painter.—Cellini's spirited resentment.—The king's gracious and generous behaviour to the Author.—Ridiculous adventure of Ascanio.

Madame D'Estampes having heard of my encouragement, was more provoked against me than ever, and said—"I govern the whole kingdom, and yet such an insignificant fellow as this sets my power at defiance." In a word, she left no stone unturned to effect my destruction. A person, who was a great distiller, happening to fall in her way, gave her certain odoriferous waters, of an extraordinary nature, for the skin, which had never been used in France before that time: this man she introduced to the king, to whom he showed certain operations in distilling, with which his majesty was highly delighted. At the time of these amusements, she made the distiller apply to the king for a tennis court at my castle, with certain little apartments belonging to it, of which he said I made no use. The king, who knew from whom this application took its rise, returned no answer of any sort. Madame

D'Estampes thereupon began to solicit him, and made use of all those arts of insinuation with which women know how to work upon men; and so successful did she prove, that happening to find the king in an amorous mood, to which he was very subject, he granted the lady all she desired. Thereupon the distiller came, accompanied by the treasurer, Glorier, one of the first nobility of France, who understood Italian incomparably well; in this language he talked to me at first after a jocular manner, and then coming to the point, told me, that in the king's name he put the other man in possession of that tennis court, and the little apartments adjoining to it. To this I answered—"His sacred majesty is master of this house, and of every thing in it; you may therefore enter with the utmost freedom; but this manner of taking possession, by means of the officers of a court of justice, appears to be rather a trick than the order of so great a monarch; I therefore protest to you, that instead of going to complain to his majesty, I will defend myself in the manner that he commanded me the other day, that is, I will throw this man whom you have quartered upon me out of the window, if I do not see a commission signed with his majesty's own hand." Upon my expressing myself thus, the treasurer went away, menacing and muttering to himself, and I stayed in equal ill humour, but made no farther stir in his presence. Soon after he was gone, I went in quest of the notaries who had put the man in possession: these being my intimate acquaintances, gave me to understand that it was a ceremony performed by the king's authority, but not of much consequence; and if I had made ever so little resistance, the man would not have taken possession as he did; adding, that there were acts and customs of the court which did not imply any obedience to the king; insomuch,

that if I thought proper to dispossess him in the same manner as he had taken possession, I should do very well, and need not be under any apprehensions with regard to the consequence. Being thus sufficiently instructed, I the next day had recourse to open violence; though there were some difficulties to struggle with, I took pleasure in exerting my utmost efforts to surmount them, and every day made some assault with stones, pikes, and muskets. I however fired without ball; but even so, struck such terror into my adversary's adherents, that nobody chose afterwards to stir to his assistance: finding him therefore unsupported, I one day entered the house by force, and drove him out, throwing all his goods and furniture after him. I then repaired to the king, and told him that I had done what he had commanded me, and defended myself against all those that offered to oppose me in his majesty's service. The king laughed, and caused new letters to be issued out, which should secure me from being ever molested for the future.

In the mean time having with the utmost diligence finished the beautiful statue of Jupiter with its gilt pedestal, I placed it upon a wooden socle, which scarcely made any appearance; and within that socle I fixed four little globes of wood, which were so admirably contrived, that a little child could with the utmost ease move this statue of Jupiter backwards and forwards, and turn it about. Having adjusted it properly, I took it with me to Fontainebleau, where the king then resided. Just about this time Bologna the painter had brought the figures already mentioned from Rome, and caused them to be cast in bronze with the utmost care; I knew nothing at all of the matter, for he had done his business with great secrecy, and Fontaine-

bleau is above forty miles from Paris. Upon my inquiring of the king in the presence of Madame D'Estampes, where I was to place the statue of Jupiter, the latter told his majesty that there was not a more proper place than his beautiful gallery. This is what we might call a portico, or rather a corridor; it might indeed be most properly distinguished by the latter name, because we give the appellation of portico to those walks which are open on one side. This place was about two hundred paces long, adorned and enriched with pictures by the admirable Rosso of Florence, intermixed with several pieces of sculpture, some plain and others in basso relievo; the breadth about twelve paces. Here it was that Bologna the painter had assembled all his bronze figures, and placed them in the most regular order upon their pedestals: as I have observed above, there were amongst them some of the finest imitations of the antique statues of Rome. Here also I introduced my Jupiter; and when I saw this great display of the wonders of art, I said to myself—"This is like passing between the pikes of the enemy; heaven protect me from all danger." Having put the statue into its place, and fixed it in the most advantageous attitude I could, I waited the coming of the great monarch. This figure of Jupiter had a thunderbolt in his right hand, and by his posture seemed to be just going to throw it; in his left I had placed a globe, and amongst the flames I had with great dexterity put a piece of white torch. Madame D'Estampes had detained the king till night, with a design to make mischief either one way or other, by preventing his coming, or contriving to make my work appear unfavourably in the night: as God however has promised to befriend such of his creatures as put their trust in him, it happened quite contrary to her

expectations; for when I saw the night approach, I lit the torch in the hand of Jupiter, and as it was raised somewhat above his head, the light fell upon the statue and caused it to appear to much greater advantage than it would otherwise have done. The king came accompanied by Madame D'Estampes; the Dauphin, his son, now King of France; and the Dauphiness; the King of Navarre, his cousin; Madame Margaret, his daughter; and several great lords and noblemen, who had all been instructed by Madame D'Estampes to speak against me. When I saw his majesty enter I ordered my boy Ascanio to push the statue of Jupiter before him, and this motion being made with admirable contrivance, caused it to appear alive: thus the abovementioned bronze figures were left somewhat behind, and the eyes of all the beholders were first struck with my performance: the king immediately cried out—"This is one of the finest productions of art that ever was beheld; I who take pleasure in such things, and understand them, could never have conceived a piece of work the hundredth part so beautiful." The noblemen who had been directed to rail at my performance, seemed to vie with each other in praising it; but Madame D'Estampes said with the utmost confidence—"It appears plain enough that you are very much put to it for something to commend, when you lavish encomiums upon that statue: don't you see those beautiful antique figures which stand a little beyond it? In these the utmost perfection of art is displayed, and not in those modern pageants." The king then advanced, as did the rest likewise, and cast an eye upon the other figures, which appeared to a great disadvantage, the light being placed below them: his majesty observing this said—"Those who have endeavoured to hurt this man have done him

the greatest service imaginable; for, from a comparison with these admirable figures, it is evident this statue is in every respect vastly superior to them; Benvenuto is therefore worthy of the highest esteem, since his performances instead of being barely upon a par with those of the ancients, greatly surpass them." In answer to this, Madame D'Estampes observed, that my statue would not at another time appear a thousandth part so well as it did by night; and that it should be farther taken into consideration, that I had thrown a veil over the figure to conceal its blemishes. This was an exceedingly thin gauze which wantoned with the most graceful air over the shoulders of my Jupiter, and gave an additional majesty to the figure. Upon hearing the above words I took hold of the veil, and pulling it up by the bottom discovered the noble parts intended to be concealed, and with an appearance o. passion tore it quite off. The lady thought I had done this in contempt. The king perceived her resentment; and I being overcome with passion, was just going to speak, when the wise monarch uttered these words deliberately in his own language—" Benvenuto, I must interrupt you; therefore be silent, and you shall have a thousand times more treasure than you could wish." Not being allowed to speak, I discovered my emotion by my contortions: this caused the lady to be more highly incensed than ever, and made her mutter her indignation to herself. The king left the place much sooner than he otherwise would have done, declaring aloud for my encouragement, that he had brought over from Italy one of the ablest men that the world had ever produced, and one who was endowed with the greatest variety of talents.

I left my statue there, and as I chose to quit the place that morning, the king ordered me a thousand

crowns, partly as a recompense for my labour, and partly in payment of sums, which appeared from my accounts to have been disbursed by myself. Having received the money, I returned to Paris, and immediately upon my arrival made merry at my own house: after dinner I caused all my clothes to be brought me, which were of the finest furs, or the very best cloth; out of these I made presents to all my workmen, distributing them according to their deserts, and even giving some to the maids and the stable-boys, thereby encouraging them all to assist me with alacrity. I set about finishing my statue of Mars, the armour of which I had made of pieces of wood well fastened together; over his flesh there was a covering in thickness about equal to the eighth part of a cubit, made of plaster, and of the most elegant workmanship: I afterwards formed a resolution to make up the figure of several different pieces, and to put them together according to the rules of art, and this I with great care effected. I must not omit to mention one circumstance that attended this great work, a thing indeed highly laughable: I had given strict orders to all those who lived with me, not to bring any lewd women into my castle, and was particularly careful to see my orders obeyed. My boy Ascanio was in love with a girl of extraordinary beauty, who answered his passion with equal ardour; the girl having on that account fled from her mother, came one night to Ascanio, and not caring afterwards to return home, he was at a loss where to conceal her; but necessity sharpening his wit, he bethought himself of the odd expedient of hiding her in my Mars, and to stow her the best he could in the head of the statue: there he staid to watch her, and in the night he took her out sometimes without making any noise. I had almost finished that head, and vanity

prompted me to leave it uncovered, so that it was every day exposed to the view of the inhabitants of Paris. The neighbours began to climb upon the roofs of their houses to see it, and great numbers of people went thither on purpose to indulge their curiosity. At this same time a report became current at Paris, that my old castle was haunted by a ghost; but for my part I could never perceive any thing to induce me to think it was well founded. This ghost was universally called Bovo through the city of Paris. Now as the girl who was concealed in the head could not but be sometimes seen to move, some of the foolish and credulous populace affirmed that the ghost entered the body of the great statue, and that it made the eyes and mouth move as if it was just going to speak. Hence it followed that many went away frightened out of their wits; and some persons of penetration and sagacity who came to see the figure, could not doubt the truth of what they had heard, when they contemplated the fire and brightness of the eyes of the said figure; so they declared in their turn, that there was a spirit within it; not being aware that there was not only spirit in it, but likewise good sound flesh. In the mean time I was busy in putting together my fine gate with all the ornaments described above.

CHAPTER X.

A war breaking out with the Emperor Charles V. the Author is employed to fortify Paris.—Madame D'Estampes by constant artifices prejudices the king against Cellini.—His majesty's expostulation with the latter.—Madame D'Estampes continues her ill offices.—Cellini has another conference with the king, in which he declares his desire of returning to Italy.—He obtains his majesty's permission by means of Cardinal Ferrara.

As I do not choose to relate in this narrative of my life, things which do not concern me, but the writers of chronicles; I have passed over the arrival of the emperor on the French frontiers with a numerous army, and the king's drawing together a considerable body of troops to oppose him. His majesty about this time consulted me concerning the means of expeditiously fortifying Paris: he came purposely to my house in quest of me, led me all round the city, and perceiving how judiciously I talked upon the subject of fortifications, he empowered me by an express commission, to cause all I proposed, to be instantly carried into execution; at the same time he signified to his admiral, Sieur Annebaut, to order the people to obey me upon pain of his displeasure. The admiral was a man of no genius, who owed his exalted dignity to the favour of Madame D'Estampes, and not to any merit of his own. This blockhead having told Madame D'Estampes of all that passed between the king and me, she commanded him to send for Girolamo Bellarmato directly: the latter was an engineer of Sienna, who lived not above a day's journey from Paris. He instantly came, and had recourse to the most slow and tedious method

of fortification. I concerned myself no longer in the affair; and if the emperor had advanced briskly to Paris, that city might have been easily taken. It was said with great truth, that in the treaty afterwards concluded, Madame D'Estampes, who was the person most concerned in negociating it, had betrayed the king and exposed him to the enemy. I shall say nothing farther concerning this matter, because it does not enter into my plan; nor is it connected with the main subject of my narrative.

I then set about finishing my gate of bronze with the utmost assiduity and expedition, as likewise my great vase and two other middling ones, made of my own silver: the good king after all his various distresses came to rest himself for a while at Paris; and as his pestilential mistress seemed born for the destruction of the kingdom, I think I may justly value myself upon her hating me as her capital enemy. Having entered into a conversation with the king concerning my affair, she spoke so ill of me, that the easy monarch through complaisance for that deceitful woman, swore he would never show me the least favour, any more than if he had not known such a person. These words were immediately repeated to me by a page of the Cardinal of Ferrara, whose name was Ville; he told me he had himself heard them from the king's own mouth. This intelligence put me into so violent a passion, that having thrown down my tools and all my other works, I formed a resolution to quit the kingdom directly. I repaired that moment to the king, after he had dined, and entered an apartment where his majesty was with very few persons attending him. When he saw me, I bowed to him with the respect due to a king, and he nodded to me with a cheerful countenance. I then began to conceive some hopes, and gradually approached his

majesty, because they were showing him some things relative to my profession: after some little conversation concerning these matters, the monarch asked me whether I had any thing clever to show at my house? adding, that he would go thither to see it, whenever I thought convenient. I made answer, that I was ready to show to him something curious just at that time, if it were agreeable to his majesty. He then ordered me to go home, and said he would follow me without delay. I went accordingly, and waited the coming of the good monarch, who was gone to take his leave of Madame D'Estampes: the lady having heard where he was going, told his majesty that she did not choose to accompany him; and moreover requested him not to go to my house that day himself: she used reiterated intreaties to dissuade him from his purpose, and that day he did not come near me. The day following I returned to his majesty at the very same hour: the instant that he saw me, he swore he would repair directly to my house. Whilst he was taking his leave of his dear Madame D'Estampes, she, through spite at her not having influence enough to prevent his going, spoke as bitterly of me as if I had been an inveterate enemy to the crown; the king declared that his sole intention in going to see me, was to scold and reproach me in such terms as would not fail to throw me into a panic. He faithfully promised Madame D'Estampes that he would act in that manner. When he came to my house, I showed him into some ground-floor apartments, in which I had put together the several parts of the gate of Fontainebleau; the king was seized with such astonishment, that he could not find in his heart to load me with abuse as he had promised Madame D'Estampes. He did not however choose entirely to go back from his word, as appears from his having expressed himself

to this effect—"It is something extraordinary, Benvenuto, that you men of genius are not sensible of your inability to display your talents without our assistance, and that you show yourselves great only by means of the opportunities that we afford you; it would become you to be a little more humble and less proud and opiniative. I remember I gave you express orders to make twelve silver statues for me, and that was all I desired of you; but you took it into your head to make me a salt-cellar, vases, heads, and a thousand other fancies of your own, insomuch that I am quite surprised you should neglect all that I required of you, and mind nothing but pleasing yourself. If you continue to behave thus, I will show you in what manner I am used to proceed, when I want to have things done my own way; I must therefore repeat it to you, that I insist upon your showing yourself obedient, when I lay my commands upon you; because, if you continue obstinate in your whims, you will only run your head against the wall."

Whilst his majesty uttered these words, the noblemen stood with the most profound attention, perceiving that he shook his head, knit his brows, and used a variety of gestures, sometimes with one hand, and sometimes with the other; all present therefore began to tremble for me, but I was not under the least apprehension myself. As soon as he had made an end of reprimanding me, as he had promised Madame D'Estampes, I knelt with one knee upon the ground, and kissing his mantle, addressed him in the following terms—"Sire, I acknowledge the truth of what you say; all I have to alledge in my defence is, that my heart has been constantly attentive day and night to obey and serve you, with the utmost exertion of all my faculties; whatever appears to the contrary to your majesty, you may depend upon

it, does not come from Benvenuto, but is the work of my adverse fate, which has rendered me unworthy of serving the greatest prince that the world ever beheld; I therefore humbly ask your pardon. It appeared to me that your majesty gave me silver for one statue only, and as I had none of my own, I could make only that; so with the little silver that was left, I made the vase, to give your majesty an idea of the beautiful manner of antiquity, which was perhaps unknown to you before. With regard to the salt-cellar, as well as I can recollect, you one day desired me to make one, in consequence of some conversation concerning a salt-cellar that was shown you; upon which I produced you a model which I had formerly made in Italy, solely at your majesty's request; and you were pleased to order me a thousand ducats for making it, declaring yourself highly pleased with my performance; you even went so far as to thank me, when I gave it to you finished. As for the gate, I apprehend that your majesty in some occasional conversation gave orders to Monsieur de Villeroy, your secretary, to direct Messieurs Marmande and Apa to employ me in such a work, and supply me with money; for without that assistance I could not possibly have gone on with the work. With regard to the heads, I should not have thought of casting such large pieces, except merely to try my hand at that branch of business. The bases I made in a persuasion that they were admirably suited to such figures; however, in all I undertook I endeavoured to do my best, and never lose sight of what your majesty intended. True it is, I made the great colossal statue, and brought it to its present degree of perfection, at my own expense; for it appeared to me that it would become the dignity of so great a monarch, and reflect some honour on my slender abilities, that such a statue should be made

in your kingdom, as had never been seen by the ancients. But since I perceive that God has not thought proper to render me worthy of so honourable a service, I request it of your majesty, that instead of the noble recompense you intended to make me for my labours, you would only give me a small share of your good-will, and leave to depart; if you condescend to grant me this favour, I will instantly set out for Italy, returning thanks to the Supreme Being for the happy hours that I have been in your majesty's service."

When I had finished, the king took me by the hand, and in the kindest manner imaginable, raised me from the ground; he told me that I should be contented with his service, and that all I had done for him he was highly pleased with: turning afterwards to the noblemen present, he deliberately uttered these words—"I really believe that if there were to be gates to Paradise, it never could have any finer than this." When I saw that he had made an end of speaking, though his words were highly favourable to me, I again in the most respectful manner returned him thanks, at the same time repeating my request to be dismissed, as my resentment had not yet entirely subsided. When the great monarch perceived that I made such a return to his extraordinary caresses, he commanded me in a loud and tremendous voice, not to utter another word, for that if I did I should repent it; he farther added, that he would smother me in gold, and that he gave me leave to depart; that the works which he employed me upon were not so much as begun; but with respect to what I had done out of my own head, he was very well pleased, and he should never have any other difference with me, because he knew me thoroughly; that I should endeavour to study his temper and know him, as duty required of me. After answering that I thanked God

and his majesty for every thing; I requested him to come and take a view of the colossal statue, which was by this time in great forwardness; so he came to my house. I caused the statue to be uncovered, and nothing could equal his astonishment at beholding it: he gave orders to one of his secretaries, instantly to reimburse me the money I had spent out of my own pocket, let the sum be ever so great, provided I gave him an account written with my own hand: upon which he left the place, saying to me—"Adieu, mon ami," (my friend, farewell,) an expression seldom used by a king.

When he got back to his palace, he could not help thinking of the words I had used to him, some of which were so very humble, and others so excessively proud and haughty, that they had nettled him greatly: some of the latter he repeated before Madame D'Estampes when Monsieur de St Paul, one of the great barons of France, happened to be present. That nobleman, who had always warmly professed himself my friend, upon that occasion convinced the whole kingdom of the sincerity of his professions: after a good deal of conversation the king complained of the Cardinal of Ferrara; that when he had put me under his care, he gave himself no longer any concern about me; and though I had not quitted the kingdom, it was not the cardinal that had prevented me; therefore he had serious thoughts of putting me under the care of some other person fitter for that office, as he did not choose to be any longer in danger of losing me. At these words Monsieur de St Paul offered his service, telling the king that he would take particular care that I should no longer be any way tempted to leave the kingdom. The king replied, that he consented, if St Paul would tell him the method he would pursue to prevent me from de-

serting his service. Madame D'Estampes all this while was in a very ill humour, and St Paul for a time declined answering his majesty: but the king having asked the question a second time, St Paul, to please Madame D'Estampes, made answer—"I should order Benvenuto to be hanged, and then you would be sure of his not making his escape out of the kingdom." Madame D'Estampes burst into a loud laugh, and declared it was what I very well deserved. The king thereupon began to laugh to keep her company: he agreed, he said, to St. Paul's hanging me, provided the latter could first find an artist of equal abilities; and though I had never done any thing to deserve hanging, he in that case left him entirely at liberty to act as he thought proper. Thus did the day end, and I remained in security and perfect health, for which thanks and praise be to the Almighty.

At this time the king had put an end to the war with the emperor, but not to that with the English; insomuch that those devils caused us great perplexity: the king, whose thoughts were not entirely engrossed by pleasure, had commanded Piero Strozzi to sail with certain gallies into the English seas, though it was a very difficult and dangerous enterprise. That excellent officer was one of the greatest men of the age in which he lived, and at the same time one of the most unfortunate. Several months had passed since I had received any money, or any order to work, insomuch that I had dismissed all my journeymen except the two Italians, whom I employed in making two little vases of my own silver, because they did not understand working in bronze. As soon as they had finished these pieces, I carried them to a town belonging to the Queen of Navarre, called Argenton, distant several days journey from Paris. I arrived

at the place, and found the king indisposed: the Cardinal of Ferrara informed his majesty of my arrival; the king made him no answer: so that I was obliged to stay there several days in great perplexity, and indeed I never was more disgusted in the whole course of my life. Not long after, I presented myself one evening before his majesty, and showed him the two fine vases, with which he was highly delighted. When I saw him in a good humour, I requested him to let me make a tour to Italy, for pleasure and recreation; and that I would leave seven months salary which his majesty was in arrear to me, to be remitted to me in Italy in case I wanted it. I begged that he would be graciously pleased to grant me that favour, as it was then a time to think of military operations, and not of making statues. I added, that as his majesty had granted Bologna the painter such a favour, I hoped he would show me the same indulgence. Whilst I uttered these words, the king looked attentively at the two vases, and sometimes frowned at me so sternly, that I was quite shocked. I however continued to request the same favour, and entreated him to grant it me in the most persuasive manner I possibly could. He appeared to me to be in a great passion, and upon his rising, spoke to me thus in Italian—"Benvenuto, you are a great fool; carry those vases directly to Paris, for I want to have them gilt:" and without making me any other answer, he departed. I repaired to the Cardinal of Ferrara, and requested him that since he had been so good a friend to me in delivering me out of prison in Rome, and conferring on me so many other favours, he would add one more to them in endeavouring to procure leave for me from his majesty to return to Italy. The cardinal made answer, that he would gladly do any thing

that lay in his power to oblige me, and that I might leave the affair entirely to him : nay, that if I chose it, I might go directly, and he would take care to excuse me to the king. I then said to him, that since his majesty had put me under the care of his reverence, if he were pleased to give me leave, I would set out directly, and return whenever he should think proper to signify his pleasure. The cardinal desired me to go to Paris, and stay there a week, assuring me that he would in that time obtain leave for me to return to my own country : that in case, however, the king was against my going, he would let me know it by letter : but if I did not hear from him in that time, I might set out for Italy.

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER I.

The Author having settled his affairs, leaves his house and effects in the care of two servants, and sets out for Italy.—Ascanio is sent after him to demand the two vases belonging to the king.—Terrible storm in the neighbourhood of Lyons.—The Author meets Count Galeotto of Mirandola in Italy, who apprizes him of the treachery of the Cardinal of Ferrara and his two servants.—At Placentia he meets with Duke Pier-Luigi.—What passed at their interview.—He arrives safely at Florence, where he finds his sister with her six young daughters.

At my return to Paris, I followed the cardinal's directions, and made very fine cases for the two pieces of plate: twenty days being expired, I got ready for my departure, and put the two vases upon a mule of burden, which had been lent me as far as Lyons by the Bishop of Pavia, to whom I had again given an apartment in my castle. I departed in an unlucky hour with Signor Hippolito Gonzaga, (who received the king's pay, and was likewise in the service of Count Galeotto of Mirandola,) with some other gentlemen belonging to the said count. There likewise went with us Lionardo Tedaldi, a Florentine. I left under the care of my journeymen my castle and all my effects, amongst which were some little vases just begun: there was likewise in my house a good deal of furniture of great value, for I made a considerable figure at Paris. The value of these effects of mine amounted to

above fifteen hundred crowns: I desired Ascanio to remember all the favours he had received from me, telling him, that hitherto he had been only a giddy youth, but that it was then high time for him to think solidly, and behave like a man; that I chose to leave under his care all my effects, and even my honour itself; adding, that in case he happened to be ill used by any of those French rascals, he had no more to do but write to me, and I would instantly ride post to Paris, as well on account of the great obligations I had to the King of France, as to assert my honour. Ascanio said to me with the counterfeit tears of a thief—"I never had a more indulgent and tender father than you: I will therefore always behave to you as the most dutiful son would to the best and kindest of fathers."

Matters being thus settled, I set out, attended by a footman and a little French boy. In about six hours after my departure, there came to my house some of the treasurers who were by no means my friends: these rascallions ordered Signor Guido and the archbishop of Pavia to send after me directly for the king's vases, otherwise they would dispatch a person for them in a manner that I should not like. The bishop and Signor Guido were much more afraid upon the occasion than they need have been, so that they immediately sent after me the treacherous Ascanio, whom I saw about midnight. I was kept awake by my anxiety, and said in a sorrowful mood to myself—"To whose care do I leave my effects and my castle? What strange decree of fate obliges me to undertake this journey! The cardinal must certainly be in a confederacy with Madame D'Estampes, who desires nothing more earnestly than that I should forfeit that good king's favour." Whilst I was in this agitation of mind, hearing myself called by Ascanio, I instantly rose and asked

him whether he brought me good or bad news? The thief answered—"I bring you good news, but you must send back the vases, for those rogues of treasurers make a terrible stir about them; so that the bishop and Signor Guido insist upon your sending them back by all means; be under no apprehensions about any thing else, but make your tour, and enjoy all the pleasures that life can afford." I thereupon put the two vases into his hands; but the money and other effects I carried to the abbey of the Cardinal of Ferrara at Lyons; for though it was given out that I intended to carry them with me to Italy, it is well known that no specie, either gold or silver, can be conveyed out of the kingdom without particular permission: it should therefore be well considered, whether it would have been possible for me to carry off the two large beautiful vases, which, with the boxes that contained them, loaded a mule: it is true that as they were very fine things, and of great value, I was apprehensive of the king's death, having left him very much indisposed; but I comforted myself with the reflection, that if any thing were to happen, I could not lose them, as they were in the hands of the cardinal. To proceed, I sent back the mule with the vases and other things of value, and with the company abovementioned continued my journey the next morning: but I could not all the whole way refrain from sighing and weeping. I sometimes indeed sought consolation, by addressing myself to God in such terms as these—"O Lord, to whom the truth is manifest, thou knowest that I travel in this manner merely to assist six poor unfortunate maidens, and their mother, who is my own sister; for though their father is still living, he is so far advanced in years, and makes so little by his business, that they may probably be in very distressed circumstances:

therefore, in performing this pious office, I hope from thy Divine Majesty assistance and advice." This was my only consolation as I travelled on to Italy.

When we were within a day's journey of Lyons, it being almost ten o'clock at night, some dry thunder claps were heard, and the air flashed with lightning; I was about a bow-shot before my companions: after the lightning there issued so loud and terrible a rattle from the sky, that I thought it was the day of judgment: I stopped a while, when there began to fall a thick shower of hail, without a single drop of rain; the hailstones were of an extraordinary thickness, and hurt me excessively; the shower grew thicker and thicker, so that the hailstones at last were as big as the stones of a cross-bow. Perceiving my horse terribly frightened, I rode back with the utmost speed till I came up with my company, who being seized with a panic of the same sort, had taken shelter in a grove of pines: the hail at length rose to the size of lemons, and I cried out—"Have mercy upon me, O God!" Whilst I was devoutly addressing the Deity, there came a hailstone so big, that it broke off a large branch of the pine-tree under the shelter of which I thought myself in safety: another heap of the hailstones fell upon the head of my horse, which seemed just ready to drop down; and one of them hit myself, but not completely, or it would certainly have killed me: another likewise struck poor Lionardo Tedaldi, so that he, who, like me, had been almost upon his knees, fell with his hands to the ground. Perceiving then that this branch could no longer afford shelter either to myself or the rest, and that besides singing psalms, some exertion of the powers was necessary, I began to wrap my clothes about my head, and told

Lionardo, who was incessantly crying out—"Jesus, Jesus!" that Jesus would assist him if he endeavoured to help himself; so that I found more difficulty in attending to this old man's preservation than to my own. This trouble lasted for a considerable time, and at last ceased: after we had been all terribly pelted, we remounted our horses the best we could; and whilst we were travelling on to the inn where we intended to lodge, and showing each other our hurts and bruises, we found at about a mile's distance, a scene of distress so much deeper than our own, that it is almost impossible to describe it. The trees were all broken down, and all the cattle were deprived of life; we likewise found a great many shepherds killed; and upon seeing several hailstones, which a man would have found it a difficult matter to have grasped with both hands, we thought ourselves very happy in having come off as we did. We were then sensible that calling upon God and singing those psalms had done us more good than we could have done ourselves: we, therefore, returned thanks to the Supreme Being, and continued our journey to Lyons. The day following we arrived at that city, and made a stay of a week; after having well refreshed ourselves, we continued our journey, and passed the mountains happily: there I bought a colt, because the baggage I had with me had quite fatigued my horses.

When we had been a day in Italy we were joined by Count Galeotto of Mirandola, who had travelled post; he stayed awhile with us, and told me, that I had taken a wrong step in leaving France; that it would be advisable for me not to proceed any farther, because my affairs might suddenly change their aspect, and take a more favourable turn than ever: he

concluded with observing, that by continuing my journey I should open a field to my enemies, and give them an opportunity to hurt me; whereas by returning directly, I should defeat the stratagems of their malice to, and prevent them from taking effect; he added, that those in whom I put the greatest confidence were the very persons that imposed upon me. The count did not choose to explain himself any farther; but knew very well that the Cardinal of Ferrara was in confederacy with my two rogues of journeymen, in whose care I left all my effects. He again repeated it, that I ought by all means to return to Paris; and taking leave of me, travelled on with post-horses, whilst I with my company above-mentioned, chose to ride forward also. Being in a constant agitation, sometimes wishing to arrive speedily at Florence, sometimes desirous to return to France, I continued in this state, till at last I determined to take post, in order to reach Florence with the utmost expedition. As I could not reconcile my mind to go back to France, I determined to go and pass a melancholy life at Florence; and therefore parted company with Signor Hippolito Gon-Gonzago, who had taken the road to Mirandola; mine was through Parma and Placentia.

Being arrived at Placentia, I happened to meet in one of the streets of that city with Duke Pier-Luigi, who examining me attentively knew me again: sensible that all I had suffered in the castle of St Angelo took its rise from this man, I felt the utmost indignation at the sight of him; but not being able to think of any expedient to get out of his power, I at last resolved to pay him a visit. I entered just as the servants were clearing the table; and there were with him some persons belonging to the family of Landi, the same by whom he was afterwards murdered. At

my arrival he lavished his caresses upon me immoderately; he then entered into conversation, and told those present that I had been a long time in prison at Rome. He addressed himself afterwards to me and said—"My good friend Benvenuto, I was very sorry for your misfortune, from my consciousness of your innocence, but it was not in my power to relieve you; my father persecuted you at the instigation of some of your enemies, who had insinuated that you had spoken ill of him, though I am certain you never did, and was very much concerned for your sufferings." To these words he added so many more of the same tendency, that he seemed almost to ask my pardon. He inquired next about the several pieces of work that I had done for his Most Christian Majesty: upon my giving him an account of them, he seemed to be all attention, and listened to me with the greatest complaisance imaginable. This being over, he asked me whether I was willing to enter into his service; I made answer, that I could not consistently with the laws of honour; adding, that if I had once finished the great works that I had begun for the king, I would neglect the service of all the greatest lords, to devote myself entirely to his excellency.

Upon this occasion the Divine Justice (which never leaves those unpunished who oppress and ill-treat the innocent) displayed itself conspicuously: this man, as it were, asked pardon of me in the presence of those who soon after revenged me, as well as many more, that had been used by him with barbarity: therefore, no prince, nor lord, however potent, should laugh at the Divine Vengeance; which was the case of many of those who most cruelly outraged me, as I shall inform the reader in due time.

I do not write this narrative of my adventures through a motive of vanity; but merely to return thanks to God, who has extricated me out of so many trials and difficulties; who likewise delivers me from those that daily impend over me: upon all occasions I pay my addresses to him, call upon him as my defender, and recommend myself to his care. I always exert my utmost efforts to extricate myself; but when I am quite at a loss and all my powers fail me, then the force of the Deity displays itself—that formidable force, which unexpectedly attacks those who wrong and oppress others, and such as neglect the great and honourable duty to which God has enjoined them.

Upon my return to my inn I found that the duke had sent me several considerable presents of meats and wines; I ate heartily, and having mounted my horse, bent my course towards Florence. At my arrival in that city I found my sister with six little daughters, one of whom was marriageable, and one still in the nurse's arms. I likewise found her husband there; who, on account of a variety of accidents that had befallen him, no longer continued his business. I had above a twelvemonth before sent them jewels and French presents to the value of above two thousand ducats, and had then brought with me to the amount of a thousand crowns. Upon this occasion I discovered, that though I allowed them four gold crowns a month, they every day raised money upon my presents, which they were continually selling. My brother-in-law was a man of so much principle, that for fear I should be angry with him, when the money I sent him for his support proved insufficient, he pawned all he had in the world, and borrowed upon the most exorbitant interest, purely to avoid meddling

with money that was not intended for him: in consequence of this behaviour I knew him to be a man of great virtue and integrity, conceived a greater desire to serve him than ever, and grew impatient to provide for all his little daughters before I left Florence.

CHAPTER II.

Cellini is graciously received by Cosmo de' Medici, Grand Duke of Tuscany; after a long conference he engages in the duke's service.—The duke assigns Cellini a house to work in.—Delays of the duke's servants to fit it up for the Author's use.—Ridiculous scene between him and the duke's steward.

The Duke of Florence happening to be about this time, which was the month of August, in the year 1545, at Cojano, a place ten miles distant from Florence, I waited on his excellency merely to compliment him; as I was a citizen of Florence, and as my ancestors had been very much attached to the house of Medici, but none of them more so than myself: I therefore repaired to Cojano, solely to pay my respects to Duke Cosmo, for whom I had an affection, and not with an intention to make any stay. But as God orders all things for the best, it was his divine will that when the duke saw me, after receiving me with the greatest kindness, and profusely lavishing his caresses on me, both he and the duchess began to inquire about the different works that I had made for the King of France. I gladly, and without hesitation, gave them a circumstantial narrative of all that I had done for that monarch. When the duke had heard me to an end, he said that he had been informed of the whole before, and that all I had related was true; he then exclaimed—"How ill have so many great and beautiful works been rewarded! My good friend, Benvenuto, if you would do something for me, I would pay you in another manner than that king has done, upon whom you lavish your praises." I then replied,

that I had great obligations to his majesty for delivering me from an unjust confinement, and afterwards giving me an opportunity of signalizing myself by the most admirable performances that were ever done by any artificer. Whilst I expressed myself thus, the duke made strong contortions, and seemed hardly to have patience to hear me out; as soon as I had ceased speaking, he said—"If you are willing to work for me, I will pay you in such a manner as will perhaps surprise you, provided I am pleased with your performance, as I make no doubt I shall." I, like a poor unfortunate creature as I was, being desirous of showing that since I left that admirable school I had cultivated talents which he did not think of, answered the duke, that I would gladly undertake to make a great statue, of marble or bronze, for his fine square at Florence. He replied, that all he desired for a specimen was a Perseus. This he had expressed a desire of having for some time, and bid me make a little model of one. Accordingly, in a few weeks, I finished one about a cubit in length: it was made of yellow wax, and both ingenuity and labour were exerted in the execution. The duke came to Florence, and before I could have an opportunity of showing him this model there passed several days, during which he behaved as if he had never seen or known me, so that I began to think myself upon indifferent terms with his excellency. But having one day carried the model into his wardrobe, I found him with the duchess and some of the nobility; he no sooner saw it, than he was pleased with, and praised it to excess, which made me in some measure hope he would have a right idea of it. When he had sufficiently viewed it, his satisfaction was greatly increased, and he expressed himself to this effect—"My friend Benvenuto, if you were to make a great work ac-

cording to this little model, it would surpass every thing in the square." I then replied—"Most excellent sir, in the square of Florence are the works of the great Donatello, and the admirable Michael Angelo, the two greatest statuaries since the days of the ancients; your excellency, therefore, pays me a high compliment, for I will take upon me that the execution of the work shall be three times as masterly as that of the model." The duke, who maintained that he was a great connoisseur in these things, disputed the matter with me for a while. I answered, that—"My works would decide the contest, and put his excellency out of all doubt, for I was sure of being able to do more than keep my word." I at the same time desired he would afford me the means of carrying my design into execution, because without such assistance it would be impossible for me to keep the promise I had made his excellency. Upon which he bid me give in to him a written account of all I had occasion for, without omitting a single article, and he would take care I should be properly supplied. Certain it is, that if I had been sufficiently cautious to make an agreement in writing for all that I had occasion for in my works, I should not have had half the trouble and perplexity which I brought upon myself by my own negligence; for the duke seemed to have a great desire to have works done, and to supply those employed in them: but I not being aware that he intended to engage in great undertakings, proceeded in the most generous manner with his excellency. I, however, made out the account in writing, which was answered with the greatest liberality imaginable: whereupon I said—"Most noble patron, contracts do not properly consist in verbal agreements, or in such writings as this; all that is required is, that I should keep my promise with your excellency; in

case I succeed, I take it for granted you will remember me, and perform all you have promised on your part." Upon my expressing myself thus, the duke was so highly pleased with my words and my behaviour, that both he and the duchess lavished upon me the most extraordinary compliments and caresses conceivable. As I had a strong desire to set about my work directly, I told his excellency that I had occasion for a house of such a sort, that I could conveniently set up my little furnaces in it, and carry on a variety of works, both of earth and bronze, and of gold and silver separately; for I knew how likely he was to make use of me in the various branches of my business, and I could not conduct it without proper apartments for the purpose. I told him at the same time, that to convince his excellency how zealous I was to serve him, I had already pitched upon a house that would answer my intentions, and with the situation of which I was highly pleased: but as I did not intend to trouble him for money or any thing else, till he had seen my performance, I had brought two jewels with me from France, with which I requested his excellency to purchase that house for me; and desired he would keep them in his possession till I had earned them by my labour: the workmanship of these jewels was exquisite, and done by my journeymen from my own designs. After having looked at them for a time, the duke expressed himself in these encouraging terms, which inspired me with the most flattering expectations—"Take your jewels again, Benvenuto, for it is you I want, and not them; you shall have the house you mention without its costing you any thing." He then wrote a line under my memorial, which I have ever since kept by me, and the purport of which was as follows:—"Let the house be examined, and

the price of it inquired into, for we intend it for Benvenuto." When I read this order, I thought myself sure of the house, and fancied that my works would not fail to give the highest satisfaction to my employer. His excellency at the same time gave express orders about the affair to his steward, named Pier Francesco Riccio, (who was a native of Prato, and had formerly been tutor to the duke.) I spoke to this fool of a fellow, and gave him an exact account of all I stood in need of: for I proposed to erect a shop on a piece of ground which was then laid out in a garden: the steward immediately employed a close, artful agent, whose name was Lattanzio Gorini. This little man, who seemed to crawl like a spider, had a feeble voice resembling that of a gnat, and was as slow as a snail in his motions. He unluckily caused so small a quantity of stones, sand, and mortar, to be brought to the spot, as would scarcely have made a pigeon-house. Perceiving that things went on so ill, I began to be alarmed; I however said within myself, little beginnings sometimes conduct to a great end. I likewise conceived some hopes, from seeing how many thousand ducats the duke had squandered away upon some little ordinary works of sculpture done by the stupid Baccio Bandinello. So rousing my spirits the best I could, I did my utmost to stimulate Lattanzio, and the better to excite him, I employed some other mean fellows, that had an influence over him, to remind him of his duty. Although I had so many difficulties to encounter, I, with my own money, caused a place to be marked out for a shop; ordering vines and other trees to be plucked up by the roots, with my usual ardour, and even with a degree of fury. At the same time I employed one Tasso, a carpenter, who was my inti-

mate friend, and got him to make certain props and supports of wood, that I might begin my statue of Perseus.

This Tasso was an excellent workman; I do not think he was ever equalled in his business; besides he was facetious and merry; for every time I went to him, he came up to me smiling, with a ballad in his hand. I was by this time half-desperate, as well from having heard that my affairs were in a very untoward situation in France, as because I had but little hopes from my employers here on account of their coldness. I constantly put a restraint upon myself, to hear one half of my carpenter's ballad; but at last I grew cheerful in his company, making an effort to dispel some of my melancholy and desponding thoughts.

I had now given proper directions concerning all the things above-mentioned, and began to hurry the workmen on, that I might the sooner prepare for my great undertaking Already part of the mortar had been used, when I was sent for by the duke's steward; upon which I instantly repaired to him, and found him just after the duke had dined, in the hall of the palace where the clock stood. As I approached him with respect, he with great rudeness and asperity asked me, who had put me in possession of that house; and by what authority I had begun to build there? adding, that he was quite surprised at my boldness and presumption. I answered, that I had been put in possession of the house by his excellency, who had upon the occasion employed one Lattanzio Gorini as his agent; that the said Lattanzio had caused stones, sand, and mortar, to be carried to the house, and had supplied me with all that I wanted: I added, that for all this I had received his own order, though he questioned me about

my authority. When I had expressed myself in this manner, the beastly fellow flew into a more violent passion than at first, and told me, that neither he nor any of those I mentioned had spoken the truth. This behaviour at last provoked my resentment, and I replied to him in these terms—"Mr. steward, so long as you speak in a manner agreeable to the dignity of your character, I shall have a due regard for you, and address you with the same respect that I do the duke himself; but in case you behave otherwise, I shall speak to you only as T. Francesco del Riccio." Hereupon the old man flew into such a passion, that I thought he would instantly have been deprived of his senses: he told me with much opprobrious language, that he was surprised he should condescend so far as to speak to such a person as me. At these words I was incensed with the highest indignation, and said—"Hear me a word or two, T. Francesco del Riccio, and I will tell you who are my equals, and who are yours; yours are pedagogues that teach children to read." The old man thereupon with a countenance quite inflamed with choler, raised his voice, and repeated the very same words as before. I began in my turn to look big, and assuming somewhat to myself, told him that such men as I were worthy of speaking to popes, emperors, and mighty monarchs: that there was perhaps but one such as I in the world, whereas there were dozens such as he to be met with in every corner. When he heard this, he went up towards a window in the hall, and desired me to repeat my words once more. I accordingly repeated them more boldly than at first; adding, that I no longer desired to serve the duke, and that I would go back to France, where I was sure of being welcome. The fool remained quite thunder-

struck, and as pale as ashes, whilst I went off in a violent passion, with a resolution to leave the place; and would to God I had put my design in execution.

The duke certainly did not immediately hear of this devilish broil, for I staid a few days, having laid aside all thoughts of Florence, except so far as related to my sister and my nieces, whom I provided for in the best manner I could with what little money I had left. I was then for returning to France, without any inclination ever to see Italy again, being resolved to go off with all possible expedition, and that without taking my leave of the duke or any body else whatever.

One morning the steward sent for me of his own accord, and began with an air of great humility to make a long pedantic oration, in which I could perceive neither method, energy, head, nor tail; all I could gather from it was, that as he professed himself to be a Christian, he did not care to harbour malice against any man, and now he asked me in the duke's name what salary I required for my support. I thereupon continued for a time wrapped up in meditation, without returning any answer, and the reason was that I did not intend to stay at Florence. Perceiving that I did not answer; immediately, he carried his complaisance so far as to say —"Benvenuto, a duke is deserving of an answer; what I say to you is by the duke's orders." I then replied, and bid him tell his excellency that I could by no means submit to be below any of those of my profession whom he had at his court. The steward immediately said—"Bandinello has a pension of two hundred crowns a year; so that if that sum will satisfy you, your salary is fixed." I told him it would, and if I deserved any thing over, it might be given me

after my works had been seen, and should be left entirely to his excellency's judgment and pleasure.

Thus did I against my inclination again engage in his service, and begin to work; the duke every day lavished new favours on me, and treated me with the greatest kindness conceivable.

CHAPTER III.

The French king is prejudiced against the Author by the treacherous insinuations of Cellini's own servants.—This prevents his return to France.—He undertakes a large statue of Perseus and Andromeda, but meets with great difficulty in carrying on the work, through the jealousy and perfidious behaviour of the sculptor Bandinello.—He receives letters from France, by which he is censured for returning to Italy before he had settled his accounts with the king.—He answers by giving a clear account in writing.—Story of a fraud committed by the grand duke's servants in the sale of a diamond.—A conspiracy against Cellini.

By this time I had received several letters from France, from my faithful friend Signor Guido Guidi; but none of these letters had brought any bad news; Ascanio himself wrote to me from time to time, desiring me to indulge my genius without reserve, and assuring me, that if any thing happened, he would take care to apprize me of it. The king was informed that I had entered into the service of the Duke of Florence, and as he was the best natured prince in the whole world, he often said—"Why does not Benvenuto return?" Having inquired in a particular manner of my two young men, they both told him that I had often written word of my being greatly encouraged and very happy where I was, and that they did not apprehend I should ever come back to serve his majesty. The king highly incensed upon hearing these disrespectful words, which never came from me, replied—"Since he has quitted my service without any cause, I will never again inquire after

him; so he may stay where he is." Thus these villains and assassins brought affairs to the crisis they desired: for in case I had returned to France, they must again have become my journeymen and dependants as at first; but if I never came back they would be their own masters, and have all my business: hence it was that they exerted themselves to the utmost to prevent my return.

Whilst I was getting my shop erected, in order to begin the statue of Perseus, I worked in a room on the ground-floor, in which I made a model of that statue in plaster, of the real size of the work, intending to conform to that model. When I found that this method was likely to prove somewhat tedious, I had recourse to another expedient; for by this time I had a shop erected of bricks piled upon one another in so miserable a manner, that the very remembrance of it makes me uneasy. I began the arrangement of the bones, or rather the figure of the Medusa, and made the skeleton or bony part of iron: I afterwards made it of earth, and when I had done this, I put it together with the assistance of some of my little apprentices, one of whom was of an extraordinary beauty; this boy was son to a prostitute, named Gambetta. I kept this child with a view of drawing his likeness, (for there are no books that teach this art like nature herself,) and I inquired about for journeymen in order to dispatch the work the sooner; but I could find none; and it was morally impossible for me to do the business myself in all its branches. There were some in Florence who would willingly have entered into my service, but Bandinello found means to prevent them. Not satisfied with thus distressing me, he told the duke that I endeavoured to decoy his workmen, because I could never of myself contrive to put a great figure together. I complained

to the duke of the ill offices done by this fool, and begged he would procure me some journeymen to assist me. These words made the duke believe what was told him by Bandinello: perceiving this, I resolved to do the best I could by myself, and fell to work under the greatest difficulties conceivable.

Whilst I laboured in this manner night and day, my sister's husband was taken ill, and died in a few days. He left to my care his wife, who was a young woman with six daughters, some of them grown up, and some very little: this was the first trouble I had in Florence, to be left father and guardian of a whole afflicted and disconsolate family. Desirous, however, of carrying on my business the best I could, and seeing my garden full of dirt, I sent for two porters, who were brought to me from the old bridge; one of these was an old man of seventy, the other a stripling of eighteen: when they had been with me about three days, the young porter told me that the old fellow would not work, and advised me to turn him off, for he was not only idle himself, but hindered him from minding his business: he added, that the little there was to be done he was able to do himself, and there was no occasion for my throwing away my money. When I saw him so well disposed to work, I asked him whether he was willing to live with me as my servant, and we soon agreed. This young man, whose name was Bernardino Manellini of Mugello, took care of my horse, worked in the garden, and even endeavoured to assist me in the shop; at last he began to learn the art so well, that I never in my life had a better assistant: resolving, therefore, to do the whole business by means of such a helper, I began to convince the duke that Bandinello was a liar, and that I could

do very well without the assistance of his journeymen.

I was about this time troubled with a pain in my back; and being unable to work, was glad to pass my time in the duke's wardrobe, with two young goldsmiths, whose names were Giovan Paolo and Domenico Poggini, whom I put upon making a little golden vase, wrought with a relievo of figures and other ornaments: this belonged to the duchess, and her excellency had it made to drink water out of. She desired me likewise to make her a golden girdle; and moreover, to adorn this work with jewels, and many pretty inventions of figures and other things of that kind; which was done accordingly. The duke came from time to time to the wardrobe, and took great pleasure in seeing the work carried on, and in talking to me about it. When I found myself somewhat recovered of the pain in my back, I caused clay to be brought me, and whilst the duke was passing by, I took his likeness, making a head of him much bigger than the life. His excellency was highly pleased with this work, and conceived so great a liking to me, that he told me it would be highly agreeable to him, if I would work at his palace; and he would look out for apartments of a proper size for me, which I might have fitted up with furnaces, and whatever else I had occasion for, as he took the highest delight in such things. I told his excellency that it was impossible, for I should not then finish my work in a hundred years.

The duchess was lavish in her caresses of me, and would gladly have had me work for her alone, and neglect the statue of Perseus and every thing else. I who saw myself possessed of this vain shadow of favour, knew to a certainty that my inauspicious star could not long bear to see me happy,

and would soon involve me in new perplexities; for every moment I had present to my thoughts the great injury I had done myself in endeavouring to better my condition. I speak with regard to the affairs of France: the king could not digest the mortification which my departure had occasioned him; and yet he would have been glad that I had returned, but would have me look upon it as an obligation. I thought, however, that I had many good reasons to decline being any way submissive; for I apprehended, that had I descended so low as to serve the French again with humility and complaisance, they would have said that I knew myself to be in fault, and have given credit to certain calumnies that were invented against me. I therefore stood upon the punctilio of honour, and wrote to France like a man that knew himself to be in the right. This conduct of mine was highly agreeable to my two young disciples. For in my letters to them I boasted of the many works I was employed in by two great personages, who were the chief in power in the city of Florence, where I drew my first breath. As soon as they had received this intelligence, they repaired to the king, and persuaded his majesty to make over to them my castle, in the same manner he had granted it to me. The king, who was a prince of great generosity and honour, would never comply with the presumptuous demands of these two young villains; for he began to perceive the malicious tendency of their application: however, that he might seem to afford them some faint hopes, and induce me to return quickly, he caused a treasurer of his, named Signor Giuliano Buonaccorsi, a citizen of Florence, to write to me in a style somewhat angry: the purport of the letter was, that if I desired to retain that reputation of a man of honour, which I had before enjoyed,

as I had quitted the kingdom without any cause, I should give an account of all I had done for his majesty. Upon the receipt of this letter, I was so highly pleased, that I could not have wished for one couched in terms more to my mind. When I sat down to write, I filled nine leaves of common paper, and in these I minuted all the works that I had been concerned in, with the several accidents that had befallen me in the prosecution of those undertakings; and all the money expended on them, which was paid by two clerks, and one of the king's treasurers, and signed by the different persons through whose hands it had passed, some of whom had contributed their property, and others their labour: I added, that I had not pocketed a single farthing of the money, and that when I had finished my work, I was not in the least a gainer; that I had carried with me to Italy only a few favours and promises, truly worthy of his majesty; and though I could not boast of having acquired by my works any thing more than certain salaries settled upon me by his majesty for my support, and there remained above seven hundred crowns of my salary still due, which I never touched, but left behind me in France, that they might be remitted me to defray the charges of my return; yet as I had discovered that ill offices had been done me by certain malevolent persons, excited thereto by envy, though the truth will always be present, I appealed to his Most Christian Majesty. "I am not excited," said I, "by avarice: I am conscious of having done for your majesty more than ever I engaged to perform, and never received the promised reward. I desire nothing more in this world than to remain in the opinion of your majesty a man of fair and unblemished character, such as I have always shown myself; and if your majesty retains

the smallest doubt of my integrity, I will, upon your signifying the least desire of it, return to France to give an account of my conduct at the hazard of my life. But as I saw myself held in so little consideration, I did not care to make a new offer of my services, being sensible that I can earn a livelihood in any part of the world; and whenever I am written to, I shall send a proper answer." There were in that letter several other particulars worthy of so great a monarch, and all tending to vindicate my honour. Before I sent it away, I carried it to the duke, who was highly pleased with the perusal; I then put it into the post-office, directed to the Cardinal of Ferrara.

About this time Bernardone Baldini, who was employed by his excellency as broker in the jewelling business, had brought with him from Venice a large diamond of above thirty-five carats: he had with him Antonio di Vittorio Landi, whose interest it likewise was to prevail on the duke to purchase it; this diamond had had its upper face terminating in a point; but as it did not appear to have the lustre required in a jewel of this sort, the owner got the point made flat, which greatly spoiled the beauty of the stone. Our duke, who was passionately fond of jewels, amused that rogue Bernardacci with hopes that he would purchase the diamond; and as the fellow was desirous of having solely to himself the honour of putting a trick upon the Duke of Florence, he never spoke a word of the affair to his partner Antonio Landi. This Antonio had been intimate with me ever since we were boys; and as he saw I was so familiar with the duke, he one day called me aside, (itwas then about noon, and this happened near the new market,) and spoke to me thus—"Benvenuto, I know full well that the duke will show you a diamond which he seems to be desirous of

purchasing; you will see a very fine stone—endeavour to promote the sale of it. This I could sell for seventeen thousand crowns: I am positive his excellency will ask your advice, and it is very possible he may purchase it." In short Antonio was very sanguine in his expectations of being a great gainer by this diamond; I promised, that in case it was shown me, and my opinion asked, I should speak of it to the best of my judgment, without saying any thing to depreciate its value. The duke, as I have observed above, came every day into my workshop, and stayed there several hours: somewhat above a week from the day that Antonio Landi had the above conversation with me, his excellency showed me the diamond in question one day after dinner; I knew it by the tokens given me by Antonio Landi, with regard both to its form and its weight: and because, as I have observed above, this diamond was of a water somewhat obscure, and they had upon that account furbished it up anew; I seeing of what sort it was, would certainly have advised the duke not to purchase it: therefore, when his excellency showed it me, I asked him what he would have me say of it; as jewellers had two different methods of appreciating a jewel; one after a great man had bought it, and another in setting a price upon it, in order to excite him to be a purchaser. The duke told me that he had bought it, and only wanted to know my opinion concerning it; I thereupon declared my sentiments of the diamond to the best of my judgment. He desired me to consider well the beauty of the great streaks in it. I made answer, that his excellency was quite mistaken in considering that as a beauty, for it was nothing else but a flattened point. Upon my utterring these words, the duke, who perceived that what I said was true, with a look of great displeasure bid me examine the jewel carefully, and give my

opinion concerning its value. I imagined that as Antonio Landi had valued it at seventeen thousand crowns, the duke might have given at most fifteen thousand for it; and therefore as I saw that he was offended at my speaking the truth, I thought it advisable to favour his mistake, and so returning him the diamond said, it cost you eighteen thousand crowns. Upon my speaking thus, he made an exclamation of surprise, and said, "Surely you can be no connoisseur in jewels." I answered—"My lord, you are mistaken; endeavour to continue in a good humour with your diamond, and I will endeavour to understand these things better; at least be so good as to let me know how much it cost you, that I may the better enter into your excellency's method of purchasing these things." The duke thereupon said to me with a sneer—"It cost five-and-twenty thousand crowns and upwards;" and so went away. During this conversation were present Giovan Paolo and Dominic Poggini, both goldsmiths; and Bacchiaca the embroiderer, who worked in the next apartment, ran to us upon hearing it: I then said that I would not have advised him against purchasing it, but that Antonio Landi had a week before offered it to me for seventeen thousand crowns; and I apprehended that I might have bought it for fifteen thousand and less: but the duke was resolved to keep up the reputation of his jewel at any rate. However, as Antonio Landi had set so inconsiderable a value upon it, I thought it was shocking, nay, I could hardly believe it possible, that Bernardone should so grossly impose upon the duke. Yet I took no farther notice of the affair, but smiled at the good prince's simplicity. Having already sketched the figure of the great Medusa, as I have observed above, I had made the bony part of iron, then forming it of earth about half an inch thick, I caused it to be well

baked, and over it I put a covering of wax, in order to finish it completely in the manner it was intended to remain. The duke, who came several times to see me, was greatly disgusted at its not being of bronze, and would have had me send for some master to cast it.

His excellency was constantly speaking in the most advantageous terms of my genius and skill; while his steward was as constantly watching for some opportunity to hurt me. This man though a native of Prato, the natural enemy of our state, was by a surprising turn of fortune, only because he had been the pedagogue of Duke Cosmo de' Medici, invested with a command over the city guards and all the public officers in Florence. As I before observed, he was always upon the watch to do me some injury, but found it a very difficult matter to form his plans with any probability of success: he at last thought of a sure way to ruin me, by employing the mother of my young apprentice, (whose name was Cencio, as hers was Gambetta,) as an instrument to his wicked design; in short they laid a plot between them, the vile pedagogue and the infamous prostitute, to frighten me in such a manner as should oblige me to fly the town. Gambetta beginning to put her old arts in practice, resolved to fulfil her engagement with that rogue of a pedagogue and steward; and in order to carry the design into execution, they had both let the captain of the city guards into the secret, who was a Bolognese, afterwards banished by the duke for being concerned in such intrigues. One Sunday night this Gambetta came to me with her son and told me she had kept him shut up several days on my account. I made answer that she should not have put him under any restraint on my account, and asked her laughing, why she had

confined him? she answered, that as he had committed a horrible sin with me, there was a warrant taken out, and we should both be taken into custody. I flew into a passion, and said—"Ask the boy is it true!" She then questioned her son: the boy burst into tears and declared he had not. She then turned to me and bid me keep him in my house, for the captain of the city guards was in quest of him, and would take him any where but in my house, where he was safe. I made answer, that in my house I had my sister, a widow with six young virtuous daughters, and that I did not choose to harbour any body else. She then said that the steward had given orders to the captain of the city guards, and that I should certainly be taken: but since I would not receive her son into my house, if I would give her a hundred crowns, I need be under no farther apprehensions; for as the steward was very much her friend, I might depend upon it she would prevail upon him to drop the affair entirely, provided I gave her the sum she asked. I was incensed to the highest degree at this impudence, and said to her—"Infamous prostitute, get thee hence; had not the desire to vindicate my honour, and to clear the innocence of this unfortunate son of your's, withheld me, I should have stabbed you with this dagger, which I two or three times grasped for that purpose;" and uttering these words I pushed both her and her son out of my house.

CHAPTER IV.

The Author disgusted at the behaviour of the duke's servants, takes a trip to Venice, where he is greatly caressed by Titian, Sansovino, and other ingenious artists.—After a short stay he returns to Florence and resumes his business.—He goes on but slowly with his Perseus for want of proper assistance, and makes his complaint to the duke.—The duchess employs him in the jeweling way, and wants to engross his whole time, but he expresses a desire of signalizing himself, and with that view chooses to finish his Perseus.

HAVING reflected maturely on the villany as well as power of that wicked pedagogue, I thought it most advisable to keep for a time out of the way of such diabolical machinations: so in the morning early I put into the hands of my sister, jewels and effects to the value of pretty nearly two thousand crowns, and mounting on horseback, bent my course towards Venice, carrying with me my journeyman Bernardino di Mugello. Upon my arrival at Ferrara, I wrote to his excellency the duke, that though I had left Florence without taking leave of him, I should return without being sent for. When I came to Venice, I reflected upon the variety of means by which my adverse fortune persecuted me; but as I found myself in good health and spirits, I resolved to struggle with it as usual. Thus I passed my time very agreeably in that beautiful and opulent city, where I visited the great painter Titian, and Signor Jacopo Sansovino, an excellent statuary and architect of Florence, who had a considerable pension from the senate of Venice; as we had been acquainted in our youth both at Rome and Florence, I was highly caressed by these two ingenious artists.

The day following I met Signor Lorenzo de' Medici, who took me by the hand, and received me with the greatest affection imaginable; we had known one another in Florence, when I was concerned in stamping coins for Duke Alexander, and afterwards at Paris, when I was in the service of the King of France. He had resided at the house of Signor Juliano Buonaccorsi; and because he did not know where else to go for amusement, without running a considerable risk, he passed a great deal of his time at my house, in observing the process of the great works above-mentioned. On account therefore of our former acquaintance, he took me by the hand, and carried me with him to his own house, where was Signor Priore degli Strozzi, brother to Signor Piero: they were very merry, and asked me how long I proposed staying at Venice, thinking that I intended to return to France. I told them the affair that had made me quit Florence; and added, that I proposed returning to that city in two or three days, to enter again into the service of my sovereign the grand duke. When I had expressed myself thus, Signor Priore and Signor Lorenzo looked so sternly at me, that I was quite disconcerted; they then said—"You would act much more wisely in returning to France, where you have both money and friends; if you go back to Florence you will lose all your interest in France, and at Florence you will only meet with disgusts and disappointment." I made them no answer, but set out the next day with all possible secrecy, taking the road to Florence. In the mean time the diabolical plot that had been hatched against me, was pretty well over, for I had written the duke a full account of the affair, and the reason of my quitting Florence. I waited on him without any ceremony, and though he discovered some displeasure at first, he at last turned

to me with a placid countenance, and asked me where I had been? I made answer, that my heart had always been with his excellency, though a certain troublesome affair had obliged me to ramble for a while. His good humour growing upon him, he desired me to give him some account of Venice; so we entered into conversation for a while, till at last he bid me mind my work, and finish the statue of Perseus. I returned to my house, in high spirits, which caused great joy to my family, that is, to my sister and her six daughters; I then resumed my work, and continued it with all possible expedition. The first thing I cast in bronze, was the great head of his excellency in my workhouse, when I had the pain in my back, which has been mentioned above. This work gave high satisfaction, and I made it with no other view than to try the earth used in casting bronze; and though I perceived that the admirable Donatello had cast his works in bronze, with the earth of Florence, it appeared to me that he had great difficulties to struggle with: thinking therefore that this proceeded from the ill condition of the earth; before I set about casting my Perseus, I chose to make these previous experiments, by which I found the earth to be good, though the nature of it was not understood by the great Donatello; for I observed that he had lain under great difficulties in finishing his pieces. Thus did I contrive by great art to make a compound earth, which was of infinite service to me: with this I cast the head; but as I had not yet made a furnace, I used that of Signor Zanobi of Pagno Campanajo; and seeing that the head had come out very exact, I immediately set about making a little furnace in the shop, which the duke had caused to be erected according to my own plan, in the house he had granted me. After making the furnace with all

possible expedition, I set about casting the statue of Medusa, that frightful female figure which is now seen under the feet of Perseus; and as this was a matter of great difficulty, I found it necessary to make use of all the precautions I had learned, to avoid committing any blunder. Thus had I the most full and complete success at the first time of my casting in this furnace; and the bronze came out of it so neat and clean, that my friends did not think I should have occasion to retouch it. There are German and French artists who boast themselves possessed of admirable secrets, which enable them to cast bronze without being obliged to clean it afterwards: but this is an absurd pretension; for after the bronze is cast, it is necessary to clean and furbish it up with hammers and chisels, as the great artists of antiquity did formerly, and as modern statuaries have done likewise, I mean such of the moderns as understood the art of working in bronze. This work highly pleased the duke, who came to see it cast at my house, and encouraged me to exert myself; but the unquenchable envy of Bandinello had such power, (for he was constantly misrepresenting me to his excellency,) as to persuade him that though I cast some of those figures, I should never be able to put the whole of them together, because I was quite a novice in the art, and his excellency should take care how he threw away his money. These words had such an effect upon my noble employer, that part of the money allowed me for journeymen was retrenched, insomuch that I found myself under a necessity of coming to an explanation with his excellency. One morning I took occasion to wait his coming in the Via de' Servi, and addressed him in these terms—"My lord, I am not assisted in my business as my occasions require; I therefore begin to suspect that

your excellency doubts my being able to perform my promise; yet I must repeat it to you again, that I desire to finish the work in a manner far more masterly than the model, as I have already promised." Having thus explained my mind to his excellency, when I perceived that all I said had no effect upon him, as he returned no answer, I immediately conceived such resentment and fell into so violent a passion, that I began again to rate the duke, and said to him—"My Lord, this city has been indeed the school of every ingenious art; but as soon as a person has made himself known and learned something, if he desire to be a credit to his country, and his illustrious prince, he would do well to seek for work elsewhere: I am convinced, my lord, that this is true; I know that your excellency has been acquainted with Donatello and Lionardi da Vinci, and at present is so with the admirable Michael Angelo Buonaroti, men who by their genius add greatly to your excellency's glory and renown: I also hope that I shall contribute my share towards it; therefore, my good lord, suffer me to depart. But take care never to let Bandinello move from hence; rather let him have greater supplies than he requires of you; for if he should go abroad, so great are his presumption and ignorance, that he would probably bring this illustrious school into discredit. Dismiss me then, my lord; the only reward I desire for my past labours is your excellency's good will." The duke seeing me thus resolute, turned to me with some emotion, and said—"Benvenuto, if you are willing to finish the work, you shall want no assistance." I made answer that I desired nothing more than to show those detractors of my reputation, that I had a spirit to perform my promise. Having left his excellency I received some little assistance; but found myself

under the necessity of opening my purse, as I was desirous that my work should go on pretty briskly. In the evening I often went to his excellency's wardrobe, where Dominico and Giovan Poggini his brother were at work upon a golden vase for the duchess, of which mention has already been made, and upon a golden girdle. His excellency likewise caused a little model to be made of a pendant, in which was to be set that great diamond which Bernardone and Antonio Landi persuaded him to purchase; and though it was what I should willingly have declined, the duke used such insinuations and arguments, that he used to prevail upon me to work there till ten o'clock at night; and by the same alluring arts would have fain persuaded me to work also by day: this I could never consent to, for which I at last thought that his excellency was angry with me. As I happened one day to come a little later than usual, the duke said to me—"You are *malvenuto*." * I answered—"My lord, that is not my name, for I am called Benvenuto; and as I apprehend that your excellency jests with me, I shall say nothing more." The duke replied that he was not in jest but quite in earnest, adding, that he advised me to take care how I behaved, for it had come to his knowledge that I had availed myself of his favour to wrong several persons. I requested his excellency to name a man that I had ever wronged. He immediately flew into a passion, and said—"Go and restore what you have had from Bernardone: that is one man you have wronged." I answered—"My lord, I thank you, and beg you would just hear me say four words in my defence: it is true he lent me a pair of old scales, two anvils, and three little

* An Italian word which signifies *ill come*.

hammers, which goods I fifteen years ago desired his agent George of Cortona to send for, whereupon George came for them himself: if your excellency find that I ever had any thing else from any person either in Rome or Florence, punish me with the utmost severity." The duke seeing me very warm, became quite mild and gentle, and said, that those who have not done amiss should not be reprimanded; so that if the case were as I represented it, I should continue to be as much in favour with him as ever. I then made answer—"The knaveries of Bernardone force me to request and intreat your excellency to tell me sincerely what you gave for the great diamond with the flattened point; for I hope to make you sensible of this rogue's motive for doing me ill offices with your excellency." The duke replied—"The diamond cost me twenty-five thousand crowns; why do you ask?" I told him—"Because, my lord, on such a day, and at such an hour, Antonio di Vittorio Landi, speaking to me of this diamond, valued it at sixteen thousand crowns; your excellency now knows what sort of a bargain you have had; and for the truth of what I say, I appeal to Dominico Poggini and Giovan Paolo his brother, who are here present, for I immediately apprised them of the affair; but since that I never said a word more about it, because your excellency told me that I did not understand jewels; which made me think you had a mind to keep up the reputation of your purchase. I would have you to know, my lord, that I do understand jewels, and that I profess myself a man of principle, and of as much honour as any person living; I shall never attempt to rob you of eight or ten thousand crowns at a time, but rather try to earn them. I agreed to serve your excellency as a sculptor, a goldsmith, a stamper of coins, and never as a tale-bearer: what

I say to you at present, is in my own defence, and in the presence of several persons of worth, that your excellency may no longer believe what is said by Bernardone." The duke thereupon fell into a passion, and sent for Bernardone, who was obliged to fly to Venice, and Antonio Landi with him. I again waited on his excellency, and said to him—" My lord, all I told you is true, and all that Bernardone mentioned concerning the goods I borrowed is false, and you would do well to examine the affair to the bottom." Upon my expressing myself thus, the duke turned about to me and said—" Benvenuto, live like a man of honour, and fear nothing." The affair ended here, and I never said another word concerning it.

I went about finishing the jewel, and when I had done it, carried it to the duchess, who told me she set as high a value upon my work, as upon the diamond which that scoundrel Bernardone had made the duke purchase; she then desired me to fasten it to her breast with my own hand, and upon her giving me a large pin, I pinned it on, and departed very much in her good graces. I afterwards heard, they caused it to be set again by a German or some other foreigner, because Bernardone had said that the simplest manner of setting it was best. Dominico and Giovan Paolo Poggini, goldsmiths, and brothers, worked, as I think I have already informed the reader, in his excellency's wardrobe, after my designs, upon certain little cases of gold, carved with historical figures in basso relievo, and other things of importance. I one day took occasion to say to the duke—" My lord, if you would enable me to keep several journeymen, I would stamp the coins at your mint, as likewise medals of your excellency, in which I should rival, if not surpass, those of the ancients: for since I was employed in making

medals for Pope Clement VII I have improved so considerably in this art, that I come much nearer to perfection than I did at that time; I am even able to surpass the coins which I stamped for Duke Alexander, though they are still looked upon as very fine: I would likewise make great vases of gold for you, as I did for the great king Francis I who afforded me all manner of assistance in my business, and I never lost my time either in making colossuses or other statues." To this the duke made answer—"Work, Benvenuto, and I will take care to see you properly supplied." Yet he never gave me any assistance, or supplied me with conveniences for working. One day his excellency sent me several pounds of fine silver, and said that it was from his silver mines, desiring me to make him a beautiful cup with it. As I did not choose to neglect my Perseus, and yet had a great desire to serve the duke, I put it into the hands of a fellow called Pier de' Martini, the goldsmith, who set about it most awkwardly, and did not go on with it, so that I lost more time by employing him, than if I had undertaken it myself. Having been thus plagued and disappointed for several weeks, when I saw that Piero would neither work at it himself, nor get others to do it, I made him return it; and it was with great difficulty I could get back the body of the vase, which, as I have observed above, was unskilfully begun, and the remainder of the silver which I had put into his hands. The duke having heard something of the affair, sent for the vase and the models, without ever telling me why or wherefore: he, however, from my designs, got people to work for him at Venice and other places, but was extremely ill served. The duchess was incessantly telling me, that I should work for her in the jewelling way; to this I as constantly answered, that—"It was well

known to all the world in general, and to all Italy in particular, that I was a master of the jeweller's business; but that Italy had not hitherto seen a piece of sculpture of my carving; and that several statuaries, provoked at my vying with them, called me in derision, the upstart in sculpture: however, I hoped to show them that I had the skill of an old and experienced sculptor, if God should so far indulge me, as to enable me to exhibit my statue of Perseus in his excellency's grand square." So I went home, worked hard both day and night, and no more made my appearance at the palace. But that I might not be entirely deprived of the duchess's favour, I got certain little vases of silver made for her, about the size of a little two-penny pot, adorned with fine figures in the antique taste: upon my carrying her these little vases, she gave me the kindest reception imaginable, and paid me for the gold and silver that I had used in making them. At the same time I solicited her excellency's interest, and begged she would inform the duke that I was not properly assisted in my great work; and that she would likewise advise him to be upon his guard against the malicious insinuations of Bandinello, by which he hindered me from finishing my Perseus. Upon my expressing myself thus in a plaintive tone, the duchess, with a gesture which showed she spoke her real sentiments, exclaimed—"Sure the duke should by this time know what a worthless fellow that Bandinello is!"

CHAPTER V.

The jealousy of the malicious Bandinello excites him to throw continual difficulties in our Author's way, which greatly obstructs the progress of his work.—In a fit of despair he goes to Fiesole, to see a natural son of his, and meets with Bandinello at his return.—At first he resolves to kill him, but on seeing his cowardly behaviour alters his mind, and recovering his former tranquillity goes on with his work.—Conversation between him and the duke, concerning an antique Greek statue of Ganymede. Account of some marble statues of Cellini's, viz. Apollo, Hyacinthus, and Narcissus.—He meets with an accident, by which he had nearly lost one of his eyes.—Manner of his recovery.

I now stayed almost constantly at home, and hardly ever went to the ducal palace, but worked with the utmost assiduity to finish my statue: I was obliged to pay my workmen out of my own pocket, for the duke having caused them to be paid about eighteen months for me by Lattanzio Gorini, at last grew tired of it, and ordered payment to be stopped: I thereupon asked Lattanzio why he did not pay my men as usual? He answered, with the shrill voice of a gnat, and using some odd, fantastic gestures with his spider's hands—"Why don't you get your work finished? It is the general opinion that you will never finish it." I replied in a passion, uttering a horrid imprecation against him, and all those that thought I would not complete it. Thus, in deep despair, I carried home my unfortunate statue of Perseus, not without shedding tears; for I could not help recollecting the flourishing state in which I had lived in Paris, when in the service of the munificent King Francis, by whom I was abundantly supplied with every thing, whereas here I was hardly sup-

plied at all: this consideration had such an effect upon me, that I was several times upon the point of forming a desperate resolution to leave the place abruptly. Once in particular I mounted a little nag, and taking a hundred crowns with me, set out for Fiesole, to see a natural son, whom I had at nurse with a gossip of mine, wife to one of my journeymen. I found the child in good health, and though I was greatly dejected, and uneasy in my mind, I embraced him; when I was for departing he would not let me go, but held me fast with his little hands, at the same time crying and bawling so loud, that it was something surprising in an infant not above two years old. However, as I had formed a resolution in case I could meet with Bandinello, who went every evening to visit his farm above St Dominico, to fall upon him, and punish his insolence, I disengaged myself from my child, without minding his cries or his sobs, and bent my course towards Florence. Just as I arrived at the square of St Dominico, Bandinello entering it on the other side, I came up to him with a full resolution to do a bloody piece of work upon the spot. I looked up, and saw him upon a little mule, which appeared no bigger than an ass, and he had with him a boy about ten years of age. As soon as he perceived me, he turned as pale as death, and trembled all over; I, who knew what a cowardly wretch he was, cried out to him—"Fear nothing, vile poltroon, I do not think you worth striking." He gave me a look of the most abject pusillanimity, and returned no answer. I thereupon resumed just and virtuous sentiments, and returned thanks to the Almighty for preventing me from perpetrating the rash action I intended. Being in this manner delivered from the diabolical phrenzy by which I had been agitated, I recovered my spirits, and said within myself—"If

God should be so favourable to me as to enable me to finish my work, I hope thereby to kill all my enemies, and wreak a much greater and more glorious vengeance, than if I had satiated my fury upon one alone." So with this good resolution I returned home, somewhat easier in my mind.

In three days time I received information that the nurse had smothered my only son, which occasioned me as poignant a grief as ever I had felt. Hearing the news, I fell upon my knees, and returned thanks to God in these terms, with a profusion of tears according to custom—" Lord, thou gavest that infant to me, and now thou hast deprived me of him: for all thou hast done, I return thanks to thy Divine Majesty." Thus, though the excess of my grief had quite disconcerted and confounded me, I made a virtue of necessity, and comforted myself in the best way I could. About this time a young man had quitted Bandinello's service, whose name was Francis, son to Matteo Fabbro: this young man applied to me for work, and I readily employed him to clean the statue of Medusa, which was already cast. The same person, about a fortnight after, told me, that he had spoken to his master, meaning Bandinello, who desired me to tell him, that if I were willing to make a marble statue, he would furnish me with a fine block. I instantly answered—" Tell him I accept his offer; and it may prove an unlucky piece of marble for him, for he is always provoking me, and does not remember what passed between us upon the square of St Dominico; let him know I insist upon having the marble by all means: I never speak ill of him, while he is always backbiting and traducing me; nay, I verily believe, that your coming to work with me was a mere pretext, and that in fact you were sent by him to be a spy upon my conduct: so go and tell him I will

have the marble in spite of him, and you may return again to his service." As I had not for several days made my appearance at the ducal palace, I went thither one morning through a sudden caprice, and the duke had just done dinner when I entered; I was afterwards given to understand, that the duke had that morning spoken a great deal of me, and in terms highly advantageous to my character; in particular that he had extolled me highly for my masterly manner of setting jewels. When the duchess saw me, she sent Signor Sforza to call me, and upon my presenting myself before her excellency, she requested me to set a little rose diamond for her in a ring; adding, that she intended to wear it constantly. She gave me the measure of her finger, together with the diamond, which was worth above a hundred crowns, and begged I would be as expeditious as possible. The duke thereupon said to the duchess—"It must be acknowledged that Benvenuto was formerly unrivalled in this branch, but now that he has dropped it, I apprehend it would be too much trouble for him to make such a ring as you require; therefore beg you would not break in upon his time with this trifling affair, which is now so much out of his way." I returned the duke thanks for his obliging speech, and requested him to let me do the duchess this little piece of service; so I undertook the job, and finished it in a few days. The ring was intended for the little finger; I therefore made four small figures of boys, with four little grotesques, which completed the ring, and I added to it a few fruits and ligatures in enamel, so that the jewel and the ring appeared admirably suited to each other: I carried it directly to the duchess, who told me, in the most obliging manner, that I had acquitted myself extremely well, and that she would not forget me. This ring she sent as a present to King Philip; and

afterwards was constantly employing me in one job or other, but in so complaisant and obliging a manner, that I always exerted myself to the utmost to serve her, though I saw but very little of her money. And yet, God knows I wanted money very much; for I earnestly desired to finish my Perseus, and I had found some young men to assist me, whom I paid out of my own pocket. I then began to make my appearance at court more frequently than I had done for some time past.

One holiday I went to the palace immediately after dinner, and entering the hall where the great clock stands, I saw the door of the wardrobe open; as I presented myself, the duke beckoned to me, and with great complaisance addressed me thus—"You are welcome to court, (alluding to my name of Benvenuto,) take this little chest, which was sent me as a present by Signor Stefano, of Palestine; open it, and let us see what it contains." I instantly opened it, and answered the duke—"This, my lord, is the figure of a little boy in Greek marble, and is indeed a very extraordinary piece. I do not remember ever having seen amongst the antiquities so beautiful a performance, or one of so exquisite a taste: I therefore offer your excellency to restore its head, arms, and feet: and make an eagle for it, that it may be called a Ganymede: and though it is by no means proper for me to patch up old statues, as that is generally done by a sort of bunglers in the business, who acquit themselves very indifferently; the excellence of this great master is such, that it powerfully excites me to do him this piece of service." The duke was highly pleased to find the figure had such merit, and asked me several questions about it—"Tell me," said he, "Benvenuto, in what precisely consists the extraordinary excellence of this great master, which excites in you such wonder and

surprise." I endeavoured, in the best manner I could, to give him an idea of the extraordinary beauty of the statue, of the great genius, skill, and admirable manner of the artist, conspicuous in his work; topics on which I enlarged a long time, and that with the greatest earnestness, as I perceived that his excellency took pleasure in listening to me. Whilst I amused him so agreeably with my conversation, a page happened to open the door of the wardrobe, and just as he came out Bandinello entered: the duke seeing him, appeared to be in some disorder, and asked him, with a stern look, what he was about? Bandinello, without making any answer, immediately fixed his eye on the little chest, in which the above-mentioned statue was very plainly to be seen; then shaking his head, he turned to the duke, and said, with a scornful sneer—"My lord, this is one of those things I have so often spoken to your excellency about; depend upon it, the ancients knew nothing of the anatomy of the parts, and for that reason their works abound with errors." I stood silent, and gave no attention to what he had advanced, but on the contrary turned my back to him. When the fool had made an end of his nonsensical harangue, the duke, addressing himself to me, said—"Benvenuto, this is quite the reverse of what you awhile ago so much boasted, and seemed to prove by so many specious arguments: so endeavour to defend your own cause." To these words of the duke, which were spoken with great mildness, I answered—"My lord, your excellency is to understand that Baccio Bandinello is a compound of every thing that is bad, and so he has always been; insomuch, that whatever he looks at, is by his fascinating eyes, however superlatively good in itself, immediately converted into something supremely evil; but I, who am inclined to good alone, see the

truth through the happier medium; so that all I mentioned awhile ago to your excellency, concerning that beautiful figure, is strictly and literally true, and what Bandinello has said of it, is purely the result of his own innate malevolence." The duke seemed to hear me with pleasure, and whilst I expressed myself thus, Bandinello writhed himself into a variety of contortions, and made his face, which was by nature very ugly, quite hideous by his frightful grimaces: immediately the duke quitting the hall, went down to the ground-floor apartments, and Bandinello after him: the gentlemen of the bed-chamber pulling me by the cloak, encouraged me to go after him: so we followed the duke till he sat himself down in one of the rooms, and Bandinello and I placed ourselves one on his right, the other on the left. I remained silent, and many of the duke's servants who stood round, kept their eyes fixed on Bandinello, tittering when they recollected what I had said to him in the hall above. Bandinello again began to chatter, and said, that when he exhibited his Hercules and Cacus to the public, he really believed there were above a hundred lampoons published against him, which contained all the vilest ribaldry that could enter into the imagination of the rabble. To this I answered—"My lord, when your great artist Michael Angelo Buonaroti exhibited his sacristy, in which so many beautiful figures are to be seen, the members of the admirable school of Florence, which loves and encourages genius wherever it displays itself, published above a hundred sonnets, wherein they vie with each other which should praise him most: and as Bandinello deserved all the ill that was said of his work, so Michael Angelo merited the highest encomiums that were bestowed on his performance." Upon my expressing myself thus, Bandinello was

incensed to such a degree, that he was ready to burst with fury, and turning to me said—"What faults have you to find with my statues?" I answered—"I will soon tell them, if you have but the patience to hear me." He replied—"Tell them then." The duke and all present listened with the utmost attention. I began by premising, that I was sorry to be obliged to lay before him all the blemishes of his work, and that I was not so properly delivering my own sentiments, as declaring what was said of it by the ingenious school of Florence. However, as the fellow at one time said something disobliging, at another made some offensive gesture with his hands or his feet, he put me into such a passion that I behaved with a rudeness which I should otherwise have avoided. "The ingenious school of Florence," said I, "declares what follows: if the hair of your Hercules were shaved off, there would not remain skull enough to hold his brains; with regard to his face, it is hard to distinguish whether it be the face of a man, or that of a creature something between a lion and an ox; it discovers no attention to what it is about; and it is so badly set upon the neck, with so little art, and so ungraceful a manner, that a more shocking piece of work was never seen: his great brawny back resembles the two pummels of an ass's pack-saddle; his breasts and their muscles bear no similitude to those of a man, but appear like a sack of melons; as he leans directly against the wall, the small of the back has the appearance of a bag filled with long cucumbers; it is impossible to conceive in what manner the two legs are fastened to this distorted figure, for it is hard to distinguish upon which leg he stands, or upon which he exerts any effort of his strength; nor does he appear to stand upon both, as he is sometimes represented by those masters of the

art of statuary who know something of their business; it is plain too, that the statue inclines more than one third of a cubit forward, and this is the greatest and the most insupportable blunder which pretenders to sculpture are guilty of: as for the arms, they both hang down in the most awkward and ungraceful manner imaginable; and so little art is displayed in them, that people would be almost tempted to think that you never saw a naked man in your life: the right leg of Hercules, and that of Cacus, touch at the middle of their calves, and if they were to be separated, not one of them only, but both would remain without a calf in the place where they touch: besides, one of the Hercules' feet is quite buried, and the other seems to have fire under it." Thus I went on, but the man could no longer stay with patience to hear the defects of his figure of Cacus enumerated; one reason was, that what I said was true; the other, that I made the duke perfectly acquainted with his real character, as well as the rest of those present, who discovered the greatest symptoms of surprise imaginable, and began to be sensible that all I said was true. The brutish fellow thereupon said—"O thou slanderer, dost thou say nothing of my design?" I answered, that—"He who drew a good one could never work ill, and that I was convinced his design was of a piece with his works." Seeing that the duke, and all present, showed by their sarcastic looks and gestures, that they thought the censure of his performance to be just, he let his insolence entirely get the better of him, and turning about to me with the most brutish physiognomy, uttered a base and infamous epithet. When he expressed himself thus, the duke and all present frowned upon him, and discovered symptoms of the highest displeasure. I finding myself so cruelly insulted, was hurried away by passion; yet I thought

it best to turn all he said into ridicule, and made the duke and all present set up a loud laugh at him. Nevertheless, though I endeavoured to put a good face upon the matter, I was ready to burst with vexation; that one of the most worthless wretches upon earth should have the impudence to affront me in so gross a manner, in the presence of a great prince. but the reader should at the same time take it into consideration, that on this occasion the duke was affronted, and not I, for had I not been in his august presence, I should have killed the villain upon the spot. Perceiving that the noble personages present never once ceased laughing, this low buffoon, to divert them from deriding him, began to change the subject, and said—"This Benvenuto here goes about making it his boast, that I promised him a block of marble." "How," said I, interrupting him, "did you not send word by your journeyman, Francis Matteo Fabbro, that if I chose to work in marble, you would make me a present of a piece? Did I not accept the offer; and don't I still require of you the performance of your promise?" He replied—"Then depend upon it you shall never have it." Thereupon, I who was incensed to the highest pitch by his former abuse, being suddenly deprived of my reason, as it were, forgot for a moment that I was in the presence of the duke, and cried out to him in a passion—"In plain terms, either send the marble to my house, or think of another world, for I will infallibly send you out of this." But recollecting immediately that I was in the presence of so great a prince, I turned with an air of humility to his excellency, and said—"My lord, 'one fool makes a hundred;' the folly of this man had made me forget your excellency's glory, and myself, for which I humbly beg your pardon." The duke, addressing himself to Bandinello, asked him whether

it was true that he had promised me the marble? Bandinello answered it was. The duke thereupon said to me—"Return to your work, and take a piece of marble to your liking." I replied, that he had promised to send me one to my own house. Terrible words passed upon the occasion, and I insisted upon receiving it in that manner, and no other.

The next morning a piece of marble was brought to my house, and I asked the porters from whom it came? They told me it was sent by Bandinello, being the piece of marble which he had promised me. I ordered it to be carried into my shop, and took it in hand that moment; and whilst I was working upon it, I made my model: so eager was I to be employed in marble, that I could not have the patience to take the necessary time for making a model, with all the care and judgment that our art requires. Perceiving the marble crack, I several times began to repent that I had undertaken the job; however I made what I could of it, I mean the Apollo and Hyacinthus, which though imperfect, are still to be seen at my shop. Whilst I was employed in this manner, the duke came to my house, and said to me several times—"Let the bronze alone for a while, and work a little in marble, that I may see how you do it." I immediately took the tools, which are used in working upon marble, and began to apply them to the purpose: the duke inquiring about the model I had made for this work, I told him that the marble was quite broken, but I would warrant to make something of it notwithstanding; for though I could not resolve upon a model, I would still work on, and do the best I could. The duke hearing this, caused a piece of Greek marble to be conveyed with the utmost expedition from Rome, to enable me to restore the antique Ganymede, which had given rise to the dispute between

me and Bandinello. When the Greek marble was come, I considered with myself that it was a sin to break it into pieces, for the sake of making and repairing the head, arms, and other parts of the Ganymede; I therefore provided myself with another block, and to this piece of Greek marble I made a little waxen model, to which I gave the name of Narcissus: and as this marble had two holes, which were above a quarter of a cubit in depth, and full two inches broad, I had recourse to the attitude which is seen in that part, to prevent the ill effect of those holes, so that I struck them out of my figure. But for many years past, that it has rained constantly upon the marble, and these holes were always left full of water, the moisture had penetrated to such a degree, that the marble became quite weak and almost rotten in the upper hole, and appeared to rise above a cubit and a half in my shop immediately after the great inundation of the Arno. And as this piece of marble was placed upon a square piece of wood, the water above-mentioned made it turn about, by which accident the breasts of it were broke, so that I was obliged to mend them; and that the cleft might not appear where they were fastened on, I placed there a garland of flowers, which is still seen upon the breast of the figure. This job I did at certain hours before day, or else upon holidays only, that I might not delay my great work of the statue of Perseus.

As I was one morning, amongst others, preparing some tools to work at it, there darted a little bit of steel into my right eye, and entered so far into the pupil that it was impossible to get it out, so that I was in very great danger of losing that eye. Several days after I sent for Master Raphael, a surgeon, who took two live pigeons, and making me lie upon my back, with a little knife opened a vein in each of their wings, so

that the blood ran into my eye, and I was thereby greatly relieved. In the space of two days the bit of steel issued from my eye, and I found that I had received considerable ease, and in a great measure recovered my sight. The feast of St Lucia approaching, I made a golden eye, of a French crown, and got it offered to that saint by one of the daughters of my sister Liperata, a girl about ten years of age; in this manner did I testify my gratitude to God and to St Lucia. For some time after I discontinued working upon the Narcissus, but went on with my Perseus, notwithstanding all the difficulties already enumerated, for I had formed a resolution to finish it, and then to leave Florence.

CHAPTER VI.

The duke having some doubt of Cellini's skill and abilities in casting figures of bronze, enters into a conversation with him upon the subject.—Cellini gives a sufficient proof of his extraordinary skill, by casting a beautiful bronze statue of Perseus and Andromeda, which he successfully finished, to the surprise of all the world, whilst he lay under every discouragement, and had the greatest difficulties to struggle with.

As I had been particularly successful in casting my Medusa, I made a model of my Perseus in wax, and flattered myself that I should have the same success in casting the latter in bronze, as I had had with the former. Upon its appearing to such advantage, and looking so beautifully in wax, the duke, whether somebody else put it into his head, or whether it was a notion of his own, as he came to my house oftener than usual, once took occasion to say to me—"Benvenuto, this statue cannot be cast in bronze, it is not in the power of your art to compass it." Hearing him express himself in that manner, I discovered great resentment, and said—"My lord, I know that your excellency places very little confidence in me, and that you have but too good an opinion of those who speak ill of me; or else you do not understand things of this nature." Scarcely did he suffer me to utter these words, when he answered—"I profess understanding them, and I do understand them perfectly." I replied—"You may understand them as a prince, but not as an artist; for if you had that skill in these matters, which you think you have, you would believe me upon account of the fine bronze head which I cast for your ex-

cellency, and which was sent to the Elbe; as also for having restored the beautiful figure of Ganymede, a work that gave me infinite trouble, insomuch that it would have been easier for me to have made a new one; likewise for having cast the Medusa, which stands here before your excellency, a performance of immense difficulty, in which I have done what no man ever did before me in this most laborious art. Consider, my lord, I have constructed a new sort of a furnace, in a manner unknown to other artists; for besides many other particulars and curious inventions to be seen in it, I have made two issues for the bronze; for otherwise that difficult and distorted figure could never come out, and it was only by means of my skill and invention that it came out as well as it did: and do not imagine that every common artist could have done as much. Know likewise, my lord, that all the great and difficult undertakings that I have been employed in by the renowned king Francis, were attended with admirable success, purely on account of that king's generous encouragement of my labours, in providing me with every thing I wanted, and allowing me as many hands as I required: at certain times I had under me above forty journeymen, all of my own choosing; and this was the reason that I finished so many undertakings in so short a time. Therefore, my lord, take my advice and afford me the assistance that I want, for I have great hopes of producing a work that will please you; whereas if your excellency discourage me, and do not supply me with the necessary helps, it is impossible that either I or any man living, can give birth to any thing worth notice." The duke scarcely had patience to hear me out; but sometimes turned one way, sometimes another; and I was quite in despair when I recollected the circumstances in which I had lived in

France: at last he all on a sudden said—"Tell me, Benvenuto, how is it possible that this fine head of Medusa, which Perseus holds aloft in his hand, should ever come out cleverly?" I immediately answered—"It is clear, my lord, that you are no connoisseur in statuary, as your excellency boasts yourself; for if you had any skill in the art, you would not be afraid of that fine head's not coming out, but would express your apprehensions concerning that right foot, which is at such a distance below." The duke, half angry, addressing himself to some noblemen who were with him, said—"I really believe it is a finesse of Benvenuto's to contradict and oppose every thing he hears advanced." Then turning to me, as it were, in derision, in which he was imitated by all present, he expressed himself thus—"I am willing to have patience to hear what reason you can alledge, that can possibly induce me to believe what you affirm." I made answer—"I will give your excellency a reason so satisfactory, that you will be able to conceive the full force of it;" I thereupon began in these terms—"You know, my lord, that the nature of fire is to fly upwards; I therefore assure you, that the head of Medusa will come out perfectly well: but as it is not the property of fire to descend, and it is necessary to force it down six cubits by art, hence I affirm, that it is impossible that yon foot should ever come out; but it will be an easy matter for me to make a new one." The duke thereupon said—"Why did you not think of contriving to make that foot come out as well as the head?" "I must then," answered I, "have made the furnace much bigger, to be able to cast a piece of brass as thick as my leg, and with that weight of hot metal I should have made it come out by force; whereas my brass which goes down to the feet of those six cubits that I mentioned, is not

above two inches thick; therefore, there is no great harm done, for it can soon be set to rights: but when my mould is something more than half full, I have good hopes, that from that half-standing upon the fire which mounts up by a natural property, the heads of Perseus and Medusa will come out admirably; and this you may depend upon." When I had laid before the duke all these reasons, with many more which I for brevity's sake omit, he shook his head and departed.

I now took courage of myself, and banished all those thoughts, which from time to time occasioned me great inquietude, and made me sorely repent my ever having quitted France, with a view of assisting six poor nieces at Florence, which good intention proved the source and origin of all the misfortunes that afterwards befel me. However, I still flattered myself, that if I could but finish my statue of Perseus, all my labours would be converted to delight, and meet with a glorious and happy reward. Thus having recovered my vigour of mind, I with the utmost strength of body and of purse, though indeed I had but little money left, began to purchase several loads of pine-wood from the pine grove of the Serristori, hard by Monte Lupo; and whilst I was waiting for it, I covered my Perseus with the earth which I had prepared several months before hand, that it might have its proper seasoning. After I had made its coat of earth, (for the technical term in our business is coat,) covered it well, and bound it properly with irons; I began by means of a slow fire to draw off the wax, which melted away by many vent holes: for the more of these are made, the better the moulds are filled: when I had entirely stripped off the wax, I made a sort of fence round my Perseus, that is, round the mould above-mentioned, of bricks, piling them one upon another, and leaving

several vacuities for the fire to exhale at. I next began to put on the wood, and kept a constant fire for two days and two nights, till the wax being quite off, and the mould well baked, I all on a sudden began to dig a hole to bury my mould in, and observed all those fine methods of proceeding that are prescribed by our art. When I had completely dug the hole, I took my mould, and by means of levers and good strong cables, directed it with care, and suspended it a cubit above the level of the furnace, so that it hung exactly in the middle of the hole; I then let it gently down to the very bottom of the furnace, and placed it with all the care and exactness I possibly could. After I had finished this part of my task, I began to make a covering of the very earth I had taken off, and in proportion as I raised the earth, I made vents for it, which are a sort of tubes of baked earth, generally used for conduits, and other things of a similar nature. As soon as I saw that I had placed it properly, and that this manner of covering it, by putting on those small tubes in their proper places, was likely to answer, as also that my journeymen thoroughly understood my plan, which was very different from that of all other masters, and I was sure that I could depend upon them, I turned my thoughts to my furnace: I had caused it to be filled with several pieces of brass and bronze, and heaped them upon one another in the manner taught us by our art; taking particular care to leave a passage for the flames, that the metal might the sooner assume its colour and dissolve into a fluid. Thus I with great alacrity excited my men to lay on the pine-wood, which, because of the unctuosity of the resinous matter that oozes from the pine-tree, and that my furnace was admirably well made, burned at such a rate, that I was continually obliged to run to and fro, which

greatly fatigued me. I, however, bore the hardship; but to add to my misfortune, the shop took fire, and we were all very much afraid that the roof would fall in and crush us: from another quarter, that is from the garden, the sky poured in so much rain and wind, that it cooled my furnace. Thus did I continue to struggle with these cross accidents for several hours; and exerted myself to such a degree, that my constitution, though robust, could no longer bear such severe hardship, and I was suddenly attacked by a most violent intermitting fever: in short, I was so ill that I found myself under a necessity of lying down upon the bed. This gave me great concern, but it was unavoidable; I thereupon addressed myself to my assistants, who were about ten in number, consisting of masters who melted bronze, helpers, men from the country, and the journeymen that worked in the shop, among whom was Bernardino Manellini di Mugello, that had lived with me several years. After having recommended it to them all to take proper care of my business, I said to Bernardino—"My friend, be careful to observe the method which I have shown you, and use all possible expedition, for the metal will soon be ready; you cannot mistake: these two worthy men here will quickly make the tubes; with two such directors you can certainly contrive to manage matters; and I have no doubt but my mould will be filled completely; I at present find myself extremely ill, and really believe that in a few hours this severe disorder will put an end to my life."

Thus I left them in great sorrow, and went to bed: as soon as I had lain down, I ordered the maids to carry victuals and drink into the shop for all the men, and told them I did not expect to live till the next morning. They encouraged me notwithstanding; assuring me that my disorder would not last, as it was

only the effect of my having over-fatigued myself. In this manner did I continue for two hours in a violent fever; I every moment perceived it to increase, and was incessantly crying out—"I am dying! I am dying!" My housekeeper, whose name was Mona Fiore da Castel del Rio, was one of the most sensible women in the world, and thoroughly devoted to my interest; she rebuked me for giving way to vain fears, and at the same time attended me with the greatest kindness and care imaginable: however, seeing me so very ill, and terrified to such a degree, she could not contain herself, but shed a flood of tears, which she endeavoured to conceal from me.

Whilst we were both in this deep affliction, I perceived a man enter the room, who in his person appeared to be as crooked and distorted as the letter S; this man began to deliver himself in these terms, with a tone of voice as dismal and melancholy as those who exhort and pray with persons who are going to be executed—"Alas! poor Benvenuto, your work is spoiled, and the misfortune admits of no remedy." No sooner had I heard the words uttered by this messenger of evil, than I cried out so loud, that my voice might be heard as far as the empyreum, and got out of bed. I began immediately to dress, and giving either kicks or cuffs to the maid-servants and the boy as they came to help me on with my clothes, I complained bitterly in these terms—"O you envious and treacherous villains, this is a piece of villany schemed and contrived on purpose; but I swear by the living God, that I will sift it to the bottom; and before I die, give such proofs who I am, as shall not fail to astonish the whole world."

Having huddled on my clothes, I went, with a mind boding evil, to the shop, where I found all those whom I had left so alert, and in such high spirits, standing in the utmost confusion and as-

tonishment: I thereupon addressed them thus—"Listen all of you to what I am going to say; and since you either would not or could not follow the method I pointed out; obey me now that I am present; my work is before us, and let none of you offer to oppose or contradict me, for such cases as this require activity and not counsel." Hereupon one Alexander Lastricati had the assurance to say to me—"Look you, Benvenuto, you have undertaken a work which our art cannot compass, and which is not to be effected by human power." Hearing these words, I turned about in such a passion, and so bent upon mischief, that both he and all the rest unanimously cried out to me—"Give your orders, and we will second you in whatever you command, we will assist you as long as we have breath in our bodies." These kind and affectionate words they uttered, as I firmly believe, in a persuasion that I was upon the point of expiring. I went directly to examine the furnace, and saw all the metal in it concreted: I thereupon ordered two of the helpers to step over the way to Capretta Beccajo, for a load of young oak, which had been above a year drying, and been offered me by Maria Ginevera, wife to the said Capretta. Upon his bringing me the first bundles of it, I began to fill the grate: this sort of oak makes a brisker fire than any other wood whatever; but the wood of elder-trees and pine-trees is used in casting artillery, because it makes a mild and gentle fire. As soon as the concreted metal felt the power of this violent fire, it began to brighten and glitter. In another quarter I made them hurry the tubes with all possible expedition, and sent some of them to the roof of the house to take care of the fire, which through the great violence of the wind had acquired new force; and towards the garden I had caused some

tables with pieces of tapestry and old cloths to be placed, in order to shelter me from the rain. As soon as I had applied the proper remedy to each evil, I with a loud voice cried out to my men to bestir themselves and lend a helping hand; so that when they saw that the concreted metal began to melt again, the whole body obeyed me with such zeal and alacrity, that every man did work enough for three. Then I caused half a mass of pewter to be taken, the weight about sixty pounds, and thrown upon the metal in the furnace, which with the other helps, as the brisk wood fire, and stirring it sometimes with iron, and sometimes with long poles, soon became completely dissolved. Finding that I had effected what seemed as difficult as to raise the dead, I recovered my vigour to such a degree, that I no longer perceived whether I had any fever, nor had I the least apprehension of death. Suddenly a loud noise was heard, and a glittering of fire flashed before our eyes, as if it had been the darting of a thunderbolt. Upon the appearance of this extraordinary phenomenon, terror seized on all present, and on none more than myself. This tremendous noise being over, we began to stare at each other, and perceived that the cover of the furnace had burst and flown off, so that the bronze began to run. I immediately caused the mouths of my mould to be opened; but finding that the metal did not run with its usual velocity, and apprehending that the cause of it was that the quality of the metal was consumed by the violence of the fire, I ordered all my dishes and porringers, which were in number about two hundred, to be placed one by one before my tubes, and part of them to be thrown into the furnace; so that all present perceiving that my bronze was completely dissolved, and that my mould was filling, with joy and alacrity assisted and obeyed

me: I for my part was sometimes in one place, sometimes in another, giving my directions, and assisting my men, before whom I offered up this prayer—"O God, I address myself to thee, who of thy divine power didst rise from the dead, and ascend in glory to heaven; I acknowledge in gratitude this mercy that my mould has been filled; I fall prostrate before thee, and with my whole heart return thanks to thy Divine Majesty." My prayer being over, I took a plate of meat which stood upon a little bench, and ate with a great appetite; I then drank with my whole corps of journeymen and assistants, and went joyfully and in good health to bed; for there were still two hours of night; and I rested as well as if I had been troubled with no manner of disorder.

My good housekeeper, without my having given any orders, had provided a young capon for my dinner; when I arose, which was not till about noon, she accosted me in high spirits, and said merrily—"Is this the man that thought himself dying! It is my firm belief that the cuffs and kicks which you gave us last night when you were quite frantic and bedeviled, frightened away your fever, and that apprehending lest you should fall upon it in the same manner, it chose to betake itself to flight. So my whole poor family having got over such panics and hardships, without delay procured earthen vessels to supply the place of the pewter dishes and porringers, and we all dined together very cheerfully; indeed I do not remember having ever in my life eaten a meal with greater satisfaction, or with a better appetite. After dinner all those who had assisted me in my work, came and congratulated me upon what had happened, returned thanks to the Divine Being for having interposed so mercifully in our behalf, and declared that they had in

theory and practice learned such things as were judged impossible by other masters. I thereupon thought it allowable to boast a little of my knowledge and skill in this fine art, and, pulling out my purse, satisfied all my workmen for their labour.

My mortal enemy, Pier Francesco Ricci, the duke's steward, was very eager to know how the affair had turned out; so that the two whom I suspected of being the cause of my metal's concreting in the manner above related, told him, that I was not a man, but rather a downright devil, for I had compassed that which was not in the power of art to effect; with many other surprising things which would have been too much even for the devil. As they greatly exaggerated what had passed, perhaps with a view of excusing themselves, the steward wrote to the duke, who was then at Pisa, an account still more pompous, and more replete with the marvellous, than that which the workmen had given him. Having left my work to cool during two days after it was cast, I began gradually to uncover it; I first of all found the Medusa's head, which had come out admirably by the assistance of the vents, as I had observed to the duke, that the property of fire was to fly upwards: I proceeded to uncover the rest, and found that the other head, I mean that of Perseus, was likewise come out perfectly well; this occasioned me still greater surprise, because, as it is seen in the statue, it is much lower than that of Medusa, the mouth of that figure being placed over the head and shoulders of Perseus: I found that where the head of Perseus ends, all the bronze was out which I had in my furnace; this surprised me very much, that there should not be any thing over and above what is necessary in casting; my astonishment indeed was raised so such a degree, that I looked upon it as a miracle immediately

wrought by the Almighty. I went on uncovering it with great success, and found every part turn out to admiration till I reached the foot of the right leg, where I perceived the heel come out; so procceding to examine it, and finding that the whole was filled up, in one respect I was glad, in another sorry, because I had told the duke it would not have that effect: continuing however to uncover it, I found that not only the toes were wanting, but part of the foot itself; so that there was almost one half deficient. This occasioned me some new trouble, but I was not displeased at it, because I could thereby convince the duke that I understood my business thoroughly; and though there had come out a great deal more of that foot than I thought there would, the reason was that in consequence of the several accidents that had happened, it was heated much more than it could have been in the regular course of business; especially as the pewter plates had been thrown into the furnace, a thing never done before. I was highly pleased that my work had succeeded so well, and went to Pisa to pay my respects to the duke, who received me in the most gracious manner imaginable; the duchess vied with him in kindness to me; and though the steward had written them an account of the affair, it appeared to them much more wonderful and extraordinary when I related it myself. Upon my speaking to him of the foot of Perseus, which had not come out, (a circumstance of which I had apprized his excellency,) I perceived that he was filled with the utmost astonishment, and told the affair to the duchess in the same terms that I had before related to him. Finding that these great personages were become so favourable to me, I availed myself of the opportunity to request the duke's permission to go to Rome; he granted it

in the most obliging terms, and desired me to return speedily, in order to finish my statue of Perseus; he at the same time gave me letters of recommendation to his ambassador Averardo Serristori. This happened in the beginning of the pontificate of Pope Julio de' Monti.

CHAPTER VII.

Cellini receives a letter from Michael Angelo concerning a bronze head of Bindo Altoviti.—He sets out for Rome with the duke's permission in the beginning of Pope Julio de' Monti's pontificate.—Having paid his respects to the Pope, he waits upon Michael Angelo, and endeavours to persuade him to enter into the duke's service.—Michael Angelo declines it on account of his being then employed in the building of St Peter's.—Cellini returns to Florence, and meets with a cold reception from the duke, occasioned by ill offices done him by the steward.—Matters are accommodated between him and his excellency, but he soon falls into a like disgrace with the duchess, by disclosing a secret concerning her pearl necklace to the duke.—Particular account of the purchase of the above necklace.—Bernardone is successful in prevailing upon the duke to buy it for the duchess, contrary to Cellini's opinion.—Her highness becomes Cellini's implacable enemy.

Before my departure from Florence, I directed my men to proceed with the work according to the method I had taught them. The cause of my journey was this: having made a bust of Bindo Antonio Altoviti as big as the life, I sent it to him at Rome; and he put it into a cabinet richly furnished with antiques and other things of value, but an unfit repository for pieces of sculpture or even for pictures; the fact is that the windows were under those fine works, so that being placed in a wrong light, they did not appear to that advantage which they would have done if they had been in a proper situation. One day Bindo happened to be standing at his door when Michael Angelo Buonarroti the sculptor was passing by; the former desired the latter to come in and take a view of his cabinet of

curiosities. Michael Angelo having complied with his request, asked Bindo who the artist was that had hit off his likeness in so masterly a manner? "You must know," added he, "that I am highly pleased with this head, though there are very fine antiques near it; but if those windows were above instead of being underneath, they would appear more conspicuous, and your bust would, even amongst so many noble pieces of antiquity, claim a high degree of reputation." No sooner had Michael Angelo left his friend Bindo, than the former wrote me a very polite letter, to this purport—"My dear friend, Benvenuto, I have many years known you for one of the ablest jewellers in the world, and I now find that you have equal abilities as a sculptor; you must know that Signor Bindo Altoviti showed me his bust in bronze, and told me that it was done by you: I was highly pleased with the execution, but it gave me great uneasiness to see it placed in a disadvantageous light; had it but been properly situated, it would have appeared to have been the master-piece it is." This letter abounded with the most affectionate and most favourable expressions concerning myself; so before I set out for Rome I showed it to the duke, who perused it with great pleasure, and said to me—"Benvenuto, I would have you write to him, and if you can prevail on him to come to Florence, I will make him one of the eight and forty." Accordingly I wrote him a most affectionate epistle, expressing the duke's sentiments as above, and saying a hundred times more than I had been commissioned to say; however, to avoid commiting any error, I showed it to his excellency before I sealed it, and told him that perhaps I had promised him too much. He made answer, that I had done very rightly, that Michael Angelo deserved still more than I had pro-

mised him, and that he proposed conferring on him more considerable favours. This letter of mine Michael Angelo never answered, at which neglect the duke was highly offended. Upon my arrival at Rome I went to lodge at the house of Bindo Altoviti: he immediately told me that he had shown his bust in bronze by my hands to Michael Angelo, who had bestowed upon it the highest praises imaginable; so we talked together of this affair for a considerable time. This man had in his hands one thousand two hundred crowns of mine, which he borrowed of me to make up the sum of five thousand two hundred that he had lent to the duke; thus four thousand were his own, and mine were in his name. He regularly paid me the just interest for my share, which was the reason that I undertook to make his bust: when he first saw it in wax, he sent me fifty crowns by Giuliano Paccalli his clerk; I did not choose to take the money, but sent it back by the messenger, and afterwards told Bindo himself that it was sufficient for me if he would keep that money with the rest of mine in his hands, and I received the interest of it. But now I perceived that he had bad intentions, and instead of caressing me according to custom, he behaved quite rudely; though he entertained me in his house, he was never in a good humour, but quite the reverse. However, we settled the affair in a few words: I gave up my payment for making the bust, and even what the bronze had stood me in, and agreed that Bindo should keep my money in his hands, and pay me fifteen per cent upon it during my natural life. One of the first things that I did at Rome was to go to kiss the Pope's toe; I talked for some time with his holiness, and found him much disposed to favour me, nay I verily believe that disgusted with the difficulties I had to encounter at Florence I should

have again settled with his holiness's consent at Rome; but I found that the Florentine ambassador counteracted me. I went to Michael Angelo Buonarroti, and repeated to him the contents of the letter I had sent to him from Florence by the duke's orders. He told me he was employed in building St Peter's church, and for that reason could not quit Rome: I then said to him, that since he had determined upon the model of the structure, he might leave his pupil Urbino in his place, who would punctually follow his directions; and at the same time I made him several new promises in the duke's name. He thereupon looked at me attentively, and asked me with a smile, whether I was pleased with my situation at the court of Florence? though I assured him I was perfectly well satisfied, and that I met with the kindest treatment imaginable, he seemed to be thoroughly acquainted with all my grievances; and his final answer was that he could not think of leaving Rome. I remonstrated with him, that he would act most laudably in returning to his own country, which was governed by a most just prince, and one who loved men of genius and abilities the most of any potentate the world had ever produced. I mentioned that he had an apprentice called de' Urbino, who had lived with him several years, rather as a servant boy, than in any other capacity; this was evident enough, for the lad had learned nothing at all of the business. Upon my pressing Michael Angelo so hard, that he had not a word to say in his defence, he turned all on a sudden to his apprentice, as it were to ask his opinion of the matter. Urbino with rustic gestures and a rough voice said—"I will never quit Michael Angelo till I have laid him out, or he me." I could not help laughing at the simplicity of these words; so departed without ceremony.

After I had transacted my business with Bindo Altoviti so unsuccessfully as to lose my bust of bronze, and to entrust my money in his hands during life, I saw clearly what the principles of merchants are, and returned to Florence very much dissatisfied with my expedition. I waited on his excellency, who was then at the castle upon the bridge of Rifredi: by the way I met with Signor Pier Francesco Ricci, the steward, and on making an offer to accost him with the civilities which custom prescribes, he exclaimed with the utmost surprise—"So you are returned!" his surprise still continuing, he clapped his hands, told me that the duke was at the castle; then turned his back to me and marched off: I could not possibly conceive why the fool behaved so oddly. I repaired, however, to the castle, and entering the garden where the duke happened to be walking, I saw his excellency at a distance; at the sight of me he discovered symptoms of great surprise, and signified to me by a nod that I might go about my business. I who had flattered myself that he would caress me rather more than at my departure, seeing him behave thus extravagantly, returned very much disgusted to Florence, and resuming my business, endeavoured to bring my works to a conclusion with all possible expedition. Not being able to conjecture the cause of the cold reception I had met with, I carefully observed in what manner I was looked upon by Signor Sforza, and others of the duke's intimates; and took it into my head to ask Sforza what was the meaning of this indifference; the latter answered laughing—"Benvenuto, endeavour to act the part of a man of honour, and fear nothing." Several days after he managed an interview for me with the duke, who received me with a great many odd civilities, and asked me what was doing at Rome: I entered

into a conversation with him the best I could, and gave him an account of the bust of bronze that I had made for Bindo Altoviti, with what happened upon the occasion. I perceived that he listened to me with the greatest attention imaginable; so I told him all that had passed between Michael Angelo Buonarroti and me, at which he discovered some resentment, but at the same time could not help laughing at the simplicity of Urbino: he said that the loss would be Michael Angelo's, and not his; I made my bow, and retired. Doubtless Pier Francesco, the steward, had done me some ill office with the duke, which proved unsuccessful, for God is always a friend to truth, and as he has hitherto extricated and preserved me from the greatest dangers, I hope he will continue his protection to the end of my life; in the course of which I have gone through such a sea of trouble and distress, yet proceed forward undaunted in my career, with his assistance; nor am I terrified by the frowns of fortune or the influence of inauspicious stars, so long as God favours me with his all-sufficient grace.

Now, gentle reader, thou art to hear a most dreadful accident. I made all the haste I could to finish my work, and in the evening went to the duke's wardrobe, where I used to assist the goldsmiths employed by his excellency, most of whose works were after my designs: the duke took great delight in seeing them busy, and in conversing with me, which induced me sometimes to go there in the day-time. One day, as I happened to be in his wardrobe, his excellency came thither according to custom, and the rather when he knew that I was there; he began to chat with me, and I made myself so agreeable to him, that he appeared to be in a better humour than usual: all on a sudden one of

his secretaries entered the room, and whispered him in the ear, as if about some business of great importance; the duke rose, and they went together into another apartment: as the duchess had sent to see what the duke was doing, the page told her that he was talking and laughing with Benvenuto, and we were very merry; her excellency thereupon entered the wardrobe, and not finding the duke, sat down by us; perceiving that it would be some time before we had done work, she turned to me with great good humour, and showing me a fine string of large pearls, asked me what I thought of it. I praised it highly. Her excellency then said—"I want the duke to buy it for me; so, Benvenuto, praise it in his presence as much as possible." Hearing the duchess express herself in this manner, I discovered my sentiments to her with the most profound respect, in these terms—"I thought that string of pearls belonged to your excellency, and it was proper that I should say no ill of any thing that was yours; but at present I am under the necessity of speaking my mind; you must then understand, that by my knowledge in these matters I can discover many defects in these pearls, and would by no means advise you to buy them." She answered—"The merchant offers them to me for six thousand crowns, and if they had not some defects they would be worth twelve thousand." "If the string of pearls," replied I, "were ever so fine, I would not advise any one to give above five thousand crowns for it; because pearls are not like jewels; in process of time they lose their value, but jewels lose nothing by growing old, and therefore are a proper purchase." The duchess, somewhat piqued, said she had a fancy for these pearls, therefore begged I would praise them to the duke, and even make no scruple of telling an untruth to serve her, and I should find my

account in it. I, who was always a lover of truth, and an enemy to falsehood, being then under a necessity of telling lies, lest I should forfeit the favour of so great a princess, repaired with these cursed pearls to the apartment to which the duke was then retired. As soon as he saw me, he said—"Benvenuto, what are you about?" I pulled out the string of pearls, and made answer—"My lord, I am come to show you a fine string of the choicest pearls:" then bestowing the highest praises on them, I added—"Buy them, my lord; buy them by all means." The duke told me he did not choose to buy them, as they were not perfect. To this I answered—"Excuse me, my lord, these surpass other pearls in beauty." The duchess was behind us, and could not but overhear what I said; so that I praised the pearls up to the skies. The duke, turning to me with great good humour, said—"Benvenuto, I know you are an excellent judge of these things; and if the pearls are so very fine, I should not think much of purchasing them, as well to please the duchess, as to have them in my possession." As I had begun to tell lies, I plunged deeper and deeper into the mire, contradicting every thing the duke said, and depending upon the duchess, who, I hoped, would in time reward me. I was to receive two hundred crowns for making the bargain, for the duchess had hinted to me as much: but I resolved not to touch a farthing of the money, lest the duke should think I was acting in this manner with an interested view. He repeated to me again, that he looked upon me as a perfect judge of such things, and begged that if I were the man of principle he took me to be, I would speak the truth. Thereupon the tears came into my eyes, and I said to him—"My lord, if I tell you the truth, I make the duchess my mortal enemy; I shall in

consequence be under a necessity of leaving this city; and my statue of Perseus, which I promised the illustrious school of Florence, will become the scoff of my enemies: I therefore beg your excellency will consider my case." The duke perceiving that I had spoken before by compulsion, desired me to put my confidence in him and fear nothing. I asked him, how it was possible to conceal the affair from the duchess? He bid me tell her, that the pearls were quite eclipsed by a casket of diamonds. Upon his expressing himself in this manner, I told him my real opinion of the pearls, and declared that they were not worth above two thousand crowns: the duchess perceiving that we were quiet, for we lowered our voices as much as we possibly could, came forward, and said to the duke—"My dear lord, I beg you would buy me that string of pearls, because I have taken a particular fancy to it, and your great artist Benvenuto says, he never saw a finer." The duke told her, he would not buy it upon any account. "Why, my dear lord," replied the duchess, "will not your excellency buy that string of pearls to oblige me?" "Because," answered the duke, "I do not choose to throw away my money." "How is it throwing away your money," replied the duchess, "if Benvenuto here, in whom you have so much confidence, has assured me it would be cheap at upwards of three thousand crowns?" The duke then said—"Madam, Benvenuto has told me, that if I buy it I should throw away my money, because these pearls are neither round nor equal, and there are many old ones amongst them; to convince yourself what I say is true, do but observe that pearl there, and that other: look, there and there again: in a word, they are by no means for my purpose." Upon his delivering himself in that manner, the duchess gave me a very

severe look, and shaking her head with a menacing air, left the apartment. I was now strongly tempted to hurry away to some other part of the world; but as my Perseus was in a manner finished, I could not think of neglecting to take it out of the mould. Let the reader but consider my case, and seriously reflect on the cruel dilemma to which I was reduced. The duke had given orders to his servants to suffer me constantly to pass through the apartments, and to have access to his excellency wherever he happened to be; whilst the duchess had laid her injunctions upon the very same servants to turn me out whenever I came to the palace: these fellows, as soon as they saw me coming, would quit their posts, and order me to turn back; but they took care to act thus unperceived by the duke; for if his excellency saw me first, he either called to me, or made me a sign to enter. The duchess sent for that Bernardone, of whose knavery she had so bitterly complained, and recommended the affair of the pearls to him in the same manner she had done to me; Bernardone thereupon told her, that her excellency might depend upon him. The rogue went into the duke's presence with the above-mentioned string of pearls in his hand. The duke no sooner set eyes upon him but he bid him begone. The knave, with his odd, affected tone of voice, with which he drawled through his nose in a ridiculous manner, said—"Ah, my dear lord, buy that string of pearls for the poor lady, who cannot live without it." He added many more foolish expressions, and at last quite disgusted the duke, who ordered him either to begone instantly, or he would give him a slap in the face. The fellow knew very well what he was about, for if, by means of flattery or any other artifice whatever, he could prevail on the duke to make that purchase, he was sure of gaining the duchess's

good graces, and of receiving several hundred crowns for the bargain: he continued therefore to fawn and flatter, and the duke gave him several good sound boxes on the ear to make him quit the place. So smartly were the boxes given, that his cheeks not only became red, but the tears burst into his eyes; the fellow, notwithstanding, persisted in his importunities, and cried—"Ah, my lord, your faithful servant would fain discharge his duty, and willingly submit to bear any severe treatment, provided the poor lady may be indulged in her desire." The duke at last quite tired of the man, being also wearied out with cuffing him about, and no longer able to resist his love for the duchess, whom he chose to humour in every thing, said to Bernardone—"Get you gone, and make a bargain for the pearls, for I am willing to do any thing to please the duchess." From this whole transaction the reader may form a judgment of the fury of adverse fortune in persecuting a poor man, and the infamous manner in which she favours the base and worthless: I totally forfeited the good graces of the duchess, which was in a great measure the cause of my being deprived of the duke's favours, and the scoundrel Bernardone was not only well paid for treating about the pearls, but became a favourite both of the duke and duchess: hence it is evident, that when fortune bears us a grudge, it avails nothing to act agreeably to the dictates of virtue and honour.

CHAPTER VIII.

The duke wages war with the inhabitants of Sienna.—Cellini is employed among others in repairing the fortifications of Florence.—Dispute between him and the duke concerning the best method of raising fortifications.—Quarrel between Cellini and a Lombard captain, who had treated him disrespectfully.—Discovery of some curious antiquities in the country of Arezzo.—The mutilated figures are repaired by Cellini.—He works privately in the duke's apartment at these figures, but meets with opposition from the duchess.—Extraordinary scene between him and her highness.—He refuses to gratify her in placing some bronze figures in her apartment, which widens the breach between them.—Quarrel between him and Bernardone the goldsmith.—He finishes his famous statue of Perseus and Andromeda; which is exposed to public view in the great square, and meets with universal approbation; the duke in particular is highly pleased with it.—Cellini is invited over to Sicily by the viceroy, but refuses to quit the duke's service.—With a mind replete with joy at his great success, he undertakes a pilgrimage of a few days to Vallombrosa and Camaldoli.

About this time the war of Sienna broke out, and the duke choosing to fortify Florence, consigned the gates of the city to the care of the most skilful engineers and architects; upon this occasion the gate leading to Prato, with the little gate of Arno, leading to the mills, fell to my share; to the Cavalier Bandinello was given the gate of St Friano; to Pasqualino of Ancona, the gate of St Pier Gattolini; to Giuliano di Baccio d'Agnolo, a carpenter, the gate of St George; to Particino, a carpenter, the gate leading to St Nicholas; to Francesco da St Gallo, the sculptor, surnamed Margolla, was consigned that which leads to Croce; and to Giambatista, commonly called Jasso, was given the Pinti

gate; in like manner other bastions and gates were distributed amongst other engineers, whose names I cannot now recollect, nor is it very material. The duke, who was a man of abilities, and of a respectable character, when uninfluenced by others, went his rounds about the city; and after his excellency had well surveyed it, and determined upon his measures, he sent for Lattanzio Gorini his paymaster; an office in which Lattanzio particularly delighted; his excellency then ordered him to take plans of the several methods he had formed to repair the fortifications of his capital. Accordingly Lattanzio sent each of us a plan of the gate he was to fortify. When I received mine, perceiving that the method was altogether defective, I went with it in my hands to his excellency, in order to show him objections; but I no sooner began to speak, than he turned about to me in a violent passion, and told me, he would readily allow me the superiority in statuary, but in this business of fortification I must in my turn yield to him; therefore I was to follow the plan which he had sent me. To this short admonition I answered, in the gentlest terms possible, and said—"My lord, even with regard to the method of making beautiful statues, I have learned something from your excellency, for we have always had disputes on the subject; in like manner with regard to this article of fortifying your city, which is a matter of much greater consequence than casting statues, I beg your excellency would vouchsafe to hear me; that by conversing with you upon the subject, you may instruct me in what manner I am to serve you." By these insinuating expressions, the duke was prevailed on to enter into a conversation with me; I made it appear by clear and convincing reasons, that this method of fortifying would never answer; upon which he desired me to go and

draw a plan myself, and he would see how he liked it. I drew two plans according to the right method of fortification, and carried them to his excellency; who then distinguishing the true from the false method, said to me with great good humour—"Go and fortify the two gates your own way, I have no further objection." I thereupon began the work with all possible expedition.

There was upon guard at the gate of Prato a Lombard captain, a robust, lusty man, who spoke in a very rough, brutish manner, and was exceedingly ignorant and presumptuous: this man questioning me concerning what I was about, I with great mildness showed him my plans, and found it a very difficult matter to make him conceive the method I intended to observe in my operations. The stupid mortal now shook his head, now turned himself one way, and now another, often changed the position of his legs, twisted his mustachoes, which were very long, frequently pulled the fold of his cap over his eyes, and uttered oaths and imprecations, telling me he did not understand this puzzling affair of mine. Being at last quite tired of the fool, I desired him to leave it to me, who understood it; so I turned my back to him, at which being somewhat provoked, he cried out—"So it seems, sir, you and I must have a tilt together." I immediately answered him in a violent passion, for he had quite exasperated me—"It will be less trouble to me to run you through the body, than to make the bastion for this gate." So we both at the same instant clapped our hands to our swords, but scarcely had we drawn, when a considerable number of gentlemen, as well Florentines as courtiers from other parts of the country, came and interposed; most of them blamed my adversary, telling him that he was in the wrong; that I was a man capable of making him pay dear

for what he did; and that if the duke came to know what had passed between us, the captain would have reason to repent it. He then went about his business, and I began to work at my bastion. When I had settled in what manner it was to be erected, I repaired to the other little gate of Arno, where I met with a captain from Cesena, one of the politest men I ever knew of his profession: in his behaviour he had all the gentleness of a lady, and yet upon occasion he showed himself to be one of the bravest and even most resolute men living. This gentleman observed my manner of proceeding so attentively, that I could not help taking notice of it; he desired to know what I was about, and I with great complaisance explained my plan to him: in a word, we vied with each other in politeness and civilities, and I acquitted myself much better in making this bastion than the other. When I had almost finished my bastions, Piero Strozzi's men made an irruption into the district of Prato, which threw the inhabitants into such a panic that they all instantly quitted it, on which account all the carriages of that country were loaded, every man removing with his effects to the city. As the number of carts occasioned their obstructing each other; upon observing the great confusion, I bid the guards at the gate take care there happened no disturbance there, as had been the case at the gates of Turin; for if they should have occasion to let down the portcullis, it might very possibly be unable to do its office, and remain suspended upon one of those carts. The fool of a captain, of whom mention has been made above, hearing these words, began to give me abusive language; I answered him in the same style, so that we had a worse quarrel than before; we were however parted. Having completed my bastions, I received a good round sum of crowns that I little

expected, which proved of great service to me, and I returned with alacrity to finish my Perseus.

About this time some curious antiquities were discovered in the district of Arezzo, amongst which was the chimera, viz. that lion of bronze, to be seen in the apartments next to the great hall of the palace; with it was likewise found a considerable quantity of small statues of bronze, covered either with earth or rust, and each of them wanting the head, hands, or feet; the duke took pleasure in cleaning these statues himself, with certain little chisels. I happened one day to have occasion to speak to his excellency, when he put into my hand a small hammer, with which I struck the little chisels which the duke held in his hand, and in that manner the figures were separated from the earth and rust that covered them. Whilst we thus passed several evenings together, the duke gave me employment, which was, to supply the limbs that were wanting to the little statues; and he took such delight in these small labours of the chisel, as to make me work even by day; and if I were tardy in going to him, he would send for me. I several times gave his excellency to understand that this made me neglect my Perseus; and would be attended with several bad consequences: the first of these, and which gave me the greatest uneasiness, was that the length of time which my work required would tire his excellency, as it did in fact; the next was that I had several workmen, and my not being in the way, gave rise to many inconveniences; for they not only spoiled my work, but grew quite idle and negligent. The duke, therefore, contented himself with my going to him after sunset: and I had so conciliated his affection, that when I visited him in the evening, he caressed me more than ever. About this time the new apartments were built

towards the menagerie, so that his excellency desiring to retire to a private room, got a little chamber made up for him in these new buildings; and hither he ordered me to come to him through his wardrobe, which I did with the greatest secrecy, by means of certain little obscure passages on the other side of the great hall. But in a few days the duchess deprived me of this convenience, by causing all these passages to be shut up; so that every evening that I came to the palace, I was obliged to wait a considerable time; and as she was ill, I never came without disconcerting her. Both for this and another cause she had taken such a dislike to me, that she could not so much as bear the sight of my person. Though I had so much trouble, and received so many disgusts, I with patience continued my visits; and the duke had given such express orders, that as soon as ever I knocked at those doors, they were opened to me, and without being questioned, I was suffered to go wherever I would. It sometimes happened that as I unexpectedly entered those apartments, I found the duchess busy, when she would fly into such a passion with me that I used to be quite frightened, and she would constantly say—"Will you never have done mending those little statues? your coming at present is quite disagreeable to me." My answer was always couched in the gentlest terms—"My illustrious and only patroness, there is nothing I desire more than to serve you with fidelity and the most perfect obedience; and as these works which the duke has employed me in will last several months, let me know, madam, whether it is your pleasure that I should come here no more; if it be, I will come no more upon any account, let who will send for me; and even should the duke himself send, I will say I am indisposed, and will not obey his order." Her reply was—"I do not desire you to

come no more, neither do I say you should not obey the duke; but I really think these works of yours will never have an end." Whether the duke guessed something of this, or whatever else might be the cause, his excellency again began to send for me as soon as ever it was sunset, and the messenger desired me to come without fail, for the duke waited for me. I continued to struggle with these difficulties several weeks; and one evening as I was entering according to custom, the duke, who seemed to be engaged in some secret conversation with the duchess, turned to me in the most violent passion imaginable, and I being somewhat terrified, was for retiring directly, when he said to me all on a sudden—"Come in, my friend Benvenuto, go to your business, and I will soon follow you." As I was passing by, Signor D. Grazia, the duke's son, then quite an infant, took me by the cloak, and played the prettiest tricks upon me that were possible for such a child; the duke expressing some surprise at this, said to me—"How pleasant it is to see my very children so fond of you."

Whilst my time was taken up in these little trifling jobs, the princes Don John, Don Arnando, and Don Grazia, every evening came into the room where I was at work, and unknown to the duke, began to play their tricks upon me. When I begged they would leave off, they made answer they could not; and I said to them—"You cannot because you will not; go your ways and leave me:" at the same time the duke and duchess began to laugh. Another evening having finished the four little figures of bronze, which are joined at the basis, I mean Jupiter, Mercury, Minerva, and Danae the mother of Perseus, with her little son Persinus sitting at her feet; I removed these small figures to the apartment where I worked in the evening,

and placed them in proper order, raising them somewhat above the eye, so that they made a very pretty sight. The duke being apprized of this, came somewhat sooner than usual; and because the person who had brought him the intelligence had represented them as something far beyond what they really were, affirming that they surpassed the works of the ancients, with other exaggerations of the like nature, the duke came with the duchess, and talked to her in raptures of my works. I immediately rose and advanced to meet him; the duke with a noble and striking gesture lifted up his right hand, in which he held a beautiful pear of the largest size, and said to me—"My friend Benvenuto, put this pear into your garden." I answered placidly—"My lord, are you in earnest when you desire me to put it into my garden?" The duke repeated his words, and said—"Into your garden, which is now your own, house and all, do you understand me?" I thereupon thanked both the duke and duchess, in the most respectful manner. They then both sat down before the little statues, for above two hours talked of nothing else, and the duchess took such a liking to them, that she said—"I will by no means suffer those figures to be carried upon that base down into the great square, where they will be in danger of being spoiled; on the contrary, I must get you to set them up in an apartment of mine, where they shall be taken particular care of, and kept in a manner suitable to their excellence." I opposed what she said by a variety of arguments, and perceiving that she was determined that I should not place them upon the base where they now stand, I waited till the day following: I then repaired to the palace about ten o'clock, and finding that both the duke and the duchess were gone to take an airing, as I had already properly prepared the base,

I caused the little statues to be brought down, and fixed them with lead in the position in which they were to stand. When the duchess saw this she was so highly provoked, that had it not been for the duke, who took my part to his utmost, I should have come off worse than I did: however, in consequence of her resentment for the string of pearls, and this affair, she did me so many ill offices, that the duke at last left off amusing his leisure hours with me; hence it was that I ceased going to the palace, and soon had the same difficulty of access as before.

I returned to lodge at the house to which I had removed my Perseus, and went on with it under all the difficulties that have been already enumerated, that is to say, without money, and with so many other cross accidents, that one half of them would have discouraged a man of the most determined resolution. I however proceeded, and upon my happening one day to hear mass at S. Piero Scheraggio, I saw Bernardone, the goldsmith and broker, whom the duke had promoted to the place of purveyor to the mint; as he was coming out of the church, the beast committed an indecency; I thereupon cried out to him—"O hog, poltroon, beast, is that the way your virtues make a noise in the world?" I then ran home for a cudgel, but Bernardone fled directly to the mint; I stood some time, however, at my door, and ordered my boys to wait in the street, and make a sign as soon as they saw the brute. After I had waited a considerable time I began to grow tired; and as my passion had subsided a little, I took it into consideration that blows are never under a sure direction, and that the consequences of such an affair might prove dangerous; I therefore resolved to take a different sort of a revenge, and as this had happened within a day

or two of the festival of our tutelary saint, St John, I wrote some verses and pasted them up at that part of the church where Bernardone had behaved in the beastly manner above described. The purport of them was as follows.

[Here there is something wanting in the manuscript.]

Both the accident and the verses which it had given occasion to, soon became known at the palace; the duke and duchess laughed heartily, and all on a sudden there gathered crowds of people about the church, who were greatly diverted with the adventure. As they looked towards the mint, and fixed their eyes upon Bernardone, his son Baccio perceiving it, in a passion tore the paper, and biting his finger, threatened the people with his shrill voice, which drawled through his nose; while I on my part made as great a rout as he.

The duke being informed that my statue of Perseus would bear inspection as a finished piece, came one day to see it, and showed by many evident signs that it gave him the highest satisfaction imaginable; so turning to some noblemen in his retinue he expressed himself as follows—"This work appears to me exceedingly beautiful, it ought likewise to be approved of by the people; therefore, my friend Benvenuto, before you have quite done with it, I should be obliged to you if you would for half a day throw open the gate before the large square, that we may see what the populace think of it; for there can be no doubt but that when it is viewed in an open place, it must make a very different appearance from what it does when seen in this confined manner." I answered to this very humbly—"Depend upon it, my lord, it will appear half as well again; does not your excellency remember having seen it in the garden to my house, in which

spacious place it appeared to as great advantage as it could in the Garden of the Innocents." Bandinello came to see it, and notwithstanding his natural malevolence, put some force upon himself so as to praise my performance, though he never spoke well of any body in his life before. "I perceive," said I, "that your excellency listens too much to his insinuations." When I expressed myself thus, he smiled somewhat scornfully, and still in the mildest terms he begged me to oblige him. He left me, and I began to prepare to exhibit my statue; but as it wanted a little gilding, varnish, and other things of the same kind, which are generally left to putting the last hand to a work, I muttered, grumbled, and complained, cursing the hour that I first thought of going to Florence. I was indeed by this time sensible of my great loss in leaving France, and did not see or know what I had to hope from the Duke of Florence, because all I had done for him from the first to the last, had been to my own loss; so with great discontent I exhibited my statue the next day. But it so pleased God that as soon as ever my work was beheld by the populace they set up so loud a shout of applause, that I began to be somewhat comforted for the mortifications I had undergone; and there were sonnets in my praise every day upon the gate, the language of which was extremely elegant and poetical. The very day on which I exhibited my work, there were above twenty sonnets set up containing the most hyperbolical praises of it. Even after I covered it again every day, a number of verses with Latin odes and Greek poems, were published on the occasion; for it was then vacation at the University of Pisa, and all the learned men and scholars belonging to that place vied with each other in writing encomiums on my performance. But what

gave me the highest satisfaction and encouraged me to hope most from the duke, was, that even those of the profession, I mean statuaries and painters, emulated each other in commending me; and amongst others the admirable painter Jacopo da Punterno, whom I esteemed above all the rest; and his friend the excellent painter Bronzino whom I valued still more: the latter not satisfied with causing several panegyrics upon me to be pasted up, sent them to my house by his friend Sandrino; in these I was so highly praised, and in so elegant a style, that it afforded some alleviation for my past mortifications and trouble, and I made all the haste I could to put the last hand to my statue. The duke, though he had heard of the compliments paid me by this excellent school, said, he was very glad I had met with so favourable a reception from the public, for it would doubtless make me more expeditious as well as more careful in putting the last hand to my work; but that I should not flatter myself, that when it was placed in such a manner as to be seen on all sides, the people would speak as advantageously of it as at present; on the contrary they would then discover all the blemishes which it really had, and find many others which it had not; so that I must put on the armour of patience. What Bandinello said to the duke, when he spoke of the works of Andrea del Verrocchio, who made the beautiful statue of Christ and St Thomas in bronze, which are to be seen in the front of Orsanmichile, and of many other works, and even of the admirable David of the divine Michael Angelo Buonarroti, declaring that they appeared to advantage only when seen before; and when he afterwards spoke of his own Hercules, and the many satirical verses that were pasted up against him, and all the ill that was said of him by the populace. All this made

the duke, who put too much confidence in him, express himself in the above manner concerning my statue; and he no doubt thought it would have had much the same end, because the envious Bandinello was constantly insinuating something against it. One time when that villain Bernardone, the broker, happened to be present, he, to add weight to the words of Bandinello, said to the duke—"You must know, my lord, that to make large figures is quite a different thing from working small ones; I do not say but that Benvenuto has been happy enough in the latter; but you will find his great statue will have a different success." With these words he mixed many more equally malicious, performing his odious office of a spy, in which he told many untruths.

At last, however, as it pleased the Almighty, I completely finished my work, and on a Thursday morning exhibited it fully. Just before the break of day there gathered so great a crowd about it, that it is almost impossible for me to give the reader an idea of their number; and they all seemed to vie with each other who should praise it most. The duke stood at a lower window of the palace just over the gate, and being half concealed within side, heard all that was said concerning the work; after he had listened several hours, he left the window highly pleased, and turning to his favourite, Signor Sforza spoke to him thus—"Sforza, go to Benvenuto and tell him from me, that he has given me higher satisfaction than I ever expected; let him know at the same time that I shall reward him in such manner as will excite his surprise; so bid him be of good cheer." Signor Sforza came to me with this glorious embassy, by which I was highly rejoiced. During that whole day the people showed me to each other as a sort of prodigy.

There happened to be then in Florence two gentlemen who were sent from the viceroy of Sicily to our duke about business. These two worthy personages came up to me in the great square where I was shown to them, and cap in hand made me a long harangue, which would have been too great a panegyric even for a pope: I behaved as modestly as it was possible for me on the occasion; but they continued so long paying me compliments, that I at last begged they would leave the square, because the populace crowded about to stare at me more than at my statue of Perseus: during their ceremonies and compliments they went so far as to propose to me to go with them to Sicily, telling me that I should have no objection to their terms; at the same time they told me that brother Giovan Angiolo, of the order of the Servi, had made them a fountain adorned with a variety of figures, which were vastly inferior to my Perseus, though they had made his fortune. Without letting them finish all they would have said on the occasion, I interrupted them in these terms—"I am very much surprised, gentlemen, that you would propose to me to quit the service of a duke, who is a greater lover and encourager of men of genius than any prince that ever lived; especially as I have at the same time the advantage of being in my own country, the first school in the world for the polite arts and all works of ingenuity; if the love of gain had been my ruling passion, I might have staid in France in the service of a great monarch, who allowed me a pension of a thousand crowns a year, and paid me for every piece of work I did for him besides; insomuch, that annually I had above four thousand crowns coming in to me, and I had left in Paris the works of four years." Thus I put a stop to their proposal, and returned them thanks for the

praise they had bestowed on me, the greatest reward that can be conferred for laudable undertakings: I added that they had so inflamed my zeal to signalise myself, that I hoped in a few years to exhibit another work which I flattered myself would give the school of Florence still greater satisfaction than it had received from my present performance. The two gentlemen were for renewing the conversation, but making then a low bow, I very respectfully took my leave.

Having let two days pass, and perceiving that my fame increased continually, I went to pay the duke a visit, who said to me with great complaisance—"My friend Benvenuto, you have given both me and the public in general the highest satisfaction imaginable; but I have promised to reward you in such a manner as shall excite your surprise, and what is more I am resolved not to defer it so much as a day. Upon receiving these great assurances I raised up all my mental and corporeal faculties to the Almighty, and returned him my sincere and hearty thanks: at the same instant I shed tears of joy, and kissing the hem of his excellency's garment, addressed him thus—"My most noble lord, liberal patron of the arts and of those that cultivate them, I beg it as a favour of your excellency, that you would give me leave to retire for a week to return thanks to the Supreme Being, for I know how hard I have worked, and am sensible that my faith has prevailed with God to grant me his assistance: on account of this and every other miraculous succour afforded me by the Divine Power, I propose going a pilgrimage for a week to express my acknowledgement to the Eternal Being, who ever assists those that sincerely call upon him." The duke then asked me whither I intended to go; I made answer, that I should the next day set out, and go first to

Vallombrosa, then to Camaldoli and the wilderness, and afterwards continue my pilgrimage to the baths of St Maria, and perhaps as far as Sestile, for I had been informed that there were fine antiquities in that place; I should then return by St Francis of Vernia, and never ceasing to give thanks to the Almighty, should come home joyfully to serve his excellency. The duke thereupon said to me with great cheerfulness—"Go and come back again, I am pleased with your intention; but give me a couplet in remembrance of you, and leave the rest to me." I immediately composed four lines, in which I returned his excellency thanks for his promised favours, and gave them to Signor Sforza, who put them into the duke's hands in my name: the latter, after perusing them, gave them again to Signor Sforza with these words—"Be sure you show them to me every day, for if Benvenuto should upon his return find that I had neglected his business, he would be the death of me beyond all doubt." His excellency then laughed, and Signor Sforza told him he would be sure to put him in mind. These very words the latter repeated in the evening; telling me that the duke ordered him to put him in mind of me, and mentioning at the same time all that had passed on the occasion. Signor Sforza could not help laughing all the time, while he expressed much surprise at the high esteem in which I was held by the duke; at parting he said to me with great good humour—"Benvenuto, go and return with speed, for I envy your happiness."

CHAPTER IX.

The Author in his pilgrimage meets with an old alchymist of Bagno, who makes a discovery to him of some mines of gold and silver, and gives him a map of his own drawing, which shows a dangerous pass in the duke's country.—He returns with it to the duke, who makes him great acknowledgments for his zeal.—Difference between him and the duke about the value of his Perseus and Andromeda.—It is referred to the arbitration of Jeronimo degli Albizi, who decides the matter not at all to Cellini's satisfaction.—Fresh dispute between him and the duke, in which Bandinello and the duchess interpose.—The duke wants him to make some bronze figures in basso relievo round the choir of S. Maria del Fiore.—After a few conferences he dissuades the duke from the undertaking.—He offers to erect two pulpits in the choir, and adorn them with basso relievo figures in bronze.—The duke approves of the proposal.

I LEFT Florence incessantly singing psalms and saying prayers to the honour and glory of God during the whole journey, in which I had great pleasure, as it was then summer, and the weather very fine; so pleased was I with the country in which I had never travelled before, that my delight proved equal to my wonder. My guide was a young man from the baths of S. Maria, who worked in my shop, and whose name was Cesar. I met with a very kind reception at the baths from his father and the whole family; amongst whom was an old man above seventy, a very agreeable companion: he was a professed physician and surgeon, and had a smattering of alchymy. This worthy man proved to me that the bath had mines of gold and silver, and showed me several curiosities in that country: so that I

never in my life enjoyed greater pleasure. Being at last grown quite familiar with me, he told me one day, that he could not help communicating to me a thought of his, which, if his excellency would join with us, he believed would turn highly to our advantage; what he meant was, that near Camaldoli there was a pass so open, that Piero Strozzi could not only pass through it with ease, but Poppi might dispossess him of it without any difficulty; and not satisfied with proving this to me in words, he took a leaf out of his pocket-book, upon which he had drawn so exact a plan of the whole country, as showed but too plainly that the danger from that pass was not at all imaginary. I took the plan; and immediately quitting the baths of S. Maria, returned by the road of great Prato, and from S. Francis of Vernia, arrived at Florence. As soon as I had pulled off my boots, I repaired to the palace, and when I reached the abbey I met the duke, who was just coming from the governor; he received me most graciously, but at the same time expressing some surprise, asked me how I came to return so soon, for he did not expect me that week. I answered, that I was returned to serve his excellency, otherwise I should have gladly made a stay of several days in the delightful countries where I had been rambling. "What business of importance," continued the duke, "has caused your speedy return?" "My lord," I replied, "I have something of great consequence to show you:" so I went with him to the palace. When we came there, he conducted me to a private apartment. I told him all I had heard, and showed him the sketch I had brought with me: he appeared to be highly pleased with it, and upon my observing to his excellency, that it was absolutely necessary to find an immediate remedy for an affair of such importance, the duke seemed

to muse a while, and then told me, he had concluded an accommodation with the Duke of Urbino, who would take care of that matter; but still he desired me to keep it in petto myself. I then returned home after having received many demonstrations of his favour.

The next day I made my appearance at the palace, and the duke, after a short conversation, said to me with great cheerfulness—"To-morrow I will without fail dispatch your business, so be of good cheer." Thinking myself sure of being provided for, I with impatience waited for the morrow. The wished for day being arrived, I repaired to the palace; but as it generally happens that bad news is sooner communicated than good, Signor Jacopo Guidi, his excellency's secretary, called me aside with a wry mouth and an authoritative voice; then with his usual stiffness of manner and deportment he told me, that the duke was desirous to know from myself what I asked for my Perseus. Quite disconcerted and surprised at this question, I immediately answered that it was not customary with me to set a price upon my works, and that the duke did not keep the promise he had made me a few days before. The secretary raising his voice, said he expressly commanded me in the duke's name to tell what I expected for my statue upon pain of totally forfeiting his excellency's favour. I, who not only expected some considerable recompense in consequence of the caresses lavished on me by the duke, but likewise flattered myself that I had entirely gained his good graces, and never desired any higher reward than his favour, upon meeting with this unexpected treatment, aggravated by the insolence of that waspish secretary, was incensed to such a degree that I declared if the duke were to give me ten thousand ducats for my statue, it would be less than

it was worth; and if I had ever expected to be bargained with in such a manner, I should never have staid at Florence. The spiteful secretary thereupon gave me much opprobrious language, which I returned in the same style. The very next day I went to pay my court to his excellency, who beckoned to me to approach: upon my coming up he told me in a passion that cities and magnificent palaces of kings might be built for ten thousand ducats; I bowed, and answered without hesitation, that his excellency might find numbers of men capable of building cities and palaces, but perhaps he might not in the whole world find another artist able to make him such a statue of Perseus as mine; and having thus expressed myself, I departed. A few days after, the duchess sent for me, and desired me to make her arbitress of the dispute between the duke and me, boasting, that she would contrive matters so, that I should have entire satisfaction. In return to this kind offer I made answer, that I never desired any higher reward of my labours than his excellency's good graces; that he had promised me his favour, and it was unnecessary that I should then renew to their excellencies the declaration which I had made on the very first day that I began to serve them. I added, that even if his excellency had given me but two-pence for my trouble, I should think myself happy if he did not deprive me of his benevolence. The duchess smiling, answered me thus—"Benvenuto, your best way would be to follow my advice:" and so she left me.

I thought I could not do better than express myself in the humble manner above related; I was notwithstanding mistaken; for though the duchess had had some difference with me, she was possessed of a great deal of goodnature, and certainly meant well. At this time I was intimately acquainted

with Girolamo degli Albizi, commissary to the militia, who one day said to me—" Benvenuto, it appears highly expedient that we should endeavour to find some method of accommodating this dispute between the duke and you; and if you will put that confidence in me, I dare say I shall find means to set all to rights: for as the duke is seriously offended, this may otherwise turn out to your disadvantage; a word to the wise is sufficient; I can say no more at present." As I had been apprised of this since the duchess had the above conversation with me, by one who perhaps had an ill intention in so doing, and who said he came by his information accidentally; I replied in a passion, I could for less than two-pence find in my heart to throw my Perseus away, and that would completely put an end to the dispute at once. However, on account of the suspicion I had of the person from whom I had my information, I told Girolamo degli Albizi that I left the whole affair to him, and should readily agree to any proposal of his, provided I might continue in favour with the duke. This worthy person, who was thoroughly acquainted with the profession of a soldier, especially with training and disciplining the country militia, had no kind of taste for the polite arts, nor consequently for that of sculpture; so he spoke concerning me to the duke, told him that I had left the whole affair to him, and requested him to speak to his excellency in my favour. The duke replied, that he would also entrust the whole affair to him, and should abide by whatever he determined. Girolamo thereupon wrote a very ingenious letter, in which he spoke greatly in my behalf; and his determination was that the duke should give me three thousand five hundred gold crowns, not as a gratification for so elegant a piece of work, but towards my

present support; that I should be satisfied with that sum; together with many more words which had all the same tendency. The duke subscribed to this with pleasure; I was, however, very far from being satisfied. When the duchess heard of this, she said it would have been better for me if I had left the affair to her, for she would have procured me five thousand gold crowns; and one day that I went to the palace, her excellency said the very same thing to me in the presence of Signor Alamanno Salviati; and turned me into ridicule, telling me that I deserved all the bad success I had met with. The duke gave orders that a hundred gold crowns should be paid me every month; afterwards Signor Antonio, who was commissioned to pay me, began to give me only fifty, and after that again he reduced his payments to five and twenty, and sometimes did not pay me at all. When I perceived these delays, I mildly expostulated with Signor Antonio, and begged to know for what reason he discontinued my payments: he answered me civilly, but I thought that in his answer he went a little beyond the bounds of probability; for first of all (I leave it to the reader to judge) he told me that the cause of discontinuing my payments was, that money began to be very scarce at court; but he added, that as soon as ever he was in cash he would pay me; he at the same time loudly declared, that if he were to neglect paying me he should be one of the greatest villains breathing! I was surprised to hear him use such an expression; so he promised that he would pay me as soon as ever it was in his power; but his deeds proved quite contrary to his declarations: seeing myself thus hardly treated, I grew very angry, and giving him a great deal of harsh and severe language, put him in mind of all he had promised. He died soon after, and there

remained, and still remain due to me five hundred gold crowns, now that we are near the close of the year 1566. I then ceased to receive any remains of my salary, and thought they would entirely neglect to pay me it, as nearly three years had elapsed: but the duke was about this time attacked by a dangerous disorder which occasioned a stoppage of his urine eight and forty hours; so perceiving that remedies administered by his physicians did him no service, he had recourse to the Almighty, and thereupon ordered that all his servants and tradesmen should receive what money was due to them; I was paid amongst the rest, but not the remainder of what was owing to me for my statue of Perseus.

I had almost formed a resolution to say nothing more of my ill-fated Perseus; but as a remarkable accident lays me under a necessity of again making mention of it, I must for a while resume my past narrative. I thought what I did was for the best when I told the duchess that I could not compromise what was not in my power; for I had assured the duke that I should be satisfied with whatever his excellency should think proper to give me: this I said with a view of ingratiating myself, and with some little appearance of humility I sought every possible method to appease him; for a few days before he had made the above-mentioned agreement with Albizi, he appeared to be very angry with me; and the reason was, that happening to complain to him of some ill usage that I had received from Signor Alfonso Quistello, and Signor Jacopo Polverino, who belonged to the treasury, and still more of Signor Giambatista Bandino of Volterra, I laid my charge against them with some appearance of warmth: I then perceived that the duke was highly incensed, and threw out these angry expressions—"This puts me in mind of your statue of Perseus,

for which you asked me ten thousand crowns; interest has too much sway over you, I will get an estimate taken of its value, and pay you whatever it is rated at." I answered boldly with some emotion, which is by no means proper when we have to deal with personages of high rank—"How is it possible for a proper estimate to be taken of my statue when there is not a man in Florence who is an adequate judge of its merit?" The duke was still more provoked at this, and uttered a great many passionate expressions. "If there be a man in Florence," said he, "able to make one like it, that man must be capable of forming a proper estimate of it." When he said this he had Bandinello, cavalier of St Jacob, in his eye. "My lord," replied I, "your excellency has given me an opportunity of executing at the greatest school in the world, a noble and most arduous work which has been more highly extolled than any other statue hitherto exhibited before that divine assembly; and what encourages me most is, that those excellent men who understand and profess the business, pass as favourable a judgment on my performance as the rest: for example, Bronzino the painter has exerted himself, and written four sonnets on the occasion, using the most noble and sublime expressions that could possibly enter into his conception; and it is in consequence of the great encomiums bestowed on my work by this extraordinary person, that the whole city has so greatly admired it; and I will venture to affirm that if he were to cultivate sculpture as he does painting, he would very probably be able to equal it. I must also inform your excellency that my master, Michael Angelo Buonarroti, could likewise have made such a one when he was younger than he is at present; it would however have cost him as much trouble

as mine has done me; but now that he is advanced in years, he is utterly incapable of producing any thing like it, so that I do not think there is an artist living capable of equalling my work. Thus has my performance received the greatest reward that it was possible for me to wish; and still more so as your excellency has not only declared yourself satisfied with it, but has even bestowed upon it higher praises than any body else; what greater or more honourable reward could I possibly desire? I will therefore affirm, that you could not pay me in more glorious coin, nor with any sort of treasure equal to that; so that I am amply paid, and thank your excellency with all my heart." "That is so far," answered the duke, "from being the case, that you do not think I have treasure sufficient to satisfy you for your performance, but I assure you I will pay you much more than it is worth." I said in reply, that I did not expect any farther recompense from his excellency, but thought myself amply rewarded by that which I received from the school of Florence; and with that I should presently depart in God's name, without ever returning to the house which his excellency had given me, or ever more desiring to see Florence.

We were just then at S. Felicita, and the duke was returning to his palace. Upon my uttering these warm and passionate expressions, he turned about to me, and said angrily—"Do not go away, I say again, do not go away upon any account:" so that I accompanied him to the palace somewhat frightened. His excellency thereupon sent for the Bishop Bartolini, who was archbishop of Pisa, and likewise for Signor Pandolfo della Stufa, and desired them to order Baccio Bandinello in his name to examine my statue of Perseus and value it, because he proposed paying me exactly according to

its worth. The two worthy persons named above, immediately found Baccio Bandinello, and delivered their message to him, who knew very well the value of my work; but as he had had many differences with me, did not choose to concern himself in my affairs. The two gentlemen then added—"The duke has desired us to tell you that he commands you upon pain of his displeasure to set a price upon the statue, and you may take two or three days to examine it attentively if you think proper; after which you are to inform us what the artist deserves for his trouble." He thereupon made answer, that he had examined the statue attentively, and as he could not avoid obeying the duke's commands, was obliged to declare that the work had proved so admirable a masterpiece, that in his opinion it was worth sixteen thousand gold crowns and upwards. The gentlemen immediately informed the duke of this decision, who was highly displeased at it; they likewise told me of it; but I said that I would by no means accept of the praises of Bandinello, as that man spoke ill of every body. These words of mine were repeated to the duke, and the duchess again would have me leave the whole affair to her. All that I have here related is strictly true; it was therefore most adviseable for me to submit the whole affair to the duchess, and by so doing I was likely to be soon paid, and to receive a gratification besides.

The duke gave me to understand by Signor Lelio Torelli his auditor, that he wanted me to represent certain pieces of history in a basso relievo of bronze round the choir of St Maria del Fiore; but as this choir was a work of Bandinello's, I did not choose to ennoble his paltry performance by my labours; though the plan of the choir was not his, as he had not the least knowledge of architecture, but

that of Giuliano di Baccio of Agnolo, a carpenter, who spoiled the cupola; it is sufficient to say of it that it has no sort of beauty; for both these reasons I chose to decline being any way concerned in the work; though I humbly told the duke that I was upon all occasions ready to obey his excellency's commands. Soon after this he ordered the overseers of St Maria del Fiore to talk to me about the affair, for he proposed to allow me only my salary of two hundred crowns a year, and that in all other respects the overseers were to supply me out of the fund assigned for carrying on the work: so I repaired to the overseers, who told me the orders they had received from the duke; and as I thought I might freely acquaint them with all my reasons for disapproving the job, I began to prove that so many pieces of history represented in bronze would occasion a prodigious expense, and that it would be nothing else but squandering away money idly; I laid before them all the causes that induced me to think so, and they were very capable of conceiving the full force of what I alledged: the first was, that the manner in which the choir had been laid out was quite irregular, contrived without judgment, without the least appearance of art, convenience, gracefulness, or design; the other was, that the historical pieces, by being placed so low, would make a sty for hogs, and be constantly defiled with all sorts of ordure: for the causes which I had assigned I declared that I did not choose upon any account to be concerned in the work, that I might not lose the remainder of my best days, and without doing his excellency any service whom I was so ambitious to serve and to oblige; therefore, if he had a desire to employ me, he should rather order me to make the middle door of the church of St Maria del Fiore, which would be a perform-

ance worth seeing, and would do his excellency much more honour than the other: I added, that I was willing to enter into a contract, that in case I did not in the execution surpass the finest door of St John's church, I should ask no reward for my trouble; but in case I finished it according to my promise, I consented that it should be valued, and even then I should be satisfied with a thousand crowns less than it was estimated at by those of the profession. The overseers being highly pleased with what I proposed, went to speak of it to the duke, and amongst others Piero Salviati, thinking that what they were going to propose would prove highly agreeable to his excellency; however, it proved quite the reverse, for he said that I was for doing the very contrary of what he would have me do; so Piero left the duke without coming to any conclusion.

When I heard what had passed between them, I waited on the duke, who seemed to be somewhat offended with me; I begged he would condescend so far as to hear what I had to say in my defence, and he promised me he would: so I began to give him a full account of the whole affair; and used so many arguments to explain the nature of the thing to his excellency, and convince him that to engage in such an undertaking would be only throwing away money, that I greatly softened him, and then took occasion to observe that if he did not choose to have the door I mentioned, it was absolutely necessary to make two pulpits to the choir, and they would be two noble works, and do him honour: I added, that I would adorn them with a number of historical pieces in basso relievo of bronze, together with a variety of other embellishments; in this manner did I appease his excellency, who gave me orders to go about the

models without delay. I made a variety of models, and took a great deal of pains on the occasion; amongst others I made one with eight faces more carefully than any of the rest, and thought it much better adapted to answer than the others: as I had carried the models several times to the palace, his excellency ordered Signor Cesare, his wardrobe-keeper, to desire me to leave them. I perceived afterwards that the duke had made choice of the very worst. One day his excellency sent for me, and in some conversation which we had concerning these models, I proved to him by many arguments that the model with eight faces was the best calculated for the purpose, and by much the most beautiful of them all. The duke answered that he chose I should make it quadrangular, because he liked that form best; so he conversed with me a long time upon the subject with good humour. I did not fail to say on the occasion every thing that my knowledge of the art suggested: and whether the duke at last became sensible that I spoke the truth, or was resolved to have the thing his own way, he was for a considerable time without mentioning a word to me about it.

CHAPTER X.

Contest between Cellini and Bandinello about carving a statue of Neptune from a very fine piece of marble.—The duchess favours Bandinello, but Cellini by an elegant remonstrance prevails on the duke to consent that whoever produced the best design should have the marble.—The preference is given to Cellini's design, and Bandinello dies through vexation.—The duchess in spite causes the marble to be given to Bartolomeo Ammanato.—Account of a remarkable transaction between Cellini and a grazier whose name was Sbietta.—He narrowly escapes being poisoned by Sbietta's wife, who is encouraged in that villanous design by Philip, a profligate priest.—Cellini during his illness, which lasted six months, is supplanted at court by Bartolomeo Ammanato.

About this time the great block of marble for a statue of Neptune was brought by the river Arno, and carried through the road which leads to Poggio a Cajano, that it might afterwards be conveyed the more easily to Florence by that level road, where I went to see it. And though I know to a certainty, that the duchess had by her interest procured it for the cavalier Bandinello; yet not through any envy to that artist, but moved to compassion for the destiny of the unfortunate marble, I took a view of it, measured its height and thickness every way, and at my return to Florence made several little models for it. I must here observe by the way, that when we endeavour to preserve any great thing from evil it often meets with a worse fate than that from which we rescued it; as was the case of this marble by falling into the hands of Bartolomeo Ammanato, of whom I shall speak in a proper place.

Having made the little models above-mentioned, I repaired to Poggio a Cajano, where the duke and duchess were with the prince their son: I found them all at table, and the duke dined in private with the duchess, so that I began to enter into conversation with the prince. As I talked with him a considerable time, the duke, who was in an apartment hard by, overheard us, and in a very polite manner sent for me: as soon as I was come into the presence of their excellencies, the duchess began to converse with me with great good humour; I contrived to turn the subject of the conversation to the block of marble: I thereupon observed, that their ancestors had rendered the noble school of Florence so illustrious, by exciting emulation amongst the men of genius in the several different professions; it was this that produced the admirable cupola, the beautiful doors of St John's church, and so many other noble temples and statues, reflecting so high an honour on this city, which never could boast such ornaments since the days of the ancients. The duchess peevishly replied, that she knew very well what I would be at, and desired I would never speak again of that marble in her presence, as nothing could give her greater offence. "I then offend you," said I, "madam, by becoming an agent for your excellencies, and exerting myself to the utmost to have you well served. Consider seriously, that if your excellencies are willing to permit every artist to produce a model of Neptune, even though you are resolved to give the preference to Bandinello's, this will excite him, for his own honour, to exert himself with the more ardour in making a beautiful model than he would have done were he to have no competitor: thus will your excellencies be better served, and will avoid discouraging your excellent school; and will likewise see

who applies most closely to this admirable art, I mean its elegant manner, and you will appear both to delight in it, and be judges of its beauties." The duchess then told me, in a passion, that I tired her patience; that she was resolved the marble should be Bandinello's; adding, that the duke himself was determined that Bandinello should have it. When the duchess had made an end of speaking, the duke, who had continued silent all the time, replied—"It is now twenty years since I caused this fine piece of marble to be dug up out of the quarry on purpose for Bandinello, and therefore it is my pleasure that he should have it, and it shall be his." I thereupon turned to the duke, and begged it as a favour, that he would give me leave just to say four words to him for his excellency's advantage. The duke bid me say whatever I thought proper, telling me that he would listen with attention. I delivered myself thus—"You are to understand, my lord, that the marble of which Bandinello made Hercules and Cacus, was taken out of the quarry by the renowned Michael Angelo Buonarroti, who made for it a model of Samson with four figures, which would have been one of the first pieces in the whole world; and your favourite Bandinello made of it only two figures, both ill executed, and put together in the most bungling manner; therefore, the admirable school of Florence still exclaims against the great injury that was done that fine piece of marble. I really believe there were above a thousand sonnets pasted up to ridicule that wretched performance, and I am sure your excellency remembers the thing very well; if therefore, my worthy lord, the men to whose care that business was intrusted, were so injudicious as to take so valuable a piece of marble from Michael Angelo, and give it to Bandinello, who spoiled it, as it evidently appears, can you

ever think of suffering the same person to spoil this other much finer block, and not give it to some other artist of abilities capable of doing it justice? Give orders, my lord, for each artist to make a model; let them be all laid before the academy; your excellency will then hear its opinion concerning them, and with your usual judgment be able to choose the best: thus you will avoid throwing away your money, and discouraging a school which is now the most renowned in the world, and reflects such honour on your excellency." The duke, after having listened very attentively, rose on a sudden from table, and turning about to me, said—"Go, my friend Benvenuto, make a model, and endeavour to win that fine piece of marble, for I am sensible that what you say is just." The duchess shook her head at me, and muttered something as if she were angry; but I, bowing to their excellencies, made all the haste I could to return to Florence, being quite impatient to begin the model.

The duke was no sooner arrived at Florence, than he, without giving me any previous notice, came to my house, when I showed him two little models quite different from each other; he praised them both, but added that one of them pleased him much more than the other; and bidding me finish that he was pleased with, told me I should find my account in it. As his excellency had seen those made by Bandinello and the other artists, he greatly preferred mine to the rest; for so I was informed by several courtiers who had heard him. Amongst other circumstances worthy of being related, one was, that the Cardinal di Santa Fiore being come to Florence, the duke carried him with him to Poggio a Cajano. By the way, the cardinal seeing the piece of marble above-mentioned, praised it highly, and asked who his excellency intended should work upon it. The

duke answered—" My Benvenuto, who has drawn me an excellent model." This was repeated to me by persons worthy of credit, and on that account I waited on the duchess, and carried her some pretty little nicnacs, of my making, which her excellency liked very much. She asked me what I was at that time about; I made answer—" Madam, I have undertaken one of the most laborious tasks in the world, by way of amusement; the task I mean is a Christ crucified, of the whitest marble, upon a cross of the blackest, and as big as the life." Upon her asking me what I proposed to do with it, I thus replied—" I assure you, madam, I would not give it for two thousand ducats: for no man ever took so much pains with a piece of work; nor could I have undertaken to make such a one for any nobleman for fear of discovering my want of capacity, and being put to confusion: I bought the marble with my own money, and kept a young man about two years to assist me; and what with purchasing marble and tools, and paying him a salary, the work has stood me in above three hundred crowns, so that I again declare I would not give it for two thousand ducats; but if your excellency will do me one favour, I will freely make you a present of it; all I desire is, that you will be neutral with respect to the models of a Neptune, which the duke has ordered to be made of the great marble." The duchess answered with great indignation—" It seems then you neither value my interest nor my opposition?" I replied—" You quite mistake me, madam, I know very well the consequence of both; why else do I offer you what I value at two thousand ducats? But I rely so much on my diligence and acquired knowledge, that I have good hopes of winning the prize, even if it were disputed with me by the great Michael Angelo Buonarroti, from whom

alone I learned all I know: and I would much rather that he who knows so much should make a model, than the others that know so little; for much honour might be won by entering the lists with my renowned master, but there can be very little in contending with inferior artists." When I had made an end of speaking, the duchess rose in a pet, and I returned to my model, working at it with all assiduity. As soon as I had finished it the duke came to see it, accompanied by two ambassadors, one from the Duke of Ferrara, the other from the republic of Lucca: my model gave high satisfaction, and the duke said to the ambassadors—"Benvenuto deserves the prize." Thereupon both the noble personages complimented me highly, especially the ambassador of the republic of Lucca, who was a man of learning, and had taken the degree of doctor. I retired to some distance that they might speak their sentiments freely; when I found they were favourable to me, I suddenly drew near, and turning to the duke said—"My lord, your excellency should have recourse to another expedient, which is to give orders that each artist should make a model of earth exactly of the same size as the marble statue; by which means your excellency will be much better able to tell who deserves the preference: and I must farther take the liberty to observe, that if you give the prize to an artist who is not deserving of it, you will not so much injure the person that has merit, as yourself, for both loss and shame will result to you from such a decision: whereas by a contrary conduct, that is by giving it to him that is worthy of it, you will, in the first place, acquire great reputation; you next will lay out your money to advantage, and men of genius will think that you delight in the polite arts, and are a judge of abilities." When I had made

an end of speaking, the duke shrugged up his shoulders, and as he was just going, the ambassador from Lucca said to him—"My lord, this Benvenuto of yours is a man of great spirit." The duke made answer—"He has more spirit than you are aware of; and it would have been well for him if he had less, for he would then have obtained many gratifications which he has missed." These words were repeated to me by the ambassador, who at the same time chid me for not acting the courtier better: I made answer, that I wished well to my lord, was his affectionate and faithful servant, and could not stoop to the arts of flattery and adulation.

Some weeks after, Bandinello died, and it was generally thought, that beside his disorder, the grief which he felt at losing the fine piece of marble, out of which the statue of Neptune was to be made, greatly contributed to hasten his dissolution. Bandinello had heard of my making the marble crucifix, of which I have spoken above; he thereupon took a small piece of marble, and made that figure of Piety which is to be seen in the church of the Nunziata. As I had dedicated my crucifix to the new St Mary, and already fixed up the irons to fasten it upon, I wanted nothing farther but to erect on the ground, under the crucifix, a little monument to be buried in after my death. The monks told me, they could not grant my request, without asking leave of the overseers of the building—"Why then," said I, "did you not consult the overseers before you permitted me to fix the irons in this place for setting up my crucifix?" For this reason I resolved not to give my work to this church of the new St Mary's, though the overseers afterwards came and made me an apology. I therefore repaired to the church of the Nunziata, and told the monks, that I would make them a present of

my crucifix, in the same manner as I had proposed bestowing it on the church of the new St Mary; upon which the good brethren of the Nunziata bid me set up my crucifix in their church, and erect my tomb in whatever manner I thought proper. Bandinello being informed of this, made all the haste he could to finish his figure of Piety, and requested the duchess to grant him the chapel, formerly belonging to the Pazzi, which he at last with great difficulty obtained; and as soon as he accomplished his desire he erected his tomb in it, which was not completely finished when he died. The duchess then said, that she had befriended him during his life, and would continue her regard for him even after his decease; for though he was no more, Benvenuto must never expect to have the marble in his possession. Bernardone the broker happening one day to meet me in town, told me, that the duchess had given away the marble; upon which I exclaimed—"O ill-fated stone, hard indeed was thy lot in falling into the hands of Bandinello; but it is a hundred times more deplorable, now thou art in those of Ammanato!"

I had received directions from the duke to make a model of earth, of the same size as the statue of marble was intended; at the same time he ordered me to be furnished with wood and earth, and a little partition to be erected in the apartment where I had made my Perseus; he likewise paid the wages of a workman who was to assist me. I set about my model with the utmost assiduity, made the bony part in wood with the greatest exactness, and brought my work happily to a conclusion: I gave myself no farther trouble about carving the statue, for I knew that the duchess was determined that I should not have the fine block of marble, and therefore I was in some measure indifferent about it. I however took

pleasure in exerting myself as I did, promising myself that as soon as I had finished it, the duchess, who did not want discernment, would, after she had seen the work, be sorry that she had done both the marble and herself so much injustice. John Fiamingo made one model in the cloisters of St Croce; another was done by Vincenzo Danti, of Perugia, in the house of Signor Ottavio de' Medici; another was begun by the son of Moschino, at Pisa; and another again was made by Bartolomeo Ammanato in my working room, which we had divided between us. When I had well bronzed it over, and was going to finish the head, the duke came from the palace with Georgetto the painter, to Ammanato's apartment, in order to view the statue of Neptune, upon which Georgetto had worked several days with his own hands, in conjunction with Ammanato and all his journeymen. I was informed, that when his excellency saw it, he appeared to be by no means satisfied; and though Georgetto with his chatter wanted to persuade him into a good opinion of the work, the duke shook his head, and turning about to Signor Georgio Stefano, bid him go ask Benvenuto, whether his great model was in such forwardness that he could let him have a sight of it. Stefano thereupon, in a very kind and polite manner, delivered me this message from the duke; adding, that if I did not think my work would yet bear inspection, I might say so without reserve, as the duke was well aware that I had not been properly seconded in an undertaking of such importance. I answered, that—" I should be glad of the favour of his excellency's presence; that even if my work were not in any great forwardness, so penetrating a genius as his excellency could easily, from the specimen, form a judgment of what it would prove when entirely finished." The gentleman delivered

the message to the duke, who came with great cheerfulness: no sooner had he entered the room, and cast his eye upon my work, than he appeared to be highly pleased with it; he examined it on all sides, fixing particularly upon the four principal points of view, just as a complete artist might have done; he then showed by many gestures, that he was highly pleased with it, and said nothing farther, but—"Benvenuto, you have the last coat to lay on it still." At length he turned to his attendants, and spoke of my performance in the most advantageous terms, declaring that the little model which he saw at my house pleased him greatly, but that this work of mine had far surpassed that model.

As it pleased God, who makes all things co-operate to our advantage, I mean to the advantage of those that acknowledge and believe in his Divine Majesty, about this time an old rogue, whose name was Pier Maria, of Anterigoli, and his surname Sbietta, offered to sell me a farm for my natural life, that is to sell me an annuity: this man followed the business of a grazier, and as he was related to Signor Guido Guidi, the physician, who is now chief magistrate of Pescia, I readily listened to his proposal. This farm I did not choose to go to see, being impatient to finish my model of the great statue of Neptune; besides there was no occasion for my seeing it, as he only sold me the income of it, and had given me a written account of the measures of grain, wine, oil, corn, chesnuts, and other commodities, the produce of the farm; all which I took for granted, must, as times then went, be worth above a hundred gold crowns; so I paid him a hundred and sixty for them, including the duties. After he had given me a writing, signed with his own hand, which imported that he would, during his natural life, take care to see me paid the income

of the above farm; I thought it unnecessary to go and take a view of it, but inquired the best I could, whether the said Sbietta and his brother Philip were good men, such as might be depended upon; and was assured, by several of their acquaintances, that they were, and I might be perfectly secure. We agreed to send for Pier Francesco Bertoldi, the notary, and the first thing I put into his hand was the written account of what Sbietta was to make good to me, thinking that it should by all means enter into the contract; but the notary who drew it up, busied himself with two and twenty different articles which were mentioned to him by Sbietta, and, as I thought, seemed to forget the main part of the contract, which was the payment of the annuity. Whilst the notary was busied in writing, I worked on, and as he was several hours in drawing the deed, in the mean time I made a considerable part of the head of my Neptune. The instrument being at last entirely completed, Sbietta began to lavish caresses on me, as I in my turn did on him: he made me presents of kids, cheeses, capons, cakes, and a variety of different fruits, till at last I began to be quite ashamed: in return for these favours, every time he came to Florence, I took him home with me from his inn, and he was frequently accompanied by some of his relations, whom I likewise invited to my house. One day he told me, in a jocular manner, that it was a shame after I had bought a farm, and several weeks had passed since I made the purchase, I could not discontinue my business for a few days, and go and see it. Such an effect had his insinuations on my mind, that I at last, to my misfortune, did comply with his desire: Sbietta received me with such caresses and outward ceremony, that he could not have done more for a duke; and his wife seemed to be still fonder of me

than her husband; which continued for a time, till what he and his brother Philip had concerted between them had taken effect. At the same time I went on with my work, and had already sketched out the whole with an exactness unknown to any artist before me; so that though I was sure not to get the marble, for the reasons assigned, I thought myself upon the point of finishing and exhibiting it in the public square for my own satisfaction. The weather was warm and pleasant, so that being much importuned by the two villains above-mentioned, I set out from town on Wednesday, which was doubly a holiday, for Trespiano, and ate a good breakfast on my arrival at Vicchio. I met Philip, the priest, at the very gate of Vicchio, who seemed to know where I was going, and to be extremely fond of my company; he conducted me to Sbietta's house, where was his shameless wife, who likewise seemed lavish of her caresses to me; I made her a present of a straw hat, and she declared that she had never seen a finer: Sbietta happened not to be then at home. Evening approached, we all supped together very cheerfully, and when it was time to retire, I was shown into a handsome apartment, where I slept in an exceedingly good bed, and my two servants were accommodated in a manner agreeable to their station: the same caresses were repeated when I rose in the morning. I went to take a view of my farm, with which I was highly pleased, and a certain quantity of corn and all sorts of grain were given me; I then returned to Vicchio, and Philip said to me at our parting—"Benvenuto, don't be under any apprehensions; for though you have not received as much as was promised you, you must not be disheartened, for you will meet with an ample compensation, as you have honest people to deal with; I must, however, caution you against yon

labourer whom we have turned off, because he is a rogue." This labourer, whose name was Mariano Rosselli, often said to me—"Take care of yourself, or you will know to your cost which of us is the greatest villain." When that country fellow spoke to me in this manner he smiled archly, and shook his head, as much as to say, you will one day find that I speak the truth. I was guilty in part of an error in judgment, but was not at all mistaken in what happened to me. Returning from my farm, which was about two miles distant from Vicchio towards the Apennines, I met Philip the priest, who received me with his usual caresses; so we breakfasted together: I then went to take a walk about the town of Vicchio, and the market was already begun. I perceived that I was stared at by all the inhabitants of the place, as an object they were not at all accustomed to; above all by a worthy man who had lived many years in the town, and whose wife followed the baker's business: this honest person had, at about a mile's distance, some lands of his own, though he chose to live in that manner: he rented a house of mine in Vicchio, which fell to me with the farm known by the name of The Fountain. As we happened to fall into conversation, he said to me—"I live in your house, and will pay you your rent when it becomes due; or if you choose to receive it beforehand, you may, for I am resolved we shall have no disputes." Whilst we were thus talking together, I perceived that the man several times fixed his eyes upon me attentively; so I could not help saying to him—"Dear John, why do you look at me with such earnestness?" The worthy man made answer—"I will tell you with all my heart, if you promise upon your honour not to discover your author." I solemnly promised him that I would not. He thereupon continued—"You

must understand then, that this dirty priest, Signor Philippo, a few days ago went about making his boasts of the great feats of his brother Sbietta, and telling how he had sold a farm of his for life to an old man, who would never see the end of the year: you have a number of villains to deal with, therefore take care of yourself, and be constantly upon your guard; I say no more."

In my walks up and down the town, I met Giambattista Santini, and both he and I were invited to supper by the priest: it was then between five and six, and supper had been ordered at this early hour on my account, for I had declared my intention of returning in the evening to Trespiano: supper was therefore prepared in all haste, and Sbietta's wife was very active on the occasion, as was likewise one Cecchino Buti, a servant of theirs. As soon as the salads were dressed, and the guests began to sit down to table, the villain of a priest made a sort of wry face, and said—"I must ask pardon of you all, but I cannot possibly have the pleasure of supping with you, for an affair of great consequence has since happened, in which my brother Sbietta is concerned, and as he is not in the way himself, I am under a necessity of supplying his place." We all pressed him to stay, but not being able to prevail on him to alter his purpose, we sat down to supper. As soon as we had eaten the salads off certain little dishes, the boiled meat beginning to be served about, porringers were distributed to all the guests; Santino, who sat opposite to me at table, said—"They give you towels quite different from the rest; did you ever see finer?" I told him that I had never once perceived it. He then bid me call to the wife of Sbietta, who with Cecchino Buti ran up and down in a constant hurry, and desire her to sit down to table; I used so many intreaties that I at

last prevailed on the lady to take her place: she was sorry, she said, we did not like our supper, which appeared by our eating so little. After having several times praised the entertainment, assuring her that I had never tasted any thing better, or with a better appetite, I at last told her that I had enough. I could not immediately guess why the lady pressed me so earnestly to eat. When we had done supper it was past eight o'clock, and I had a mind to return that night to Trespiano, in order to have it in my power to resume my business in the morning; so I took my leave of the rest of the guests, and having returned the lady thanks, set out upon my journey. I had scarcely travelled three miles when I felt my stomach in a combustion, and was tormented with such pangs that I thought it an age till I arrived at my farm of Trespiano: I with great difficulty reached the place that night, and immediately went to bed. The whole night I had no rest, being taken with a violent disorder in the bowels. No sooner was it broad daylight, than I felt myself all on fire; I had a mind to examine what the matter was, and perceived that I had eaten something of a poisonous nature, and began to revolve within myself what it could possibly be: I recollected the dishes and porringers that were given me by Sbietta's wife, which appeared so different from those set before the rest of the company; I at the same time called to mind, that the designing priest, Sbietta's brother, after having taken so much pains to make me welcome, did not choose to stay to sup with us: it farther occurred to my memory, that this priest had boasted of his brother's having done a fine job, in selling a farm for life to an old man who would never see the end of the year: for those words had been repeated to me by the worthy del Sardella: so I concluded that they had given

me in a porringer of sauce, which was very highly seasoned, and extremely palatable, a dose of sublimate, as sublimate produces all the symptoms with which my illness was attended. I never indeed was used to eat much sauce or savoury things with my victuals, but to be content with salt alone; I however took two spoonfuls of the sauce in question, as it was extremely relishing; and I recollected that Sbietta's wife had several times pressed me to eat of it; as likewise that they had had recourse to a variety of artifices to make me take the destructive sublimate. Though I found myself thus disordered, I went to work at my great model of Neptune, but my illness in a few days so overpowered me, that I was confined to my bed. As soon as the duchess heard that I had been taken ill, she ordered the unfortunate marble to be put into the hands of Bartolomeo Ammanato, who sent me word that I might do what I pleased with my model, for he had won the marble so much contested. I did not, upon hearing this, act like his master, Bandinello, who was used to launch out into a superfluity of words; I contented myself with saying, that I had always guessed it would turn out so; and desired Bartolomeo to exert his utmost efforts in showing himself worthy of the favour which fortune had conferred on him. Thus I continued very ill, confined to my bed, and was attended by that skilful physician Signor Francesco, of Monte Varchi, and by a surgeon named Raphael de' Pilli. The sublimate had so burnt up my bowels, that I could not retain my food a moment; but as Signor Francesco found that the poison had entirely exhausted its power of hurting, for it was unable to subdue that strength of nature which he perceived to be in my constitution, he said to me one day—"Benvenuto, return thanks to God, you have got the better of

your disorder; be under no apprehensions, for I am resolved to cure you, in spite of the villains who endeavoured to bereave you of life." Raphael de' Pilli then cried out—"This will be one of the greatest and most difficult cures that was ever heard of; do you know, Benvenuto, that you swallowed a whole spoonful of sublimate?" At these words Signor Francesco interrupting him, said—"Perhaps there was some poisonous insect in it." I then told them, that I knew to a certainty what sort of poison it was, and who gave it me; and here we were all silent. They attended me above six months, and it was above a year before I was able to do any business.

CHAPTER XI.

Cellini upon his recovery is particularly favoured and encouraged by Don Francesco, the duke's son.—Great injustice done him by the magistrates in a law-suit between him and Sbietta.—He repairs to the duke at Leghorn, and lays his case before him, but meets with no redress.—The quantity of poison which he had taken at Sbietta's house, instead of destroying him, purges his body, and strengthens his constitution.—Farther injustice done him in his dispute with Sbietta, by the treachery of Raphael Schieggia—The duke and duchess pay him a visit upon their return from Pisa, and he takes that opportunity to make them a present of an exquisite piece of workmanship, viz. a marble crucifix.—The duke and duchess are both reconciled to him, and promise him every sort of assistance and encouragement.—Finding himself disappointed in his expectations, he is disposed to listen to a proposal made him by Catherine de' Medici, queen dowager of France, to settle in that kingdom, and erect a magnificent mausoleum to her husband, Henry II.—This the duke prevents by an application to the queen, who desists from her proposal in consequence.—The Cardinal de' Medici dies, which occasions much grief at the court of Florence.—Cellini in great anguish of mind sets out for Pisa.

About this time the duke went to Sienna to make his public entry into that city, and Ammanato had repaired thither some months before to erect the triumphal arches: on this occasion a natural son of Ammanato's, who continued to occupy the room where we worked, removed a sort of veil which I had thrown over my model of Neptune to keep it from being seen. I immediately went to make a complaint of this to Don Francesco, the duke's son, who always appeared to be my friend: I represented to him that they had uncovered my figure, which

was still imperfect, but that if it had been finished, it would have given me no concern at all. To this the prince answered, shaking his head—"Benvenuto, do not give yourself any trouble about covering the figure, for they think theirs much superior to yours; but if you require it to be kept covered, I will instantly give orders accordingly." To these words his excellency added many more highly to my advantage, in the presence of several noblemen. I then requested him to give me an opportunity of finishing it, as I proposed making a present of it as well as the little model to his excellency. He replied that with pleasure he accepted of both, and would order all the conveniences to be given me, that I could require in my business. So I subsisted upon this little favour, which in some measure restored my health; for so many ills and calamities had befallen me, that I began to sink under them, but upon this glimmering of princely encouragement, I began to comfort myself with some hopes of life. A year being now expired since my purchasing the farm of Fonte from Sbietta, and finding that, besides all the injuries he had done me, both by poison and chicane, the farm did not produce what he had promised; as I had, besides the contract, a writing signed by Sbietta's own hand, who had entered into an engagement before witnesses to pay me the yearly product of the farm; I addressed myself to the magistrates of the city of Florence: at that time Signor Alphonse Quistello was living; he was superintendant of the treasury, and sat with the other counsellors, amongst whom were Averardo Serristori and Frederic de' Ricci: I cannot recollect the names of them all; but amongst them there was one of the Alessandri: let it suffice to observe, that they were all persons of great distinction. When

I had laid my case before those magistrates, they were unanimously of opinion that Sbietta should refund the money he had received from me, except Frederic de' Ricci, who at that time had connexions with Sbietta: all the rest expressed their concern, that Frederic de' Ricci should prevent them from deciding in my favour; amongst others Averardo Serristori was particularly clamorous on the occasion, as was likewise one of the Alessandri. Frederic having at last so protracted the cause, that the magistrates put an end to the time of their sitting, the gentleman above-mentioned came up to me one morning in the square of the Nunziata, when the magistrates had all left the court, and said with a loud voice—"Frederic de' Ricci has been too powerful for us all, so that you lost your cause in spite of us." I shall make no observation on this subject, for fear of offending those at the helm of government; let it suffice to say that I lost my cause on account of a rich citizen, who employed the grazier from whom I had bought my farm.

The duke being at Leghorn, I waited on his excellency to solicit him to dismiss me, perceiving that I had entirely recovered my health and strength: as I found myself quite out of employment, I was displeased with a state of indolence; so I formed a resolution to go directly to Leghorn, where I found the duke, and met with a most gracious reception. I made some stay in that town, and every day rode out with his excellency, so that I had a fair opportunity of saying whatever I thought proper to him: the duke used to ride several miles out of Leghorn by the sea-side, where he was building a little fortress; and that he might not be troubled with too great a number of attendants, he chose to have me with him as a companion.

One day finding myself caressed by his excellency in a particular manner, I formed a resolution to turn the conversation to Sbietta, that is, Pier Maria of Anterigoli, and thus expressed myself—" My lord, I must lay before your excellency a most extraordinary case, by hearing of which you will know the cause that prevented me from finishing the earthen Neptune, on which I was employed in my workhouse. You are to understand that I purchased a farm of Sbietta for life:" let it here suffice, to inform the reader, that I gave the duke a circumstantial account of the whole affair; never in the least deviating from the truth, or dashing it with the smallest mixture of falsehood. When I came to the affair of the poison, I said—" That if ever my services had been acceptable to his excellency, he should instead of punishing Sbietta and those who had administered the poison, confer some reward on them; for they had not given me a sufficient dose to kill me, but just enough to purge off a dangerous viscosity which I had in my stomach and intestines; and it operated in such a manner, that whereas in my former state of health I might have lived three or four years, this extraordinary sort of physic had produced such an effect, that I reckoned upon having gained a new lease of twenty years; in short, I found myself better than ever, and returned thanks to the Almighty, being sensible that the saying which I had so often heard was verified, namely, that God afflicts us occasionally for our good." The duke listened to me with the utmost attention, whilst we rode above two miles together, and only once exclaimed—" O the wicked people!" I concluded with observing that I was highly obliged to them, and entered upon more agreeable topics of conversation. I one day accosted him just at the right season, and finding him in a

humour that suited my purpose, requested his excellency to dismiss me, that I might no longer lose my time; adding, that I was still able to work; and that as to what remained due to me for my Perseus, his excellency might pay me whenever he thought proper. I at the same time returned him thanks in a long speech, and with much ceremony; yet he made me no answer, but appeared to be highly offended.

The day following Signor Bartolomeo Concino, one of his excellency's chief secretaries, said to me in a sort of a bravado—"The duke declares that if you desire to be dismissed, you may; but that if you choose to work, he will employ you; and it were to be wished you could execute as much as his excellency will please to order." I made answer, that I desired nothing more than to be employed, especially by his excellency, whose service I preferred to that of any other great personage living, whether Pope, emperor, or king; adding, that I should be better pleased to serve him for a penny than another for a ducat. He replied, that if my sentiments were such as I represented them, I need say no more, for we were both perfectly agreed—"Return," said he, "to Florence, and be of good cheer; the duke wishes you well:" accordingly I returned to Florence.

As soon as I was arrived at this city, a person of the name of Rafaellone Schieggia, who worked in gold tissue, called at my house, and told me that he wanted to make up matters between me and Pier Maria Sbietta. I answered him, that the magistrates of Florence alone could settle affairs between us; and that Sbietta must not always expect to have upon the bench a Frederic de' Ricci, ready for a present of two fat kids, to take his part with-

out fear of God, or regard for his own honour, and shamefully do an outrage to justice and right. When I had uttered these words with many others to the same effect, this Raphael continued to remonstrate to me, that it was better to eat a thrush in peace, than a large capon, if it could not be had without broils and contention; he added, that a lawsuit is often spun out to such a length that it would be more for my interest to dedicate that time to making some elegant piece of work, by which I should acquire much greater reputation as well as emolument. As I was sensible that his observation was just, I began to listen to what he had to propose; so that he soon compromised matters between us in the manner following: Sbietta was to take the farm of me, and pay me for it regularly sixty gold crowns per annum during my natural life. When we were come to have the contract drawn up, which was to be done by Signor Giovanni di Ser Matteo da Falgano; Sbietta said, in the manner we had settled it, the farm would produce more, and could not possibly fail; therefore it is better that we should make the lease for five years; adding, that he would adhere inviolably to his engagement, without ever giving occasion to any other suit: the same promises were made in the most solemn manner by the rogue of a priest his brother, so the contract was drawn up for the term of five years.

As it is my intention to enter upon another subject, and to have done with this mystery of iniquity, I shall only take notice of what passed during fifteen years after making out the last lease. The two villains, instead of keeping any of the promises they had made me, were for returning me my farm, and did not choose to keep the lease of it any

longer; I complained very much of this usage, and they had recourse to such chicanery with regard to the contract, that I had no resource against their indirect proceedings. When I perceived this, I told them that the duke and the prince his son, would not suffer them to do such flagrant injustice to a citizen of Florence. This menace so terrified them, that they again sent to me the same Raphael Schieggia, who had made up matters between us at first, to declare that they were not willing to pay me the sixty gold crowns they had done for five years past: I made answer that I would take nothing less. Raphael came to me and said—"My friend Benvenuto, you know very well that I am in your interest; they have all referred the affair to me:" thereupon he showed me a writing with their names signed to it. I who was not aware that Raphael was their near relation, thought myself in very good hands; so I left the management of the affair entirely to him. This dirty rascal came to me one evening, within half an hour of night-fall, in the month of August; and made use of many arguments and persuasions to prevail on me to sign the contract whilst I was alone, because he knew that if he deferred it till the morning, the trick would be discovered. So the contract was signed, by which he engaged to pay me regularly sixty-five crowns a year in two payments, during the course of my natural life: and though I made a great stir about the affair, and would by no means submit to such terms, he showed the writing with my name to it, which made all that saw it declare me to be in the wrong: the fellow at the same time affirmed, that what he had done had been for my good, and that he was entirely in my interest; so as neither the notary, nor any body else, knew of his being related to my

adversaries, I was condemned by the general voice: I therefore gave up the contest in time, and shall endeavour to do the best I can for the future. I likewise committed another capital error in the month of December of the following year 1566. I purchased half the farm of Poggio of them, that is, of Sbietta and the rest, for two hundred crowns; this farm borders upon my other of Fonte; and I let it to them for three years. Herein I thought I acted wisely. I should become too prolix were I to give a full account of all the ill usage I received from those people: I therefore leave the whole affair to the Almighty, who has always espoused my cause against those who have injured me.

Having completely finished my marble crucifix, I thought that if I raised it a few cubits above the ground, it would appear to much greater advantage than if it were placed immediately upon it; so I began to show it to whoever had a mind to see such an exhibition. The duke and duchess being informed of this, one day upon their return from Pisa came unexpectedly with a grand retinue to my workshop, in order to see this image of Christ upon the cross; it pleased them so highly, that their excellencies, as well as all the nobility and gentry present, bestowed the highest encomiums on me. When I found that it gave them such satisfaction, by their extolling it to the skies, I with pleasure made them a present of it, thinking none more worthy of that fine piece of work than their excellencies; I only requested, that before they departed they would vouchsafe to enter my humble habitation. At these words they rose with great complaisance, and leaving the shop entered my house, where they perceived my little model of Neptune, and the fountain which the duchess had never seen before: so greatly was her excellency

affected with the sight, that she burst into a loud exclamation of surprise, and addressing herself to the duke, said—"I vow, my lord, I could never have formed a conception of any thing so beautiful." The duke answered her more than once—"Did I not tell you it would prove so!" Thus they talked a long time in praise of my abilities; and seemed, as it were, to ask pardon for their past treatment of me. The duke told me that it was his pleasure I should make choice of a piece of marble myself, and begin immediately to work upon it. To these kind words I made answer, that if he gave me the means, I should for his sake cheerfully engage in so arduous an undertaking. The duke replied—"Benvenuto, you shall have all the helps you require, and I likewise shall give you some of my own contriving, which will be far more effectual than the others." Having expressed himself in these obliging terms, he withdrew together with the duchess, and left me highly pleased. Several weeks, however, passed without my being taken any farther notice of, insomuch that seeing no orders given for furnishing me with what I wanted, I began to be half distracted and in despair.

At this very juncture the queen dowager of France dispatched Signor Baccio del Bene to our duke, to solicit the loan of a sum of money; the duke in the kindest manner granted her request, at least so it was generally reported. As Signor Baccio del Bene and I were intimate friends, we were very glad to see each other; and he gave me an account of all the favours conferred on him by his excellency: upon this occasion he asked me what works I had in hand; I mentioned to him the affair of Neptune and the fountain. He then told me that the queen had a strong desire to finish the sepulchral monu-

ment of her husband King Henry; and that Danie. of Volterra had undertaken to make a great horse of bronze for that purpose; but he was too far advanced in years, and the monument required a variety of ornaments; so that if I chose to return to France, and again take possession of my castle, I should be abundantly supplied with whatever I wanted, in case I was willing to serve her majesty. I desired Baccio to apply to the duke, telling him, that if his excellency consented, I would return to France with pleasure. Baccio then told me in high glee, that we should set out for France together, looking upon the affair as concluded. The day following, he happened to have an interview with the duke, when he took occasion to speak of me, and told his excellency that if it were agreeable to him, the queen his mistress would take me into her service. The duke made answer—"Benvenuto is a man of great genius, as every body knows; but now he chooses to work no longer." Thus the conversation was changed to other topics.

The next day I repaired to Baccio, who repeated to me all that had passed between him and the duke. Upon which I began to be quite out of patience—"If," said I, "when his excellency did not employ me, I of myself executed one of the most difficult pieces of work that ever was seen, which cost me upwards of two hundred crowns; what would have been the result in case his excellency had set me to work? I must say he does me wrong; he has hurt me greatly." The gentleman repeated this answer of mine to the duke, who declared that he had been jesting, and what he meant was to keep me in his own service; this provoked me greatly, and I had several times a great mind to decamp. The Queen of France did not care to propose the thing

any more to the duke, for fear of offending him; so that I was obliged to stay much against my will. About this time the duke went a journey with his whole court, and his sons, excepting only the prince who was then in Spain: they travelled along the sea-coast of Sienna, and in that manner arrived at Pisa: the unwholesome sea air affected the cardinal before any of the rest, so that he was attacked by a malignant fever, which in a few days put an end to his life. He was one of the duke's chief supports, being a person of great abilities, and of consequence his loss was severely felt. I let several days pass, till I thought the grief of the court was in some measure subsided, and then I repaired to Pisa.

[Here ends Benvenuto Cellini's manuscript.]

SEQUEL.

THE remainder of the life of Benvenuto Cellini was passed chiefly at Florence, with little comparative vicissitude until his death, which took place in that capital, on the thirteenth of February, 1570, in his seventy-first year. In a manuscript belonging to his heirs, which, with many books in his own hand writing, as well as his possessions and effects, was long after inherited by the company of St Martino of Buonuomini; that fact, and the substance of his will, are recorded as follows :—

"Benvenuto, the son of John Andrew Cellini, sculptor and citizen of Florence, makes his will in the year 1569, on the eighteenth of December; he desires to be buried in the church of the Nunziata, in the tomb which he proposes to erect for himself; and in case it should not be finished at the time of his death, he desires to be interred in the burying place of the company of painters, in the cloisters of the said church. He acknowledges the

portion of Madonna Piera his lawful wife, whose family name is omitted. Reparata, Magdalen, and Andrew Simon, were the lawful issue of him and the said Piera. He appoints his said son his heir, to whom he substitutes Signor Librodoro the son of Annibal de Librodori, doctor of laws and advocate, his nephew, (according to the common copy of the will,) who resided at Rome. He left guardian of his said children, the magistrate of wards, requesting him to constitute as administrators of his succession, Signor Piero della Stufa, a canon of Florence, the said Signor Librodoro, and Andrew the son of Lorenzo Benivieni.

"On the twelfth of January, in the year of our Lord 1570, he made a codicil, confirming his will, &c. and adding to the number of the above administrators Domenico di Niccolo, the son of Christofano Mannozzi, citizen of Florence.

"On the third of February, in the year of our Lord 1570, he made a second codicil, by which he bequeathed all his statues, finished or unfinished, to Prince Francis of Medici.

"On the sixth of February, in the year of our Lord 1570, he made a third codicil, whereby he provided for his daughters. All these were drawn up by John, the son of Matthew of Falgano, notary and citizen of Florence.

"On the thirteenth of February, in the year of our Lord 1570, we meet with an account of the death of Benvenuto, which happened that very day.

"In the register of the purveyors to the academy of drawing, marked with the letter E at the papers 31, from the year 1563 to 1571, we meet with the following record:—

"'I record it that on the present eighteenth of

February, was buried Signor Benvenuto Cellini, the sculptor; and he was buried by his own direction in our chapter of the Nunziata, with a grand funeral pomp, at which were present our whole academy, together with the company of sculptors: when we repaired to his house and were seated in proper order, after all the monks had passed by, the bier was lifted up by four of the academicians, and carried with the usual attendance to the Nunziata; the ceremonies of the church being there performed over it, it was taken by the same academicians, and conveyed to the chapter; the ceremonies of divine worship being again repeated, a monk, who had been charged the evening before, to compose the funeral sermon of Signor Benvenuto, in praise both of his life and works, and his excellent moral qualities, mounted the pulpit, and preached a funeral sermon, which was highly approved of by the whole academy, and by the people, who struggled to get into the chapter, as well to see the body of Benvenuto, as to hear the commendation of his good qualities. The whole ceremony was performed with a great number of wax lights, both in the church and the chapter thereunto belonging.' "

Boastful as Benvenuto Cellini expresses himself of his own superiority as an artist, he is very extensively borne out by the following very explicit testimony of his contemporary Vasari, which will be found in his Lives of Painters and Sculptors, vol. ii. page 283.

"Benvenuto Cellini, citizen of Florence, at present a sculptor, in his youth cultivated the goldsmith's

business, and had no equal in that branch for many years, nor in making fine figures of alto and basso relievo, and every other work belonging to that ingenious art.

"He set jewels, and adorned them with admirable collets, and diminutive figures so exquisitely formed, and some of them so odd and whimsical, that nothing finer or more beautiful can be conceived. The medals which he in his youth made of gold and silver, were wrought with the utmost diligence and accuracy, and cannot be sufficiently praised. At Rome he made for Pope Clement VII a button to be worn upon his pontifical habit, fixing a diamond to it with the most exquisite art; round which were certain figures of children represented on plates of gold, and a figure of God the Father admirably engraved; besides being paid for his labour, he was by the Pope invested with the office of mace bearer. Being afterwards employed by the same pontiff to make a chalice of gold, the cup of which was to be carved with figures representing the theological virtues, he brought that work to a conclusion with admirable ingenuity. There was no man in that age, amongst the numbers who tried their hands at such work, more successful in making the medals of that Pope than Cellini; as is well known to those who have seen such pieces, and keep them in their possession. Hence he was employed to make the stamps for the Roman mint, and there were never seen finer coins than those that were struck in Rome at that period.

"After the death of Pope Clement, Benvenuto returned to Florence, where he likewise made stamps with the head of Duke Alexander for the mint of Florence, so wonderfully beautiful, that some of them are preserved to this day as ancient medals;

and with good reason, for he in them surpassed himself.

"Benvenuto having at last attached himself to sculpture and casting statues, made in France many works of bronze, silver, and gold, whilst he was employed at the court of King Francis.

"He afterwards came back to his native country, and entered into the service of Duke Cosmo, by whom he was first employed as a goldsmith, and afterwards in certain pieces of sculpture: he executed in metal the statue of Perseus, who cut off Medusa's head, which stands in the piazza hard by the gate of the ducal palace, upon a basis of marble with some fine bronze figures, about a cubit and two feet one-third high; this work was brought to perfection with the greatest art and diligence imaginable, and set up in an honourable place in the piazza, upon a par with the Judith of that renowned sculptor Donato. It was indeed astonishing that Benvenuto, having been accustomed to make little figures so many years, should succeed so happily in bringing so large a statue to perfection.

"The same artist likewise made a Christ upon the cross, as big as the life; a most exquisite and extraordinary performance: the duke keeps it as a piece which he sets a very great value upon, in the palace of Pitti, in order to place it in the little chapel which he is erecting there, and which could contain nothing more grand nor more worthy of so illustrious a prince. In a word this work cannot be sufficiently commended.

"Though I might here enlarge on the productions of Benvenuto, who always showed himself a man of great spirit and vivacity, bold, active, enterprising, and formidable to his enemies; a man in short who knew as well how to speak to princes, as to exert

himself in his art; I shall add nothing farther, since he has wrote an account of his life and works, and a treatise on goldsmith's work as well as on casting statues, and many other subjects, with more art and eloquence than it is possible for me to imitate. I shall therefore content myself with giving this succinct account of his chief performances."

APPENDIX.

The following Letters of Benvenuto Cellini are published with his Treatises upon the Goldsmith's Art, and upon Sculpture; where they are stated to have been extracted from a collection of Letters upon the Arts of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, Rome, 1754. They are here supplied as very characteristic of the eccentric writer. The translation is borrowed from a very pleasant article on Cellini's treatises above mentioned, in No. 12 of the London Weekly Review.

LETTER I.

TO MONSIGNORE BENEDETTO VARCHI.

So I learn from your last very agreeable letter, that you would shortly like us to meet together at Venice, as that place will be rather more convenient for you than elsewhere. To this I reply, that your wishes have already met mine. When you are pleased, I am so; and at the period we shall appoint, you may depend upon seeing me at Venice, or

at any or all other places you may think best. But it vexes me to think that our dear Luca cannot join us, as he wrote to me he would; his plaguy law-suit will prevent him. Do you think, however, he could not be prevailed upon to come when it is ended? Pray try what you can do, for I vow to you that if he can contrive it, it will be quite convenient for me to stop for him during the interval, till he shall come. By that time too, Albertaccio del Bene, a particular friend of mine, will be coming to study at Padua; and we can then mount horse together, and spur as far as Loreti; and if we are not lucky enough to find him there,—why we must defer our embassy until his return, and ride post back.

Now, my dear Benedetto, you tell me that our good friend Bembo (Monsignore Bembo,) is letting his beard grow, at which tidings I am assuredly well pleased; for we shall thus be able to strike off a much more beautiful head than if without the beard; and to say the truth, as matters stand, now that he has fairly got the whim of letting it grow, I will honestly inform you that two months will not be sufficient time to allow it to come to perfection. I assure you it will not then have reached above two fingers' length, insomuch that if I were to make a medallion of his face in that imperfect fashion, it would neither bear a fair resemblance to him when the beard was full grown, nor when he was clean shaved; least of all in this last case. It appears to me that if we wish to make something that will look well, we must suffer his beard to grow as long as it will;* and this it will have attained,

* Bembo did so, and all his portraits are drawn with an extremely long beard. Vasari took one which is in the Casa Valenti at Rome, and there is an engraving from it

I trust, by next Lent, when we shall be able to take an impression much better. At the same time, do not suspect me of wishing to throw any delay in the way of its completion; for I swear that I am ready at a moment's warning from you, and will forthwith mount horse with as much alacrity as ever I set about any thing in the world. Upon this I pin my credit; and if you should agree with me on the subject, and that it would be well to write our mind to his excellency, and that I also should do it, (ill as I am able,) let me only hear from you, and I will write. Moreover, never doubt about my coming, for, I repeat, I am ready; and in all things, at all times, most ready to obey your commands.

According to what I hear, from our friend Luca,* it must be all over with my good old Piloto† by this time. Yes, he must be dead, and I feel much concerned; but patience &c.—I will say no more. So heaven keep you, and farewell. Remember, I am always at your commands.

Your,

BENVENUTO CELLINI, goldsmith.

From Rome, on the 9th Sept. 1536.

by Gio. Giorgis Leuter. Another by Titian was engraved by Bartolozzi; and Cellini it appears also made a medallion, representing him with a long beard, as described in vol. i. p. 243, *present edit.*

* Luca Martini, highly spoken of by various authorities in Italy.

† Piloto, a famous goldsmith, mentioned by Vasari, in his lives of Perino del Vaga, of Bandinello, and of Michael Angelo. *Ital. edit.* See also vol. i. Life of Benvenuto Cellini, pp. 72, 181, *present edit.*

LETTER II.

TO THE SAME.

My most virtuous, most courteous, and magnificent M. Benedetto Varchi,—Much honoured Sir,*

Believe me, I could much better explain my reasons to you in favour of so grand an art by word of mouth, than by my pen; inasmuch as I am a bad dictator, and a worse writer. Yet, such as I am, behold me ready for a tilt. I assert that the art of sculpture, among all the arts connected with design, is at least seven times greater than any other, for the following reason: why, sir, a statue of true sculpture ought to have seven points of view, which ought all to boast equal excellence. * * * I maintain that this wonderful art of the statuary cannot appear to advantage, unless the artist be well versed in all the noblest branches connected with it: for instance, in wishing to display a soldier, with all the splendour and brave qualities that belong to him, it is requisite that the artist should himself

* The question between the precedence to be given to painting or to sculpture was then at its height. Varchi collected the opinions of Vasari, Agnolo Bronzino, Puntorno, Tasso, Agnaculo, Francesco da S. Gallo, Tribolo, Cellini, and Buonarroti, which he published with the letters he had received at the end of his works, printed at Florence by Torrentino in 1549: it is entitled *Due Lezioni* di Messer Benedetto Varchi; in the first of which is explained a Sonnet by M. Michello Buonarroti, in the second it is argued whether sculpture or painting be the most noble art; together with a letter from the same Michael Angelo and many other excellent painters and sculptors, upon the above-mentioned question.—From this work Cellini's present letter has been extracted and corrected. *Ital. Edit.*

be extremely valiant, with good skill in arms: and in representing an orator, he too ought to be eloquent, and deeply imbued with a knowledge of letters. If he be modelling some great musician, he ought to have a variety of musical instruments by him, in order to see how best to dispose some choice one in his statue's hand; and so too by the poet and others—of all of which, however, the excellent Bronzino has already fully written. Truly, we might find an infinite number of proud things to say upon the grand art of sculpture, had not enough already been advanced to satisfy so great a virtuoso as you are known to be. However, I have touched upon some points, as far as my humble capacity would permit, and I would once more remind you, as before, that sculpture is the parent of all other arts, at all connected with design; for the man who can become an excellent sculptor, in a good manner, will meet with no sort of difficulty in making himself a good designer of perspective and architecture, as well a much greater painter than he who is not well acquainted with sculpture. Painting, in fact, is nothing else much than a tree, a man, or any other object, reflected in the water. The distinction between sculpture and painting, is as great as between the shadow and the substance.—So the moment I received your letter, with lively ardour I seized the pen, and ran over these few hastly lines in a great passion; and so in a great passion I make an end, recommending myself, however, to you as usual. I will also do all you have requested me.

Farewell, and likewise wish me well.

Always ready for your commands,

BENVENUTO CELLINI.

From Florence, the 28th day of January, 1546.

LETTER III.

TO N. N.*

Since my very illustrious and excellent lord so commands me, that I should myself demand and put a price upon my work of the Perseus, which since the month of April 1554, has been exhibited in a finished state in the Piazza Lodge belonging to your excellency, and, God be praised! to the entire satisfaction of the whole public, of which there is no similar instance relating to any master upon record at all approaching to it;—since such is the truth, I say, I would humbly intreat your excellency, that you would give me, for my incessant exertions during nine years, all that may appear most pleasing to your excellency's profound and most discreet judgment: whatever it may amount to, coming along with your gracious good wishes, it will be held amply liberal, and much more to my satisfaction than by demanding any sum, though I might receive much more than my demand.

And now to dismiss all farther delay, (of which there has already been too much,) as you have compelled me to state my opinion, I must obey; and I declare that had I to execute such a work for any other prince, I would not do it for fifteen thousand gold ducats; and, of a surety, no other man would contemplate, much less be enabled to achieve, such a work. Being, however, your excellency's devoted and loving vassal, I will confess myself content with the amount of five thousand ducats, with the amount of five thousand more in immovable

* From what appears in the life of Cellini, (vol. ii. p. 220, *present edit.*) the above letter was most probably directed to Jacopo Guidi of Volterra, secretary to Duke Cosmo I, and intended for the Duke.

property; because I am resolved to spend the remains of my life in your excellency's service; and if it should be thought I have done great things in producing so beautiful a statue in this my first, what may not your excellency expect far more wonderful in my second attempt for you! *

Truly, I hope to leave both the best of the ancients and moderns behind me, and to take the opinion of the world upon it, insomuch as to reflect great praise and credit upon your excellency's patronage and judgment. At the same time, I conjure you, by the most solemn appeals to heaven's power and mercy, that you would despatch my affair forthwith, and relieve me from the horrible torture and suspense I have so long suffered; for I cannot stand it. Your excellency may recollect that I have always declared that I would cheerfully devote the remnant of my humble powers that has survived a happier period, to the ornament of your excellency's glorious fortunes. Moreover, your excellency will consider that had I availed myself of the many advantages I possessed among a set of barbarians, I should before this time have amassed an immense treasure.

Notwithstanding this, I would rather receive a single crown at the hands of your excellency, than a whole fortune from any other prince; and am at the same time ever wearying heaven with prayers for your excellency's preservation.

BENVENUTO CELLINI.

From Florence, 1554.

* Here probably he alludes to the bassi relievi which he was then employed in for the Duke, to be made of bronze, for the church of S. Maria del Fiore, as mentioned in his life (vol. ii. p. 224, *present edit.*)

LETTER IV.

TO THE VERY MAGNIFICENT AND MOST VIRTUOUS M. BENEDETTO VARCHI.

Alas! my much honoured friend, I have to inform you of the loss of my only son, who had nearly completed his education,—a son than whom I do not think there ever was anything dearer to me on earth; and yet he has been snatched from me in the short space of four days: and such was my grief, that I verily thought I should have followed him to the grave; for I see very clearly that I can never hope to repair such a loss—such a treasure as he was to me. I have received permission from the holy brethren of the Nunziata, as some kind of consolation to me in this hour, to have a tomb prepared which will also be ready to receive me, when it shall please God that I should take my rest at his side; just laid in that humble fashion which may best suit my poor finances on the occasion. In the mean time, it is my wish to paint his little monument with the figures of two cherubs with torches in their hands, and between them an epitath, such as you will see below in my rude unpolished style. Now, as I know that with your admirable qualities you can much better express what I would wish to have said, if you will please to turn it either into Tuscan or Latin, whichsoever you judge best, you will confer a kindness; and if I am troublesome, command me in turn, for I am always most eager to serve you.

From Florence, the 22nd of May, 1563.

My idea, which I wish to have developed in your language, is as follows:—

'Giovan Cellini, a Benvenuto solo
Figlio, qui jace, morte al mondo il tolse.
Tenero danni, mai le parche sciolse
Tal speme in fil dall' uno all' altro Polo.'

Always prepared for your service,

BENVENUTO CELLINI.

Translation.

'Here lies Giovanni, Benvenuto's son—
His only son, snatch'd in his youth away;
So fair a hope, by Fate's fell shears undone,
Ne'er died 'neath th' Arctic nor th' Antarctic day.'

INDEX.

Acuto, Niccolo da Monte, a gentleman of Florence, and friend to Benvenuto Cellini; vol. i. 217—he warns Benvenuto to be cautious of Ottaviano de' Medici; i. 220—his advice to Benvenuto respecting the reverse for a medal; i. 221.

Agnolo, Giuliano de Baccio de', a carpenter of Florence, is ordered to fortify the gate of St George; vol. ii. 197—he spoiled the cupola of St Maria del Fiore; ii. 223.

Alamanni, Luigi, Signor, becomes acquainted with Benvenuto Cellini; i. 102—presents the medal of Atlas, made by Benvenuto, to Francis I, king of France, which makes the king desirous of knowing the artist; i. 109—he visits Benvenuto after he is released by Pope Paul III; ii. 16—his praise of Benvenuto's work; ii. 17—his voice and manner described; ii. 18—his friendship for the artist; ii. 19—his defence of Benvenuto; ii. 41—Benvenuto Cellini accommodates him and his sons for some months with a residence at the castle of Nello; ii. 72.

Alamanni, Maddalena, Signora, wife to Signor Liugi; stands godmother to Constantia, Benvenuto Cellini's daughter; ii. 97.

Albizi, Girolamo degli, commissary of the militia to duke Cosmo, and friend to Benvenuto Cellini; ii. 217—the latter allows him to mediate between him and the duke respecting the value of Perseus; ii. 217—Albizi writes an ingenious letter to the duke, placing its value

at three thousand five hundred gold crowns; ii. 217, 218 —to this the duke agrees, but Benvenuto is far from being satisfied; ii. 218.

Allegretti, Antonio, a man of learning, and friend of Benvenuto Cellini; i. 205-209.

Altoviti, Bindo Antonio, a Roman banker; his bust executed in bronze by Benvenuto Cellini; ii. 136—Michael Angelo's high opinion of it; ii. 137—his mean conduct to Benvenuto, who has entrusted in his hands a large sum of money; ii. 138.

Ambrogio, Signor, a Milanese, and friend of Pompeo, the jeweller, as also a favourite of Pope Paul III; i. 183 —the Pope orders Benvenuto Cellini to consult with him concerning certain works; i. 206.

Amerigo, a Florentine, unrivalled in the art of enamelling; i. 57.

Ammanato, Bartolomeo, an architect and a sculptor of Florence, favoured by the Duchess de' Medici, in opposition to Benvenuto Cellini; ii. 226—the piece of marble won by Benvenuto from Bandinello, for the figure of Neptune, is given to Ammanato on the death of Bandinello; ii. 233—he sends Benvenuto word of his success, telling him he may destroy his model of Neptune; ii. 241—Ammanato's natural son interferes with Benvenuto, but is checked by Don Francesco, Duke Cosmo's eldest son; ii. 243.

Angelica, a Sicilian courtesan, much admired by Benvenuto Cellini; i. 157—is carried to Naples by her mother, in order to avoid him; i. 157—she writes to Benvenuto Cellini; i. 158—she receives him at Naples with great kindness; i. 170—her mother's conduct disgusts Benvenuto, who leaves her; i. 172.

Anguillara, Count D', an Italian nobleman residing at Paris, who employs Benvenuto Cellini; ii. 64.

Annebaut, Monsieur D', admiral of France, is ordered by King Francis I to give the first vacant abbey to Benvenuto Cellini; ii. 100—Annebaut is a man of no genius, but owes his rise to Madame D'Estampes; ii. 110.

Antea, Signora, a Roman courtesan; i. 126.

Aretino, George Vesallis, a painter, recommended by Benvenuto Cellini to the Cardinal de' Medici; i. 218—his base conduct; i. 218—Benvenuto exposes him; i. 220.

Aretino, Lione, a poor goldsmith of Rome, who joins in a conspiracy to poison Benvenuto Cellini; i. 319-321.

Arnando, Don, second son of the Grand Duke Cosmo I; ii. 203.

Arsago, Paolo, a goldsmith of Rome, for whom Benvenuto Cellini works for some time with advantage; i. 28, 29.

Ascanio, an apprentice to Benvenuto Cellini; i. 236—amour with his late mistress; i. 237—he strikes one of his fellow apprentices, which causes a quarrel between him and his master Benvenuto; i. 237—the difference is settled through the medium of a Spanish gentleman; i. 237-240—he accompanies his master to France; i. 242—his fear in crossing the lake of Geneva; i. 247—has a quartan ague when in France, and returns with his master to Italy; i. 253—he quarrels with Benvenuto, who is a prisoner in the castle of St Angelo, and wounds Michele, a goldsmith, on leaving it; i. 275-276—Ascanio is visited at Tagliacozzo by his master Benvenuto Cellini, immediately upon the liberation of the latter from prison; ii. 15—he returns to Rome with his master; ii. 15—he accompanies Benvenuto Cellini in his second journey to France; ii. 19—he acquits himself with much courage in defence of his master at Comollia; ii. 24—he attends him to the French court at Fontainebleau; ii. 41—he accompanies the king's messenger, and uses every persuasion to induce his master to return to the service of his majesty; ii. 43—his joy at the good fortune of Benvenuto; ii. 44—has an amour with a beautiful girl; which is the cause of a report in Paris that his master's house is haunted; ii. 101, 109—upon Benvenuto Cellini determining to return to Italy, he leaves his house and property under the care of Ascanio; ii. 122—he is ordered by the king s treasurers to follow his master, and demand of

him the two silver vases; which he accordingly does, and returns with them to Paris; ii. 132—he acts in a treacherous manner to his master; ii. 139—he joins with Paolo Romano to persuade the French king to make over to them Benvenuto's castle of Nello; which King Francis refuses; ii. 143.

Bacchiaca, one of Benvenuto Cellini's friends; i. 63—he meets with him at a supper given by Michael Angelo Buonarroti; i. 74—his great alarm on finding Benvenuto preparing to fight; i. 76, 77.

Bagnioli, Horatio, Signor, his conduct in defence of Rome; i. 82—his advice to Benvenuto Cellini when in the castle of St Angelo; i. 86-88—is desirous of retaining Cellini in his service; i. 94—is appointed to a command in the Florentine army, and gives Benvenuto Cellini a commission of captain; i. 95.

Baldini, Bernardone, a goldsmith and broker; prevails on the Duke Cosmo I to purchase a diamond, and pay a sum of money for it far beyond its value; ii. 145, 146—Benvenuto Cellini is forced to explain the matter to the duke, which causes Baldini and his partner Antonio Landi to fly to Venice; ii. 155-157—Bernardone Baldini is employed by the Duchess de' Medici, to persuade the Duke Cosmo, her husband, to purchase some inferior pearls for her; ii. 195—he obtains her wish through the most abject means; ii. 196—he is made purveyor of the mint of Florence; ii. 205—he insults Benvenuto when coming out of church; ii. 205—he joins with Bandinello to decry the abilities of Benvenuto to the duke; ii. 209.

Baldini, Baccio, son to Bernardone the jeweller; his peculiar voice; ii. 206.

Banchi, a part of the city of Rome, in which Benvenuto Cellini chiefly resided; i. 119, 128, &c.

Bandinello, commonly called Michael Angelo, Benvenuto Cellini's first master, an able goldsmith of Florence, the son of a collier, and father to Baccio Bandinello, the sculptor; i. 12.

Bandinello, Baccio, the celebrated sculptor; i. 113—his mean opinion of Benvenuto Cellini's abilities as a

designer; i. 114—vast sums expended on his works by the Grand Duke Cosmo; ii. 134—he has a pension of two hundred crowns a year; ii. 137—his envy of Benvenuto Cellini; ii. 153—by his malicious insinuations he retards Benvenuto Cellini in the finishing of his statue of Perseus; ii. 159—his meeting with Benvenuto; ii. 161—he sends two of his journeymen as spies to work for Benvenuto; ii. 162—his opinion of the broken Greek statue in opposition to that of Benvenuto's; ii. 165—upon Benvenuto Cellini criticising his statue of Hercules, he betrays the most violent rage and expressions in the presence of the grand duke; ii. 166-170—Bandinello is ordered to fortify the gate of St Friano, at Florence; ii. 197—his ill-natured remark on the works of other sculptors; ii. 208—he is ordered by Duke Cosmo to value Benvenuto Cellini's statue of Perseus; he unwillingly consents; but declares it to be so admirable a piece of workmanship, that it is worth sixteen thousand gold crowns; ii. 222—the choir of St Maria del Fiore, erected from the design of Bandinello; ii. 222—a rivalship between him and Benvenuto Cellini for a beautiful piece of marble from which is intended to be carved a statue of Neptune; ii. 228—his Hercules and Cacus was carved out of a piece of marble originally intended by Michael Angelo Buonarroti for a figure of Samson; ii. 228—Bandinello dies, partly through grief at losing the fine piece of marble, which the duke declares to be fairly won by Benvenuto Cellini; ii. 231, 232—Bandinello's figure of Piety in the church of the Nunziata; ii. 232—his tomb, which he had just finished before he died, in the chapel of the Pazzi; ii. 233—The marble is given to Ammanato; as the duchess, in respect to the memory of Bandinello, is determined it should not be consigned to Benvenuto; ii. 233.

Barca, Jacopo della, (more properly Sciorini,) formerly a cloth manufacturer of Florence, but afterwards in high favour at the court of Rome with Pope Clement VII; i. 102—he writes to Benvenuto Cellini to request his return to Rome; i. 103—he conducts him to his holiness

upon his arrival; i. 106—Jacopo is both loquacious and curious; 107, 108.

Bartolomeo, a statuary, married to Benvenuto Cellini's youngest sister, Liberta; i. 96—dies of the plague; i. 99.

Baruccio, a fine large black shock dog presented by Duke Alexander de' Medici to Benvenuto Cellini; i. 128—he defends his master's property, and tries, in vain, to make the journeymen goldsmiths attack the thief; i. 129—the dog accidentally meets the thief in the street, when he makes an effort to tear him to pieces, but is prevented by the city guard; i. 133—accompanies his master in a shooting party; i. 222, 223—his faithfulness to his master when a prisoner; i. 298.

Bastiano, a Venetian painter; i. 117.

Beatrice, a native of Pistoia, and servant to Benvenuto Cellini; i. 213—she steals some things of value from her master; i. 213—gives him a quantity of water to drink, in hopes of it causing his death; i. 213—she is well beaten by Felice, Benvenuto's partner; i. 214.

Beatrice, an old Sicilian courtesan, who has a daughter with whom Benvenuto Cellini falls in love; i. 157—her infamous conduct to Benvenuto at Naples; i. 172.

Bellarmato, Girolamo, an engineer of Sienna, whom Madame D'Estampes orders to be sent for to be employed in fortifying Paris instead of Benvenuto Cellini; ii. 110.

Belfiore, a magnificent palace belonging to the Cardinal of Ferrara; ii. 28.

Bembo, Pietro, Signor, (afterwards Cardinal,) his kind reception and generous conduct to Benvenuto Cellini; i. 242—the latter takes his likeness; i. 243—he presents three fine horses to Benvenuto; i. 244.

Bendidio, Alberto, agent to Cardinal Ferrara; ii. 30—is twelve years without leaving his house; ii. 31—disputes with Benvenuto Cellini about his mode of travelling; ii. 31—he equips Benvenuto as required; ii. 33—his conversation with Signor Alphonso de' Trotti; ii. 33—he shows Alphonso Benvenuto's basin and cup; ii. 35.

Bene, Albertaccio del, son of Piero, is desirous of revenging the affront put on Benvenuto, but is hindered by the latter; i, 179, 180—when Benvenuto visits Padua, he carries him to his own house; i. 242.

Bene, Alexander del, son of Piero; Benvenuto Cellini takes care of his house in Rome; i. 80—he requests Benvenuto to raise a company in the defence of Rome; i. 84—he is much alarmed on seeing the enemy scale the walls; i. 81—he retires to the castle of St Angelo; i. 82.

Bene, Baccio del, arrives at Florence as ambassador from the queen dowager of France; ii. 251—is desirous of obtaining permission for Benvenuto Cellini to return with him to France; ii. 251—the Duke Cosmo objects; ii. 252.

Bene, Ricardo del, a citizen and gentleman of Florence, residing at the court of Francis I of France, whose wife stands godmother to Benvenuto's daughter Constantia; ii. 97.

Benedetto, a Florentine, and a notary-public, has a quarrel with Felice, Benvenuto's partner; i. 164—is discharged by his employers through the means of Felice; i. 164—meets with Benvenuto, and provokes him to a quarrel in which Benedetto is dangerously wounded; i. 165—he recovers; i. 174.

Benintendi, Piero, a Florentine exile, is much incensed against Benvenuto Cellini for not conversing with him; i. 190—he and his companions attempt to prevent Benvenuto from going on board their bark; i. 192—they follow him to Venice, but he escapes their fury; i. 194.

Bertoldi, Pier Francesco, a notary of Florence; ii. 236.

Bettini, Baccio, description of; i. 225.

Bevilacqua, one of the best swordsmen in Italy i. 55—he consents to become second to Benvenuto Cellini in a duel he is going to fight with Rienzo da Ceri; i. 55.

Bezza, a servant in the castle of St Angelo; i. 280.

Bologna, an Italian painter, (whose proper name was Francesco Primaticcio,) in the service of Francis I of

France, and a great favourite with his mistress Madame D'Estampes; ii. 75—he applies to the king for part of the business given to Benvenuto Cellini; ii. 75—by the perpetual solicitations of Madame D'Estampes, the king grants their request; ii. 75—upon Benvenuto hearing of this, he visits Bologna, and deters him from proceeding with the colossus; ii. 83-91—Bologna and Benvenuto become friends; ii. 94—Bologna is sent to Rome by King Francis, to take casts and designs of the first-rate antique statues in that city; ii. 96—upon his return with them to France, they are placed in a superb gallery at Fontainbleau; ii. 105.

Bourbon, the Duke of, besieges Rome; i. 81—is killed by Benvenuto Cellini; i. 81.

Bramante, an architect in the service of Pope Julius; ii. 137.

Bronzino, the painter; his admiration of Benvenuto Cellini's statue of Perseus; ii. 208—he writes four sonnets in praise of the Perseus; ii. 220.

Bugiardini, Julian, a painter, is desirous of Benvenuto Cellini following his own design of a figure of Atlas on a medal; i. 101.

Buonarroti, Michael Angelo, his cartoon of soldiers bathing in the river Arno; i. 24—receives a severe blow from young Torrigiano, when at school; i. 25—his opinion of an antique camaieu; i. 60—founder of a society of painters, statuaries, and goldsmiths, at Rome; i. 62—gives an entertainment to the members of the society, at which Benvenuto Cellini is present, accompanied by a boy named Diego, dressed as a lady; i. 62—laughable termination of the frolic; i. 67—his honourable conduct to Benvenuto Cellini; i. 100, 101—his admiration of Benvenuto's bust of Altoviti; ii. 187—he writes to Benvenuto on the occasion; ii. 187—the Grand Duke Cosmo I is anxious to engage Michael Angelo in his service, and requests Benvenuto to write to him; ii. 187—Michael Angelo declines the offer; ii. 189—the duke is displeased; ii. 191—the piece of marble out of which he intended to form his Samson, is given to Bandinello; ii. 228.

Burbacca, a Florentine courier; i. 244—is desirous

of obtaining money from Benvenuto Cellini; i. 245—he wounds a fine Hungarian courser by accident; i. 247—Benvenuto discovers his knavery; i. 248—his frightful dreams; i. 249.

Buti, Cecchino, a servant of Sbitta's; is active in the attempt to poison Benvenuto Cellini; ii. 239.

Cæsar, Julius, head of, by Benvenuto Cellini; ii. 58.

Cagli, Benedetto, a soldier in the Castle of St Angelo; i. 300—is ordered to murder Benvenuto Cellini, but takes pity on him, and informs the lady of Pier-Luigi of his wretched abode; i. 300.

Capitolo, verses called the, written by Benvenuto Cellini during his imprisonment in the Castle of St Angelo; ii. 9-14.

Caporioni, certain magistrates in Rome who have the privilege of pardoning, on the festival of the Virgin Mary, twelve persons under sentence of banishment; i. 184.

Capri, Jacomo da, a quack-doctor, arrives in Rome during the plague; i. 60—employs Benvenuto to make certain little vases for him; i. 60—he shows the vases to the Duke of Ferrara, and other princes, as antiques; i. 61.

Caradosso, a native of Milan, an eminent engraver of medals, whose work is envied, and rivalled, by Benvenuto Cellini; i. 56—his slowness in working, and great price; i. 70, 71—commences the button for the cope of Clement VII; but not finishing it, gives Benvenuto the opportunity of making the one for which he was so much celebrated; i. 103.

Carnesechi, Piero, chief favourite of Pope Clement VII, and a patron of Benvenuto Cellini; i. 175.

Caro, Annibale, a young gentleman sent by Signor Gaddi to inquire into the affair of Benedetto; i. 166—he is present at an entertainment given by Benvenuto Cellini; i. 205—he visits the latter when ill of a fever; i. 209.

Cartoons, description of two; one by Michael Angelo, the other by Leonardo da Vinci; i. 24.

Casa, Cecchino della, a young gentleman who joins

Benvenuto Cellini and others, in the defence of Rome, when it is besieged by the Duke of Bourbon; i. 81.

Castello, Giovanni da, a native of Bologna, particularly clever in making steel medals; i. 163.

Catherine, a French servant, and mistress to Benvenuto Cellini; ii. 80—she intrigues with Paolo Micceri, one of her master's journeymen; ii. 82—the intrigue is discovered by Benvenuto, who turns her out of doors, as also her mother and Paolo; ii. 82—they, in revenge, conspire with a Norman lawyer against Benvenuto, and Catherine swears a horrible crime against him; ii. 82—she fails in her proof: ii. 85—Benvenuto forces Paolo to espouse her; ii. 93—his peculiar revenge; ii. 94.

Cefano, Gabbriele, Signor, visits Benvenuto Cellini in company with Cardinal Cornaro; ii. 16—description of his person; ii. 18—he conceives that Benvenuto offers to do too much; ii. 19.

Cellini, a name of long standing in Italy; i. 4.

Cellini, Andrew, (Benvenuto's grandfather,) account of; i. 5—lives to above a hundred years of age; i. 7.

Cellini, Andrew Simon, son of Benvenuto Cellini by his wife Piera; ii. 256—he is appointed his father's heir by will; ii. 256.

Cellini, Benvenuto, his ancestors; i. 4—his birth; i. 7—why named "Benvenuto;" i. 7—anecdote of the scorpion; i. 8—of the salamander; i. 8—his aversion to music; i. 9—when very young, plays before Peter Soderino, the gonfalonier of Florence; i. 10—is bound apprentice to Bandinello, (commonly called Michael Angelo,) goldsmith of Pinzi di Monti, father of Baccio Bandinello, the celebrated sculptor; i. 12—is forced by his father to continue to play upon the flute; i. 12—engages himself with a goldsmith named Antonio di Sandro, (commonly called Marcone,) but much against his father's consent; i. 12—protects his brother at a duel, who is nearly killed by an enraged crowd; i. 14—is banished, with his brother, to Sienna; i. 15—is employed there as a goldsmith by Francis Castro, with whom he had worked before; i. 15—is sent by Cardinal de' Medici,

(afterwards Pope Clement VII) to Bologna, to improve in music, where he also works as a goldsmith; i. 15—returns to Florence; i. 16—remarkable quarrel between Pierino and Benvenuto's father; i. 16—disagreeing with his father, he leaves Florence for Pisa, where he is employed by a goldsmith named Ulivieri Dello Chiostro; i. 19, 20—after a year's residence at Pisa he returns to Florence, in company with his master Ulivieri; i. 21—is again employed by Marcone; i. 22—produces a piece of basso-relievo in silver, which gains him great reputation among the goldsmiths of Florence; i. 25—becomes acquainted with one John Baptist Tasso, a carver in wood, with whom he leaves Florence for Rome; i. 26—description of his first piece of workmanship at Rome; i. 28—quarrels with his master Firenzuola, but is reconciled; i. 28, 29—returns to Florence at the request of his father; i. 29—makes a silver clasp of much beauty, which obtains him great fame, as well as the envy, of several eminent goldsmiths; i. 30—quarrels with Gherardo Guasconti, a cousin of one of the envious goldsmiths, whom he fells down; i. 31—is arraigned before the magistrates for the assault, and is reprimanded and fined; i. 32—is greatly enraged for want of bail, and on leaving the court seizes a dagger, and attacks Gherardo while at dinner with his relations; i. 33—takes refuge in the convent of Santa Maria Novella; i. 34—Benvenuto's father pleads for his son before the magistrates, who are much incensed against him; i. 34—receives great kindness from Father Alesso Strozzi, who assists him in making his escape to Sienna; i. 35, 36—arrives at Rome, and makes some candlesticks for the Bishop of Salamanca, to whom he is introduced; i. 37—is noticed by a lady named Porzia, while designing from some paintings of Raphael D'Urbino; i. 38—receives from Signora Porzia some valuable diamonds to reset; i. 38—these jewels are the cause of much emulation between him and Lucagnolo da Jesi, a goldsmith for whom he works; i. 39-43—he leaves Lucagnolo's employment, and commences business for himself; i. 43—is employed by the Bishop of Salamanca; i. 43—takes an apprentice,

named Paulino; i. 44—he again studies music, and is requested by John Jacopo, a musician belonging to the Pope's household, to assist at the Pope's ferragosto; i. 45—Benvenuto repairs to Belvidere, and plays in concert before Pope Clement VII, to whom he is introduced; i. 46—is doubtful of accepting the offered place of musician to his holiness, but has an extraordinary dream that decides him to do so; i. 47—having finished the piece of workmanship for the Bishop of Salamanca, sends it to his late master Lucagnolo for his opinion of its merit, who praises it highly; i. 48—the bishop hesitates in paying Benvenuto, who again obtains, by accident, possession of the plate; i. 49—his shop is attacked by a party of Spaniards; i. 50—after much trouble the bishop pays him; i. 51—the Pope approves of Benvenuto's conduct in this affair; i. 52—is employed by a number of the Roman nobility as a goldsmith; i. 52—quarrels with Rienzo da Ceri, and fights a duel with him, which ends without bloodshed; i. 54, 55—he labours to rival three great masters in the various branches of his business; Lautizio in seal making, Caradosso in medals, and Amerigo in enamelling; i. 56, 57—is alarmed at an epidemic disease that rages in Rome; i. 57—amuses himself with pigeon shooting and rural sports, to avoid the plague and improve his health; i. 58, 59—obtains several antique gems from the peasants who dig in the vineyards; i. 59—Signor Jacomo da Capri, a quack surgeon, arrives at Rome; i. 60—Benvenuto is employed by him to make several small vases, for which he is well paid and gains much credit; i. 60—Jacomo shows the vases as antiques to the Duke of Ferrara, and other princes; i. 61—Benvenuto explains the fraud; i. 61—is invited to an entertainment given by Michael Angelo to a society of painters, sculptors, and goldsmiths; i. 62—he goes to the entertainment accompanied by a beautiful boy named Diego, dressed as a lady; i. 63—description of the feast; i. 64—fondness of Penthesilea for Benvenuto; i. 66—laughable termination of the frolic of Diego; i. 67—Benvenuto succeeds in making curious damaskeenings of steel and silver on

Turkish daggers; i. 68—his explanation of the word "grotesque;" i. 69—his medals prized above those of the celebrated Caradossa; i. 71—Penthesilea, the courtezan, irritated on account of the frolic of Diego; i. 71—arrival at Rome of Lewis Pulci; i. 72—Benvenuto takes him to his house during an illness; i. 72—Benvenuto puts Lewis Pulci on his guard respecting Penthesilea; i. 73—surprises Lewis Pulci and Penthesilea in a garden, and makes them seek refuge in a church; i. 75—attacks Lewis Pulci whilst riding in the company of Penthesilea, Benvenuto Perugino, and others; i. 76—accidentally hurts Penthesilea in the face, and is challenged by Benvenuto Perugino; i. 77—is reconciled to the latter; i. 78—death of Lewis Pulci; i. 79—Benvenuto Cellini enters the service of Alexander del Bene; i. 81—defends the walls of Rome against the imperial army under the Duke of Bourbon; i. 81—kills the duke; i. 81—retreats into the castle of St Angelo, and is pressed into the service of Pope Clement; i. 82—takes the command of some guns, and retards the progress of the enemy; i. 83—is appointed to the service of a part of the castle called Dal Angiolo; i. 83—is severely hurt by the falling of part of a battlement; i. 84—disagrees with the Cardinals of Ravenna and Gaddi; i. 85—in doing his duty, is near destroying the Cardinal Farnese and Signor Jacopo Salviati, which occasions him some trouble; i. 86, 87—kills a Spanish colonel in the presence of the Pope; i. 88—receives absolution from his holiness for all homicides committed in defence of the Apostolical Church; i. 89—kills a great number of the enemy by a dexterous discharge of five guns; i. 90—the Pope orders Benvenuto to unset his regalia, which he does in the presence of his holiness and Philip Strozzi, master of the horse; then sews the jewels up in their garments, and builds a small furnace to melt the gold; i. 91—fires at the enemy certain antique javelins, which does them much damage in the trenches; i. 91—kills the Prince of Orange by one of the javelins; i. 92—Pope Clement orders spirited measures, but is hindered by Cardinal Orsino; i. 92—Benvenuto kills a great num-

ber of the enemy, for which Cardinal Orsino is desirous of hanging him; but the Pope takes his part with much spirit; i. 93—having melted the gold, he returns it to the Pope, for which he is paid; i. 93—an accommodation is made between the Pope and the imperial army; i. 94—Benvenuto accepts of a captain's commission from Signor Horatio Baglioni, who is appointed to a command in the Florentine service, and returns to Florence; i. 94—his father advises him against remaining in the army; i. 95—he leaves Florence for Mantua, and engages with Signor Niccolo, the Duke of Mantua's goldsmith; i. 96—is well received by Julio Romano, the celebrated painter; i. 96—is recommended to the duke by Julio, and gives his excellency much satisfaction; i. 97—is attacked with a quartan fever, and leaves Mantua; i. 97, 98—returns to Florence, and finds his father and one of his sisters have died of the plague; i. 98—meets his brother and surviving sister; i. 99—is persuaded to remain in Florence, i. 100—interview with Michael Angelo, and his honourable conduct; i. 100, 101—is invited by Pope Clement to re-enter his service, which offer he accepts, and leaves Florence for Rome; i. 103, 104—Raphael del Moro, a Roman goldsmith, offers him part of his shop, which he accepts; i. 105—his interview with the Pope; i. 106, 107—is employed to make the button for the pontifical cope, which was begun by Caradosso; i. 108—his medal of Atlas presented by Signor Luigi Alamanni to Francis I, king of France; i. 109—gains great reputation by his model of the button, it being preferred to those of several artists who had conspired against him, headed by Pompeo, of Milan, a favourite jeweller of the Pope; i. 110, 111—is employed by the Pope to stamp his coins; i. 112—jealousy of Bandinello, the sculptor; i. 113—is made stamp-master of the mint; i. 114—continues to occupy part of Raphael del Moro's shop, and assists in the cure of his daughter's arm, for whom he feels a secret regard; i. 116—Moro introduces him to a society of artists, and intends offering him his daughter in marriage, but is prevented by the officiousness of a friend; i. 117, 118—Benvenuto's

brother, Cecchino, comes to Rome in the service of Duke Alexander, and is wounded in a fray with the city guards, of which he dies; i. 119-124—Benvenuto has him honourably interred, and erects a monument to his memory; i. 124—he revenges his brother's death, by wounding the soldier who shot him; i. 126—is protected by Duke Alexander; i. 127—opens a fine shop in Rome, in the Banchi quarter of the city; i. 128—takes into his service a beautiful young woman as his housekeeper; i. 128—his shop is broken open by a robber, who is attacked by a dog, given to Benvenuto by Duke Alexander; i. 129—the jewels belonging to the Pope are untouched by the thief, which gives his holiness great satisfaction; i. 130, 131—Benvenuto's enemies throw upon him the suspicion of coining, of which he honourably clears himself to the Pope; i. 132, 133—the thief who robbed his shop is discovered by the sagacity of his dog; i. 134—description of the celebrated chalice; i. 136—asks for a valuable place that has become vacant, but is refused; i. 136—interview with Cardinal Salviati, the Pope's legate; i. 139—Benvenuto is attacked by a disorder in his eyes; i. 140—is cured; i. 141—Cardinal Salviati is made legate of Parma, and sends to Rome a goldsmith named Tobia, (whom he respites from execution for coining,) as a rival to Benvenuto; i. 145—they both appear in the Pope's presence, and are ordered to draw separate designs for a certain piece of workmanship; i. 146—Benvenuto's design is preferred to Tobia's, but the latter obtains the job; i. 146, 147—Benvenuto is deprived of his office in the mint through the machinations of Pompeo of Milan; i. 148—he is arrested by order of the Pope, for not finishing the chalice, and is put to much trouble; i. 148-155—commences a likeness in steel of the Pope; i. 156—Benvenuto falls in love with a Sicilian courtesan named Angelica; i. 157—becomes acquainted with a necromancer; i. 158—accompanies the priest and two friends to an incantation in the Colosseo; i. 153—goes with the priest to a second incantation, accompanied with two others and his apprentice, where they are all much fright-

ened; i. 159—Benvenuto has a dispute with Benedetto the notary, which ends in a quarrel in which the latter is wounded on the head; i. 164, 156—Benvenuto escapes to Naples, and has an interview with Angelica, as foretold him by the spirits at the incantation; i. 167-170—is received with much civility by the jewellers of Naples, as also by the viceroy; i. 170—leaves Naples and returns to Rome; i. 173, 174—Benedetto is cured, Benvenuto Cellini is restored to the Pope's favour, and finishes the medals for his holiness; i. 175—death of Pope Clement VII; i. 178—Benvenuto kills Pompeo the jeweller; i. 180—he is protected by a number of friends, among whom are the Cardinals Cornaro and de' Medici; i. 181—Cardinal Farnese is elected Pope, as Paul III; i. 183—he protects Benvenuto for the death of Pompeo, and gives him a safe conduct; i. 183—Signor Pier-Luigi, the Pope's natural son, is induced by Pompeo's daughter to revenge the death of her father; i. 184—a Corsican soldier is employed to assassinate Benvenuto; but failing, he becomes his friend, and warns him of his danger; i. 185-187—Benvenuto leaves Rome for Florence; i. 187—is well received by Duke Alexander; i. 188—he sets out for Venice in company with Tribolo and others; i. 189—fray with Nicolo Benintendi; i. 190—Sansuino's reception of Tribolo, and Benvenuto's remark to the former; i. 193, 194—adventure with the landlord, and Benvenuto's peculiar mode of revenge; i. 195—his interview with Duke Alexander at Florence, who makes him a present of a beautiful gun; i. 197, 198—is employed by the duke; i. 191—Benvenuto receives a safe-conduct from the Pope, that he may repair to Rome, and clear himself of the charge of murder; i. 199—he takes leave of the duke, and repairs to Rome; i. 201—he is attacked in his house at Rome by the city guard, who attempt to arrest him for the murder of Pompeo; i. 202—he receives his full pardon, which is registered in the Capitol, and walks in procession: i. 206, 207—he is attacked by a violent fever; i. 207—fidelity of Felice; i. 211—Varchi's sonnet on the supposed death of Benvenuto; i. 212—

Benvenuto is much relieved by drinking a quantity of cold water; i. 213—he removes to Florence for the recovery of his health, and finds Duke Alexander much prepossessed against him; i. 217-220—Benvenuto returns to Rome; i. 221—appearance in the heavens over Florence; i. 224—assassination of Duke Alexander de' Medici at Florence; i. 225—Cosmo de' Medici is created Grand Duke of Tuscany; i. 225—Benvenuto is employed by Pope Paul III to make a gold cover for a prayer-book to be presented to the Emperor Charles V upon his intended visit to Rome; i. 227—he is introduced to the emperor, by whom he is well received; i. 230—displays his great skill in setting diamonds; i. 232—conceiving himself not sufficiently rewarded, he resolves to quit Rome for France; i. 235—takes Ascanio into his service; i. 236—Benvenuto has occasion to correct his apprentice Ascanio, which occasions him some trouble; but the affair is afterwards amicably adjusted; i. 237-240—he sets out for France, accompanied by his apprentice Ascanio; i. 242—visits Signor Pietro Bembo (afterwards cardinal), and draws his likeness for a medal; i. 242—generosity of the cardinal; i. 244—Benvenuto and his party meet with great danger in crossing the lake of Geneva; i. 245—arrives in Paris; i. 250—ungrateful behaviour of Rosso the painter; i. 251—Benvenuto is introduced to the king (Francis I) at Fontainebleau; i. 253—he cultivates the friendship of the Cardinal of Ferrara; i. 253—being taken ill, as also his apprentice, he conceives it necessary to return to Rome; i. 253—Benvenuto saves a man from being drowned; i. 254—on passing through Ferrara, he pays his respects to the duke of that city; i. 256—Benvenuto again settles at Rome; i. 257—he receives a letter from the Cardinal of Ferrara making him an offer of service from the King of France; which he accepts; i. 258-260—he is falsely accused by one of his journeymen of embezzlement, and is thrown into prison by order of the Pope; i. 260, 261—Pier-Luigi, the Pope's bastard son, in hopes of obtaining Benvenuto's supposed treasure, prevails on his father to proceed against

him with great severity; i. 262—Benvenuto's examination before the governor of Rome; i. 263—he makes an animated speech in his defence; i. 265-267—the King of France interposes in his behalf; i. 267—kind behaviour towards Benvenuto of Georgio Ugolini, constable of the castle of St Angelo; i. 268—Account of Pallavacini the monk; i. 269—the Pope is much enraged at the intercession made on behalf of Benvenuto by the King of France; i. 274—quarrel between Benvenuto and Ascanio; i. 275—the constable is seized with a strange disorder, which takes a serious turn for Benvenuto; i. 277—he escapes from the tower of St Angelo, but breaks his leg; and is received into the palace of the Cardinal of Cornaro; i. 281-287—general surprise at Benvenuto's escape; i. 288—account of the escape of Pope Paul III from the same tower, when a young man; i. 290—Pier-Luigi falsely represents to the Pope an affair of pigeon shooting, in which Benvenuto was concerned; i. 292—Cardinal Cornaro, through a motive of interest, delivers Benvenuto again into the hands of the Pope; i. 295—he is confined in the condemned cells of the Tower of Mona; i. 298—Pier-Luigi's lady intercedes for him with the Pope; i. 301—he is removed to his former prison in the Castle of St. Angelo, and confined in a dark damp cell under the garden; i. 302-304—Benvenuto conceives a plan of suicide, but is prevented by supernatural interposition; i. 305—his dream; i. 306—dialogue between his soul and his body; i. 307—the constable of the castle, in a fit of madness, removes him to a dreadful cell, wherein he is kept two days, and then removed to his former prison; i. 310—Benvenuto's extraordinary vision; i. 313—the constable recovers his reason, and treats Benvenuto with kindness, the latter addresses a sonnet to him; i. 316, 317—death of the constable; i. 318—an attempt to poison Benvenuto; i. 319—he obtains his liberty through the intercession of the Cardinal of Ferrara, and writes verses while confined in the Castle of St Angelo; ii. 6-9—he visits Ascanio at Tagliacozzo, and takes him again into his service; ii. 15—he makes a

beautiful cup for the Cardinal of Ferrara; ii. 16—his Venus and Cupid, and Amphitrite and Tritons; ii. 18—Benvenuto enters the service of the King of France (Francis I); ii. 19—he departs from Rome for France, accompanied by his two apprentices, Paolo Romano and Ascanio; ii. 19—quarrels with the post-master of Comollia, whom he kills; ii. 22-24—Benvenuto visits Florence, and then Ferrara, where he remains sometime with the Duke of Ferrara; ii. 28—Benvenuto is taken ill, but is cured by feeding on wild peacocks; ii. 29—he draws a portrait of the duke, with a beautiful reverse; description of it; ii. 30—is but ill paid for his labour while at Ferrara; ii. 32, 33—curious interview with Signor Alphonso de' Trotti, who imagines the small vases that Benvenuto formerly made for the quack-doctor Jacopo to be antiques; ii. 34—character of the people of Ferrara; ii. 36—Benvenuto leaves Ferrara with his apprentices; ii. 36—he arrives at Paris; ii. 37—is introduced to Francis I by the Cardinal of Ferrara, at Fontainebleau; 38—an insufficient salary offered to Benvenuto by the cardinal, which he declines; ii. 40—disgusted with the offers made him, he determines upon a pilgrimage to the holy sepulchre; ii. 43—he is detained by an order from the king, who settles a salary upon him of seven hundred crowns, and pay him the expenses of his journey; ii. 43, 44—the king orders him to make twelve statues of silver; ii. 44—he returns to Paris with Ascanio and Paolo, and the king assigns to him a residence called Little Nello; ii. 45—Benvenuto is exactly forty years of age when taken into the service of the French king; ii. 46—he has great trouble in keeping possession of his house; ii. 47, 48—the king employs him to make large silver statues of Jupiter, Vulcan, and Mars; ii. 50—Benvenuto carries the golden cup and basin to the Cardinal of Ferrara, who makes a present of them to the king; ii. 50—Benvenuto loses the gratuity of the king through the avarice of the cardinal; ii. 51—the king, accompanied by Madame D'Estampes and court, visit Benvenuto at his shop in Paris; ii. 51, 52—he presents

the model of a salt-cellar to the king, who is so highly pleased with it, that he orders him a thousand gold crowns to proceed with the work; ii. 53, 54—a plan is laid for robbing him of the money as he is carrying it home; but he forces the robbers to desist; ii. 55-57—an emulation between Benvenuto and some Parisian artists in casting bronze figures; ii. 58—the Parisian cast of Jupiter is a failure, while the two heads of Benvenuto are eminently successful; ii. 60—the king of his own accord grants him letters of naturalization, and creates him lord of the Castle of Nello; ii. 62, 63—description of a model for the gate intended for Fontainebleau; ii. 66, 67—description of the model of a fountain; ii. 67, 68—Madame D'Estampes, mistress of Francis, conceiving herself neglected by Benvenuto, becomes his enemy; ii. 69—he revenges himself, by presenting a beautiful piece of plate intended for her, to the Cardinal of Lorraine, for which he is handsomely rewarded; ii. 70—he is much troubled in the possession of his castle through the means of Madame D'Estampes; ii. 72—Francesco Primaticcio, commonly called Bologna, a painter, attempts to rival Benvenuto; ii. 75—a lawsuit commenced against Benvenuto; ii. 77—description of the court of justice; ii. 77, 78—faithlessness of Benvenuto's mistress Catherine, and hypocrisy of one of his Italian journeymen; ii. 80-82—he turns them both out of his house, upon which they form a conspiracy against him; ii. 82—he is ordered to appear before the judges, and asserts his innocence; ii. 83-86—rupture between Bologna and Benvenuto; ii. 86—the latter's decisive measure towards the former; ii. 90—Benvenuto forces his late Italian workman to marry Catherine; ii. 93—Benvenuto has a daughter by a French girl named Jane, whom he christens Constantia; ii. 97—meanness of the Cardinal of Ferrara; ii. 98—generosity of King Francis; ii. 100—intrusion of a perfumer into Benvenuto's house by desire of Madame D'Estampes; ii. 102—he dislodges him by force; ii. 104—he exhibits his statue of Jupiter to the king and court at Fontainebleau, which gains universal admiration;

and is ordered one thousand crowns by the king, in part as remuneration; ii. 104-108—reason why the castle of Nello is reported to be haunted; ii. 109—Benvenuto is consulted about fortifying Paris; ii. 110—Madame D'Estampes, by constant artifices, prejudices the king against Benvenuto; ii. 111—the king rebukes him; ii. 113—Benvenuto's reply to his majesty; ii. 113—Monsieur St Paul's proposed method of keeping Benvenuto in France; ii. 117—he requests leave to return to Italy, which he obtains through the Cardinal of Ferrara; ii. 118—he leaves his house and furniture in the care of his two apprentices, Ascanio and Paolo, and departs from Paris; ii. 121—Ascanio is ordered to follow his master, and tell him that he must return the two silver vases; which he sends back with other things of value; ii. 132—he encounters a dreadful storm of hail near Lyons; ii. 124—he meets with Count Galeotto of Mirandola, who informs him of the Cardinal of Ferrara's treachery; ii. 125, 126—he arrives at Placentia, where he meets with his ancient enemy, the Duke Pier-Luigi; ii. 126—he arrives at Florence; ii. 128—honesty of his brother-in-law; ii. 128—he waits on Cosmo de' Medici, Grand Duke of Tuscany, by whom he is well received; ii. 130—is employed by the duke to make a Perseus; ii. 131—a house is appointed for him; ii. 133—he quarrels with Francesco Riccio, the duke's steward; ii. 136—he is appointed a salary of two hundred crowns a year; ii. 137 the King of France is much displeased with Benvenuto, through the treacherous misrepresentations of Ascanio and Paolo; ii. 129—he commences his celebrated statue of Perseus, but encounters great difficulties through the jealousy of Bandinello, the sculptor; ii. 140—Benvenuto's brother-in-law dies, leaving to him the care of his sister and her six daughters; ii. 141—hires a very useful servant named Bernardino Manellini; ii. 141—he takes the duke's likeness in clay; ii. 142—the King of France is so much displeased with the departure of Benvenuto, that the latter is obliged to write a long memorial to his majesty; ii. 144—Bernardone Baldini, the duke's

diamond broker, joins with Landi to defraud his excellency in the sale of a diamond; ii. 145-147—infamous conduct of the mother of his apprentice Cencio; ii. 148—Benvenuto, disgusted with the duke's servants, takes a trip to Venice, leaving a large property in the hands of his sister; ii. 150—visits Titian, the great painter, and Jacopo Sansovino, the statuary; ii. 150—he meets with Signor Lorenzo de' Medici, who advises him to return to France; ii. 151—Benvenuto retires to Florence; ii. 151—he casts in bronze the great head of the grand duke; ii. 152—he most successfully casts the figure of Medusa for the statue of Perseus; ii. 153—base insinuations of Bandinello; ii. 153—Benvenuto explains to the duke the knavish transactions of the diamond, upon which Bernardone and Landi are forced to fly from Florence; ii. 156, 157—the duchess is anxious to employ Benvenuto; ii. 158—his regret at leaving France; ii. 160—his meeting with Bandinello; ii. 161—death of Benvenuto's infant son; ii. 162—description of a beautiful ring he makes for the duchess; ii. 163—Benvenuto's opinion of a mutilated small Greek marble statue; he offers to repair it as a Ganymede; ii. 164—Bandinello is present, and disagrees with Benvenuto respecting the merits of the Greek marble; ii. 165—Benvenuto's satirical description of Bandinello's statue of Hercules; ii. 167—Bandinello is so enraged with Benvenuto, that he bestows on him the vilest abuse in the presence of the duke and his nobles; ii. 168—the duke sends a piece of marble to Benvenuto, and requests him to restore the antique Ganymede; ii. 170—account of the Narcissus cut in marble by Benvenuto; ii. 171—an accident happens to him, by which the sight of one of his eyes is endangered; ii. 171—the duke is doubtful of Benvenuto's skill in casting such a large figure in bronze as Perseus; but he explains to his excellency in what manner it will be produced successfully from the mould; ii. 173-176—he prepares with great care the mould of his Perseus; ii. 176—description of his curious furnace; ii. 177—he is taken ill during the operation of melting the brass,

and is obliged to retire to bed; ii. 178—his men are all alarmed, fearing that the casting has failed; ii. 179—upon this being announced to Benvenuto, he rushes to his workshop, and by an amazing effort of mind and body, renovates the furnace, causes the bronze to flow gradually, and produces his Perseus in the manner he had foretold the duke; ii. 179-184—he waits upon the duke and duchess of Pisa, by whom he is greatly caressed; ii. 184—his masterly likeness of Bindo Altoviti; ii. 187—he visits Rome on receiving a letter from Michael Angelo; ii. 187—Benvenuto invites Michael Angelo to Florence, by order of the duke, but he declines the offer; ii. 189—Benvenuto returns to Florence; ii. 190—he unfortunately displeases the duchess in an affair concerning a string of pearls; ii. 192—Bernardone, the broker, persuades the duke to purchase the pearls; in which Benvenuto was unsuccessful, and thereby made the duchess his enemy; ii. 195—war is declared against Sienna, and Florence is fortified; the gates of Prato and Arno are ordered to be fortified by Benvenuto; ii. 197—his disagreement with a Lombard captain; ii. 199—various antiques are found near Arezzo, the bronze figures of which the duke takes great pleasure in cleansing, with the assistance of Benvenuto; ii. 201—displeasure of the duchess on seeing Benvenuto coming so often to the palace; ii. 202—fondness of their excellencies' children for Benvenuto; ii. 203—he finishes the small bronze statues of Jupiter, Mercury, Minerva, and Danae, for the basis of the statue of Perseus, and exhibits them in an apartment of the palace; ii. 203—the duchess is desirous of their remaining in the palace, but Benvenuto removes them to their proper place during her absence, which gives her much displeasure; ii. 204, 205—Benvenuto's notice of Bernardone's conduct when coming out of church; ii. 205—the duke requests Benvenuto to exhibit his statue of Perseus in an unfinished state to the populace, to which he agrees; ii. 206—Bandinello praises the performance; ii. 207—upon the exhibition of his statue, Benvenuto receives universal applause, and various Latin and Greek odes are written in

praise of his performance ; ii. 207—the statue of Perseus being completely finished, and exhibited fully, it is greeted with such universal admiration and praise, that the duke sends a special message of congratulation to Benvenuto ; ii. 209—he is invited into the service of the viceroy of Sicily, but declines ; ii. 210—he intends to make a short pilgrimage to Vallombrosa, Camaldoli, and the baths of St Maria ; ii. 212—he meets an old alchymist at the baths of St Maria, who informs him of certain gold and silver mines in that country, as well as of a dangerous pass, of which he displays a map ; ii. 213, 214—Benvenuto returns to Florence with the map, and presents it to the duke ; ii. 214—the duke disagrees with him concerning the price of his Perseus ; ii. 216—the duchess is desirous of becoming arbitress on the occasion, which Benvenuto declines ; ii. 216—he leaves the affair of his Perseus to Girolamo degli Albizi, with the termination of which Benvenuto is much dissatisfied ; ii. 217, 218—the duke is attacked by a dangerous disorder, upon which all his servants and tradesmen are paid what money is due to them, and Benvenuto among the rest ; ii. 219—the duke recovers, and orders Baccio Bandinello to value the statue of Perseus, which he does at sixteen thousand crowns ; ii. 222—Benvenuto is ordered to make some basso relievos for the choir of St Maria del Fiore, which he declines ; but offers to execute two pulpits ; ii. 224—contest between Bandinello and Benvenuto about carving the statue of Neptune from a very fine piece of marble ; ii. 227—the duke decides in favour of Benvenuto ; ii. 231—Bandinello dies through grief ; ii. 232—his tomb in the church of the Nunziata ; ii. 233—the piece of marble is given to Ammanato ; ii. 233—Benvenuto purchases a farm of Sbietta, a grazier ; ii. 235—he accepts an invitation from Sbietta to visit him, when he is received with the greatest courtesy by the grazier's wife and brother, a priest named Philip ; ii. 237—Benvenuto is warned of some impending danger by one of his tenants ; ii. 238—Sbietta's wife and brother poison Benvenuto at supper ; but not in sufficient quantity to

kill him, although it makes him ill for a considerable time; ii. 240—he is favoured and encouraged by Don Francesco, the duke's eldest son; ii. 243—great injustice is shown to Benvenuto by the magistrates, in his lawsuit with Sbietta; ii. 244—he represents the conduct of Sbietta to the duke, but receives no redress; ii. 246—infamous conduct of Rafaellone Schieggia relative to the affair of Sbietta; ii. 247—the duke and duchess visit Benvenuto at his workshop, whereupon he presents them with a beautiful marble crucifix; ii. 250—the duke and duchess are perfectly reconciled to Benvenuto, and promise him every assistance; ii. 251—disappointed in his expectations, he is inclined to accept of proposals made to him by the ambassador of Catherine de' Medici, queen dowager of France, to revisit that kingdom, and erect a mausoleum to her husband, Henry II; ii. 251—the duke is not favourable to the proposal; ii. 252—Benvenuto repairs to Pisa; ii. 253—the remainder of his life he passes without vicissitude chiefly at Florence; ii. 255—his will; ii. 255, 256—he is buried with much funeral pomp in the church of the Nunziata; ii. 257.

Cellini, Cecchino, (brother to Benvenuto,) fights with a young man, whom he almost kills, but is attacked by the people present, and dangerously wounded with a stone; when Benvenuto and some soldiers save him; i. 14—returns home in the absence of Benvenuto, and takes part of his brother's clothes; i. 19—meets his brother Benvenuto at Florence; i. 99—comes to Rome in the service of Duke Alexander de' Medici; i. 119—is wounded by the city guard, in defence of a friend named Bertino, who had quarrelled with them; i. 121—is carried home, and treated with the greatest kindness by the duke; i. 122—dies of his wounds; i. 124—is handsomely interred by his brother Benvenuto, who has a monument erected to his memory; i. 124—his epitaph; i. 124.

Cellini, Cristofano, (one of Benvenuto's ancestors,) sketch of his life; i. 4.

Cellini, Giovan, (Benvenuto's father,) i. 5—his marriage with Elizabeth, daughter of Stephen Granacci; i. 6

—teaches his son Benvenuto to play on the flute and to sing; i. 9—is an excellent mechanic and engineer; i. 9—becomes court musician to Lorenzo de' Medici, but is removed; i. 9—makes a curious mirror; i. 9—his place of court musician is restored; i. 10—takes his son Benvenuto to play on the flute before Peter Soderino, the gonfalonier; i. 10—is averse to Benvenuto becoming a goldsmith; i. 12—quarrels with Pierino, who had been his scholar; i. 16—prophecy's the destruction of Pierino and his family, which is shortly afterwards fulfilled; i. 17, 18—pleads for his son Benvenuto before the magistrates of Florence; i. 34—provides him with arms that he may escape in safety to Sienna; i. 35—his speech to a magistrate respecting Benvenuto; i. 44—his joy at seeing Benvenuto return to Florence; i. 95—advises him to leave the army, and retire from Florence to Mantua; i. 96—dies at Florence of the plague; i. 98.

Cellini, Giovan, son of Benvenuto Cellini; ii. 268—he had nearly completed his education when he died, exceedingly regretted by his father; ii. 268—his epitaph, written by his father; ii. 269.

Cellini, Piera, wife of Benvenuto Cellini, by whom he has two daughters and one son, namely, Reparata, Magdalen, and Andrew Simon; ii. 256.

Cellini, Luca, his combat with Francis da Vicorati; i. 4.

Cencio, an apprentice to Benvenuto Cellini; is taken by his master to a necromantic ceremony in the Colosseo, at Rome; i. 159—his dreadful fright at what he sees; i. 160, 161—he is present when his master is attacked in his house by the city guard; i. 202—he repeats the account of the attack to a company of gentlemen; i. 205—he is to walk before his master in a procession on the festival of the Virgin Mary, handsomely attired; i. 205—he is attacked by a fever; i. 213.

Cennini, Bastiano, master of the mint to Duke Alexander de' Medici; an indifferent artist; i. 199.

Centano, Andrea, gentleman to Cardinal Cornaro, for whose sake, that he may obtain for him a bishopric, he delivers Benvenuto Cellini into the hands of the Pope;

i. 294—he visits the latter, who requests not to be given up; i. 295.

Ceri, Rienzo da, a young gentleman in the service of Lorenzo de' Medici; i. 54—he ridicules the Florentines at an entertainment, which is resented by Benvenuto Cellini; i. 54—Benvenuto gives him a slap in the face, which causes Ceri to challenge him; i. 55—a duel takes place without bloodshed; i. 55.

Cesarini, Gabriello, gonfalonier of Rome, employs Benvenuto Cellini; i. 52.

Charles V, Emperor of Germany and King of Spain, enters Rome in great pomp on a visit to Pope Paul III; i. 228—Signor Durante is ordered to present to his majesty two beautiful Turkish horses; i. 229—the Pope entrusts Benvenuto Cellini to present to Charles a superb office of the Virgin Mary, elegantly bound and ornamented with gold and jewels by Benvenuto; i. 230—the emperor orders a large reward to be given Benvenuto, of which he is deprived by Durante; i. 231.

Cherubino, an excellent watch-maker, who accompanies Benvenuto Cellini to Sienna; ii. 20-26.

Chiavica, a place in the city of Rome, where Benvenuto Cellini kills Pompeo, the jeweller; i. 130.

Chioccia, Bartolomeo, a native of Ferrara, and journeyman to Benvenuto Cellini at Paris; ii. 80—he takes him to an entertainment; ii. 81—he accompanies his master to the house of Catherine, and is witness to her marriage with Paolo Mecceri; ii. 92-94.

Cibo, Cardinal, sends for Benvenuto Cellini, and orders him to make a piece of plate; i. 52.

Civettino, Bernardino, a merry physician of Rome, but of poor abilities, is against bleeding Benvenuto Cellini, when it might have saved him from a fever; i. 204—is rebuked by another physician; i. 214.

Clement VII, Pope, when Cardinal de' Medici, sends Benvenuto to Bologna to improve in music; i. 15—is elected Pope; i. 36—takes Benvenuto Cellini into his service; i. 46—is besieged in the Castle of St Angelo by the imperial army under the Duke of Bourbon; i. 81—the duke is killed; i. 81—the Pope appoints Signor An-

tonio Santa Croce to be chief engineer, who gives the command of certain guns to Benvenuto Cellini; i. 83—his holiness sends for assistance to the Duke d'Urbino; i. 85—is present when Benvenuto Cellini destroys a Spanish captain; for which, and all other homicides committed in defence of the apostolical church, he gives him absolution; i. 89—orders Benvenuto Cellini, in the presence of Philip Strozzi, master of the horse, to take the gold off all the regalia of the apostolical chamber, and to sew the jewels in his own and Strozzi's clothes, and then to melt the gold; i. 91—upon the death of the Prince of Orange, his holiness orders a very vigorous measure, which is opposed by Cardinal Orsino; i. 92—defends Benvenuto Cellini against Cardinal Orsino; i. 63—accommodates with the imperialists; i. 94—he declares war against the Florentines; i. 102—is desirous of having Benvenuto Cellini again in his service; i. 103—has an interview with him, hears his confession, and gives him absolution; i. 106, 107—employs Benvenuto to make the button of his cope, which was begun by Caradosso; i. 108—description of the button; i. 111—employs Benvenuto Cellini to stamp his coins; i. 113—makes him stamp-master of the mint; i. 114—he sends Benvenuto Cellini all his jewels to re-set, excepting the large diamond, which he had pawned to certain Genoese bankers; i. 128—his suspicion of Benvenuto upon seeing him immediately after the latter being robbed; i. 131—is much gratified on hearing that the jewels are all safe; i. 131—he employs Benvenuto Cellini to make him a magnificent chalice; i. 136—is induced by Cardinal Salviati to employ a condemned goldsmith named Tobia, who gives him little satisfaction; i. 145—he deprives Benvenuto Cellini of his place of stamp-master; i. 148—he puts Benvenuto Cellini to much trouble respecting the chalice; i. 174-155—upon a false accusation, his holiness orders Benvenuto to be put to death, upon which the latter escapes to Naples; i. 166—he forgives Benvenuto, and takes him again into his service; i. 177—his death; i. 178.

Comollia, a town in Italy near Sienna, where Ben-

venuto fights the post-master, but kills him unintentionally; ii. 22.

Concino, Bartolomeo, one of Duke Cosmo's chief secretaries; ii. 247—his conversation with Benvenuto Cellini; ii. 247.

Constantia, a natural daughter of Benvenuto Cellini by his mistress Jane; ii. 97—her godfather and godmothers; ii. 97.

Conversini, Benedetto, Signor, (afterwards Bishop of Jesi,) governor of Rome; i. 262—his rough treatment of Benvenuto Cellini; i. 263.

Cornaro, Cardinal, employs Benvenuto Cellini; i. 52—he protects him after he has killed Pompeo, the jeweller; i. 181—sends him to his country-house for the good of his health; i. 215—receives and protects Benvenuto Cellini after his escape from the castle of St Angelo; i. 237—he delivers Benvenuto Cellini again into the hands of the Pope through an interested motive; i. 294—the cardinal always sends provisions to Benvenuto, which he uses in preference, for fear of being poisoned; i. 297.

Corsican, a, hired to assassinate Benvenuto Cellini; i. 185—his covetousness; i. 185—he fails, and becomes Benvenuto's friend; i. 186.

Cosa, (Benvenuto's eldest sister,) a nun at St Ursula; i. 96—dies of the plague; i. 98.

Crispino, captain of the Roman city guard; i. 261—takes Benvenuto Cellini prisoner by order of Pope Paul III; i. 261—his politeness; i. 261.

Croce, Baccino della, a gentleman sent by Clement VII to Benvenuto Cellini; i. 155.

Diego, the son of a Spanish coppersmith, a youth of great beauty, whom Benvenuto Cellini dresses as a lady, and introduces at an entertainment given by Michael Angelo; i. 63—upon the frolic being discovered, it creates much mirth; i. 67.

Diego, Don, a Spanish gentleman, who adjusts a dispute between Francesco, a Spanish jeweller, and Benvenuto Cellini; i. 237-240.

Donatello, his statues are in the great square of

Florence; ii. 132—he cast his bronze works with the earth of Florence; ii. 152—the nature of the earth was not understood by him; ii. 152.

Donino, a goldsmith of Parma, robbed in Rome by a Geonese thief; i. 133—recovers part of his property; i. 134.

Durante, Signor, chamberlain to Pope Paul III; i. 229—is ordered by the Pope to present to his imperial majesty two fine Turkish horses; i. 229—his awkward conduct before the Emperor Charles V; i. 230—he purloins a sum of money intended for Benvenuto Cellini; i. 231—he attempts to poison Benvenuto; i. 321.

Estampes, Madame D', mistress to Francis I of France, accompanies the king and a number of the nobility on a visit to Benvenuto Cellini's shop; ii. 51—in company with the king, she again visits Benvenuto, and admires his performances; ii. 64—she conceives herself neglected by Benvenuto; ii. 69—Benvenuto prepares a fine piece of plate to present to her in order to appease her resentment, which she loses by keeping him in attendance an unreasonable time; ii. 69, 70—Madame D'Estampes becomes Benvenuto's enemy; ii. 71—she encourages one of her domestics to annoy Benvenuto; who being severely treated by the latter, complains to Madame D'Estampes ii. 73—she irritates the king against Benvenuto, who is protected by the Dauphin; ii. 73, 74—she stimulates Bologona the painter to obtain from the king the work he intends for Benvenuto; ii. 76—her rage on finding that she has not sufficient influence over the king to effect the destruction of Benvenuto; ii. 102—she at last obtains permission of the king, that a perfumer shall occupy part of Benvenuto's castle; ii. 103—to her great mortification, Benvenuto compels him to leave the castle; ii 104—Madame D'Estampes induces the king to swear that he will no more favour Benvenuto; ii. 111.

Fano, Luigi da, Signor, a gentleman of learning, present at an entertainment given by Signor Gaddi; i. 205.

Farnese, Duchess of, natural daughter of the emperor, was first married to Duke Alexander de' Medici; i. 285—her excellency is a great friend to Benvenuto Cellini; i. 286—she generously interferes for him when he is kept a close prisoner by Pope Paul III; i. 301.

Farnese, Ottavio, Duke, marries the widow of the Duke Alexander de' Medici, the daughter of the emperor; i. 286.

Fé, de la, Monsieur, treasurer to King Francis, gives Benvenuto Cellini an account of the conduct of Bologna and Madame D'Estampes; ii. 88.

Ferrara, Cardinal of, becomes friendly to Benvenuto Cellini previous to his being made a cardinal; i. 253—he offers Benvenuto a residence at one of his abbeys at Lyons; i. 253—gives him a sum of money to make him a basin and cup; i. 253—the cardinal writes to Benvenuto, and engages him in the service of the king of France; i. 258—he makes his appearance at the court of Rome; ii. 5—seizing a proper opportunity at a supper with the Pope, he obtains Benvenuto's liberation from prison; ii. 6—the cardinal lodges Benvenuto in his palace; ii. 15—upon Benvenuto's visiting the cardinal, he introduces him to the king, who is highly pleased at his arrival in France; ii. 39—the cardinal frequently dines in public with the king; ii. 40—the cardinal proposes a salary of three hundred crowns a year to Benvenuto, which the latter declines; ii. 40—the cardinal in a passion dismisses Benvenuto; ii. 41—he sends a king's messenger after Benvenuto, to enforce his return; ii. 43—he announces to Benvenuto the king's intention respecting his salary; ii. 44—the cardinal permits Benvenuto and his apprentices to work at his house in Paris, until the king finds him a suitable dwelling; ii. 45—he receives from Benvenuto Cellini the beautiful cup and basin, which he immediately presents to the king of France; ii. 50—he receives from the king an abbey worth seven thousand crowns a year; ii. 50—the cardinal's mean conduct to Benvenuto; ii. 51—his resentment to Benvenuto for having shown the king the model of a salt-cellar which had formerly been intended for himself; ii. 54—he neglects Benvenuto; ii. 98

—his artful speech respecting him to the king; ii. 98, 99 —he is in waiting on the king at Argenton, and obtains permission for Benvenuto to return to Italy; ii. 118, 119 —after the departure of Benvenuto for Italy he joins in a conspiracy against him; ii. 126.

Ferrara, Duke of, his return from Belfiore after a tournament; i. 189—he accommodates his differences with Pope Paul III; ii. 29—he requests Benvenuto Cellini to draw his picture; ii. 30.

Firenzuola, a native of Lombardy, an excellent artist, and the first goldsmith who employs Benvenuto Cellini on his arrival in Rome; i. 27—he rebukes his journeyman, Gianotto, for his behaviour to Benvenuto; i. 28—Firenzuola is displeased with Benvenuto leaving him to work for a goldsmith named Arsago; i. 21—he quarrels with Arsago; i. 28—he is afterwards reconciled to Benvenuto, and they become friends; i. 29.

Florence, origin of, from Florentius of Cellino, a Roman officer in the army of Julius Cæsar; i. 3—suffers from the plague; i. 94.

Fojana, a preacher who was starved to death in a subterranean cell in the Castle of St Angelo; i. 308.

Fontana, Dominico, a Neapolitan jeweller, receives Benvenuto Cellini at Naples with the greatest kindness; i. 171.

Francesco, Don, a Spanish goldsmith working at Rome; i. 236—has an apprentice named Ascanio, who leaves his employment to work for Benvenuto Cellini; i. 236—dubious character of Francesco's wife; i. 237—he has a dispute with Benvenuto, which is amicably adjusted; i. 239.

Francesco, John, a celebrated Florentine painter, and a pupil of Raphael D'Urbino, is present at a dinner of Florentine artists on the feast of St John; i. 54—he is one of the company at an entertainmenment given by Michael Angelo; i. 64.

Francis I, King of France, has Rosso, the painter, in his service; i. 251—upon Benvenuto Cellini's first visit to France he is introduced to his majesty, who receives him in the most affable manner; i. 253—Benvenuto having

left France on account of ill health, his majesty engages him in his service by letter; i. 258—the king, through his ambassador at Rome, frequently solicits for the liberation of Benvenuto during his confinement in the Castle of St Angelo; i. 267, i. 273, i. 322—Francis again most graciously receives Benvenuto on his arrival at the French court; ii. 39—the king frequently has the Cardinal of Ferrara at his table; ii. 40—he appoints Benvenuto a salary of seven hundred crowns, and his two apprentices one hundred each; ii. 44, 45—he grants Benvenuto the castle called the Little Nello; ii. 45—he also places him under the care of Monsieur d'Orbech, one of his courtiers; ii. 49—he receives with great pleasure, from the Cardinal of Ferrara, the beautiful cup and basin, the work of Benvenuto Cellini; and in return, gives the cardinal an abbey worth seven thousand crowns a year; ii. 50—he orders Benvenuto Cellini to make him three statues of silver, Jupiter, Vulcan, and Mars; ii. 50—he visits Benvenuto Cellini, accompanied with his court, to see what progress he has made, and is highly pleased; ii. 52—he orders Benvenuto Cellini a thousand gold crowns, that he may make him a salt-cellar; ii. 54—he presents Benvenuto with letters of naturalization, and makes him lord of the castle of Nello; ii. 62—he again visits Benvenuto, in company with several nobility and Madame D'Estampes, ii. 64—his fatal disputes with the emperor Charles V; ii. 65—his particular pleasure in having Benvenuto in his service; ii. 68, 69—he is desirous that Benvenuto should stamp the coins for his kingdom, and sends him some designs; ii. 87—he orders the Cardinal of Ferrara to encourage Benvenuto, and supply him with a large sum of money; ii. 98—the king is pleased with Benvenuto's statue of Jupiter; ii. 100—finding that the Cardinal of Ferrara neglects Benvenuto, he orders Monsieur D'Annebaut, Admiral of France, to give him the first vacant abbey; ii. 100—through the persuasion of Madame D'Estampes, he grants permission to a perfumer to occupy part of Benvenuto's castle of Nello; ii. 103—the king is well pleased on hearing that Benvenuto has driven the perfumer out of the castle, and grants him new letters

to prevent his being molested in future ; ii. 104—his admiration of Benvenuto's statue of Jupiter on seeing it in the gallery at Fontainebleau; ii. 106, 107—France is invaded by the Emperor Charles V, and Francis orders Benvenuto Cellini to fortify Paris, but is counteracted by Madame D'Estampes ; ii. 110, 111—to please Madame D'Estampes, the king swears not to favour Benvenuto ; ii. 111—he visits Benvenuto, and at first speaks severely to him, but is appeased; ii. 112-116—the king is reluctant to part with Benvenuto ; ii. 113—he inquires after Benvenuto, and is much enraged on finding that he has entered the service of Duke Cosmo de' Medici ; ii. 139, 140—the apprentices of Benvenuto, Ascanio and Paola, apply to his majesty for a grant of their master's castle of Nello, which the king refuses them ; ii. 143—the King of France sends to Benvenuto for an account of all the work he had done for him ; ii. 144—Benvenuto addresses a long memorial to his majesty in answer ; ii. 144.

Gaddi, Agnolino, is present at an incantation held in the Colosseo ; i. 159.

Gaddi, Cardinal, is warned by Benvenuto Cellini of the danger of visiting the ramparts of St Angelo when it is besieged ; i. 85—Benvenuto gets him confined ; i. 86—the pretended bounty of the cardinal ; i. 259—his vanity ; i. 259.

Gaddi, Giovanni, Signor, clerk of the chamber to Clement VII, an admirer of the fine arts ; i. 117—Benvenuto Cellini deposits some valuable jewels in his care during an inundation at Rome ; i. 135—upon Benvenuto's hurting Benedetto, the notary, he advises him to escape, and provides him with a horse ; i. 167—Benvenuto upon his return to Rome, alights at his house ; i. 202—Gaddi gives a dinner to a party who are friends of Benvenuto ; i. 205—Signor Gaddi pays Benvenuto, who lies dangerously ill of a fever, several interested visits ; i. 207—he is much confused at the abuse given to him by Benvenuto in a raving fit ; i. 209—he ceases visiting Benvenuto ; i. 211.

Gajo, a Milanese jeweller at Rome, is arrogant, and

doubtful of Benvenuto Cellini's abilities ; i. 231—is delighted at the success of Benvenuto ; i. 232—he informs the Pope ; i. 233, 234.

Galli, Benedetto da, judge of the criminal court of Rome, is appointed to examine Benvenuto Cellini on a charge of embezzlement ; i. 262.

Gallo, Antonio da San, Signor, an excellent architect ; i. 251—his conduct to Rosso, the painter ; i. 252.

Galluzzi, Barnardo, his honesty ; ii. 7—he becomes a bankrupt, and Benvenuto Cellini thereby loses several hundred crowns ; ii. 7.

Gianotti, a Florentine goldsmith, in whose company Benvenuto Cellini frequently practised drawing ; i. 27—Benvenuto meets him at Rome, where Gianotti affects not to know him ; i. 27—Gianotti is rebuked by his master Firenzuola ; i. 28.

Gigliolo, Girolamo, treasurer to the Duke of Ferrara ; refuses to pay the Pope the money ordered by his master ; ii. 29, 30—he tries to defraud Benvenuto in the transaction of a ring ; ii. 32.

Ginori, Frederick ; i. 100—employs Benvenuto Cellini to make a medal representing Atlas bearing the world on his shoulders ; i. 101—dies of a consumption ; i. 108—the medal of Atlas is presented to Francis I, King of France ; i. 109.

Giudeo, Grazia da, a goldsmith of Bologna, for whom Benvenuto works ; i. 16.

Gorini, Lattanzio, description of ; ii. 134—his ill treatment of Benvenuto Cellini ; ii. 160.

Granacci, Stephen, (Benvenuto's maternal grandfather,) i. 5.

Greco, Giovanni, Signor, a guest at an entertainment given by Signor Gaddi ; i. 205.

Grotesque, derivation of the word ; i. 69.

Guadagni, Felice, a journeyman, and afterwards partner, to Benvenuto Cellini ; i. 156—he is entrusted with all the business of Benvenuto's shop ; i. 164—he has a dispute with Benedetto, the notary, which is the cause of the latter being hurt by Benvenuto ; i. 165—his attention to Benvenuto when ill of a fever ; i. 210—he

beats Benvenuto's servant, Beatrice, for giving her master water to drink; i. 214—he accompanies his partner to Florence; i. 217—he returns to Rome to prepare again for business; i. 219—Benvenuto's play upon the sirname of Felice; i. 222—he sees the beam of fire in the air over Florence; i. 224—Benvenuto, on leaving Rome for his first journey to France, entrusts the whole of his property to the care of Felice; i. 241—when the former returns again to Rome, he gives Felice his shop and furniture; i. 257.

Guidi, Guido, Signor, a Florentine physician, and friend of Benvenuto Cellini; ii. 71—on his arrival at Paris Benvenuto accommodates him with apartments in his castle of Nello; ii. 72—he publishes an excellent medical treatise; ii. 72—he stands godfather to Benvenuto's daughter Constantia; ii. 97—he is ordered by the king's treasurers to send a messenger after Benvenuto, who has just set out for Italy, for the two silver vases he is carrying with him; ii. 122—he writes to Benvenuto an account of what is passing in Paris; ii. 139—he becomes chief magistrate of Pescia; ii. 235.

Guasconti, Gherardo, a relation to some envious goldsmiths at Florence; he insults Benvenuto, but is beaten down by him; i. 31—is the cause of Benvenuto being reprimanded and fined by the magistrates for the assault; i. 32—is attacked by Benvenuto with a dagger, but receives no injury; i. 33.

Guasconti, Salvadore and Michele, Florentine goldsmiths, envious of Benvenuto Cellini; i. 30.

Guasto, Marquis of, is present with Pope Paul III; i. 233.

Henry II, King of France, and son to Francis I, when Dauphin, accompanied by the Dauphiness and his father, visit Benvenuto; ii. 51—he protects Benvenuto against Madame D'Estampes; ii. 74.

Iscatinaro, Cæsar, (a Lutheran,) is employed to negociate and conclude a treaty with Clement VII; is presented with a diamond worth four thousand crowns; i. 266

—is fired at by Benvenuto Cellini for speaking disrespectfully to Pope Clement; i. 266.

Jacomo, Signor, an eminent Perugian surgeon resident in Rome; i. 287—he sets Benvenuto Cellini's leg, who had broken it in his escape from the Castle af St Angelo, but displays much superstition; i. 287.

Jacopo, John, chief musician to Pope Clement VII, requests Benvenuto's assistance at the ensuing ferragosto; i. 45—introduces him to the Pope on the first of August at Belvidere; i. 46.

Jane, a French servant and mistress of Benvenuto Cellini; ii. 97—they have a daughter, which is named Constantia; ii. 97—Jane is allowed by Benvenuto a sufficient maintenance; ii. 97.

Jeronimo, a native of Perugia, a goldsmith and journeyman to Benvenuto Cellini; i. 241—he entreats permission to accompany Benvenuto to France, to which the latter assents, provided he will bear his own expenses; i. 242—he returns with his master to Rome, where, to avoid paying the debt he has incurred, he falsely accuses him of embezzlement; i. 260—Jeronimo, in company with Michele, is met at the gate of the Castle of St Angelo by Ascanio, who has just parted with his master in a pet; but upon their using language not agreeable to him, he attacks them with his scimitar, and severely wounds Michele; i. 276.

Jesi, Lucagnolo da, an ingenious goldsmith of Rome, employs Benvenuto; i. 37—is offended with him for deviating from his line of business; i. 39—extreme emulation created between him and Benvenuto; i. 40—his vexation at finding Benvenuto more successful than himself; i. 42—upon seeing Benvenuto's workmanship, is highly pleased, and gives him much praise; i. 48.

Julius II, Pope, dies; i. 11.

Juvenale, Latino, a Roman gentlemen, and friend to Benvenuto Cellini; i. 183—is ordered by Pope Paul III to furnish Benvenuto with money for the forming of a superb cross as a present to the Emperor Charles V;

i. 226—his foolish interference; i. 226, 227—he is forbidden by the Pope to trouble Benvenuto; i. 227—he stimulates Pope Paul's vanity with success against Benvenuto; i. 234.

Lamentone, procaccio of Venice, sets out for that city from Florence in company with Benvenuto Cellini and Tribolo, a statuary; i. 189—he has business with the Florentine exiles, which occasions much trouble on the journey; i. 190-193.

Landi, Antonio di Vittorio, a goldsmith, joins with his partner, Baldini, to defraud the Duke Cosmo; ii. 145-147—he is obliged to fly to Venice upon the discovery of his roguery; ii. 157.

Landi, Piero, son of John Landi, a Florentine; i. 35—carries a sword and coat of mail to Benvenuto Cellini, that he may escape with safety from Florence; i. 35—upon the return of Benvenuto to Florence, he persuades him to remain in that city; i. 100—his advice and friendship to him; i. 104—he immediately visits Benvenuto upon his coming to Florence for the recovery of his health; i. 217.

Lautizio, a celebrated seal engraver at Rome; i. 56—ii. 16.

Leo X, (Cardinal de' Medici,) is elected Pope on the death of Julius II; i. 11.

Letters of Benvenuto Cellini; ii. 261-269.

Lewis, a clerk in the Castle of St. Angelo, joins with a monk in counterfeiting the keys, but is discovered and narrowly escapes hanging; i. 271, 272.

Liberta, (Benvenuto Cellini's youngest sister,) is married to a statuary named Bartolomeo; i. 96—her first husband dies of the plague, and she is again married; i. 98, 99—her joy at seeing Benvenuto; i. 99—the honesty of her second husband; ii. 128—he is taken ill and dies, leaving Liberta and her six daughters to the care of Benvenuto Cellini; ii. 141.

Lorraine, the Cardinal of, in company with King Francis I and several of the court, pay a visit to Benvenuto Cellini; ii. 51—his acquiescence in Benvenuto's

opinion; ii. 53—he is presented with a beautiful piece of plate by Benvenuto, which the latter had intended for Madame D'Estampes; ii. 70—his generosity to Benvenuto; ii. 71.

Maccherani, Paolo, a Roman, employed at Paris by Benvenuto Cellini as a goldsmith; ii. 79—he is a favourite of his master more for his courage than his business; ii. 79—he encourages the other workmen to protect Benvenuto; ii. 84.

Maccheroni, Cesar, a stamper of the mint, hung for coining; i. 134.

Magalotti, a Florentine exile who joins with Benintendi in an attack upon Benvenuto Cellini; i. 192—he is thrown down by Benvenuto, who behaves generously to him; i. 193—his honourable conduct; i. 194.

Manellini, Bernardino, an assistant employed by Benvenuto Cellini in casting his great work of Perseus; ii. 141—he has much confidence placed in his abilities by his master; ii. 178.

Marino, Antonio de·St, one of the best goldsmiths in Rome; i. 29—a man of worth; i. 30.

Marmande, de, Monsieur, treasurer of Languedoc, is encouraged by Monsieur de Villeroy to be very troublesome to Benvenuto Cellini; ii. 47—he takes possession of an apartment in the castle of Nello, but is glad to escape from the place alive; ii. 48.

Martini, Luca, a particular friend of Benvenuto Cellini, who pays the latter much attention when he visits his native city for his health; i. 219—verses called the Capitolo written and addressed to him by Benvenuto Cellini; ii. 8.

Mathieu, a Frenchman and acquaintance of Signor Giovanni Gaddi; i. 208—is impatient for Benvenuto Cellini's death; i. 208—he derides Benvenuto while he is suffering from his fever; i. 208—he loses the friendship of Signor Gaddi; i. 209—believing Benvenuto to be dead, he writes to Florence an account of it; i. 209.

Mazetti, Girolamo, a native of Sienna, and who had been long resident in Turkey, employs Benvenuto

Cellini to make the superb medal of Hercules tearing asunder the jaws of the lion; i. 100.

Medici Alexander de', (afterwards Grand Duke of Tuscany,) is driven out of Florence; i. 100—comes to Rome; for whom Pope Clement VII procures the duchy of Penna; i. 119—has in his service several young soldiers; one of them is Benvenuto's brother, Cecchino, who is killed in a quarrel with the city guard; i. 119-124—gives protection in his palace at Rome, to Benvenuto Cellini, who wounds the man that caused his brother's death; i. 127—Duke Alexander again protects and welcomes Benvenuto on his arrival at Florence; i. 188—sends Benvenuto a present of fifty gold crowns; i. 189—appoints Benvenuto engraver to the mint; i. 197—presents him with a gun; i. 198—has his likeness drawn for a medal; i. 198—his over-confidence in his kinsman Lorenzo de' Medici, who afterwards murders him; i. 198—the duke is desirous to keep Benvenuto in his service; i. 200—he is believed to be the son of the late Pope, Clement VII; i. 221—is assassinated; i. 225.

Medici, Cosmo de', son of Giovanni de' Medici; i. 14—before he becomes grand duke, brings a present of fifty crowns from Duke Alexander; 189—upon the murder of Duke Alexander, he is made Grand Duke of Tuscany; i. 225—he takes Benvenuto Cellini into his service, and orders him to make a model of a Perseus; ii. 130, 131—he allows Benvenuto a pension, the same as Bandinello, of two hundred crowns a year; ii. 137—Duke Cosmo's duchess is lavish of her caresses on Benvenuto; ii. 142—the duke is imposed upon by two goldsmiths, named Baldini and Landi; ii. 145-147—upon his excellency discovering the fraud, they flee to Venice; ii. 157—Benvenuto makes a beautiful ring for the duchess; ii. 163—the duke orders Benvenuto to repair a beautiful Greek statue, that is greatly mutilated; ii. 164—a violent contention takes place in his presence between Bandinello and Benvenuto; ii. 164-170—the duke has a high opinion of his own skill in the fine arts; ii. 173—the duke becomes cool to Benvenuto; ii. 190—the duchess disagrees with Benvenuto concerning some pearls; ii. 192—Ber-

nardone prevails upon the duke to buy the pearls for her excellency; ii. 196—war breaks out with Sienna, upon which the Duke Cosmo fortifies Florence; ii. 197—the duke's children are particularly partial to Benvenuto; ii. 203—the duke pays a visit to him, and greatly admires his statue of Perseus; ii. 206— the duke appears displeased with Benvenuto, and desires to know what he demands as the price of his Perseus; ii. 215—the duchess inclines to Benvenuto; ii. 216—the duke orders Bandinello, his favourite sculptor, to set a value on the statue of Perseus; ii. 221—Bandinello values it at sixteen thousand gold crowns; ii. 222—the duchess favours Bandinello to the prejudice of Benvenuto; ii. 226—on the death of Bandinello, the duchess shows her regard for him; ii. 233—the duke and duchess are highly pleased with Benvenuto; the latter presents the duchess a marble crucifix; ii. 250.

Medici, Francesco, Don, Duke Cosmo's son, befriends Benvenuto Cellini; i. 243.

Medici, Giovanni de, Duke of Florence, father of Cosmo I; i. 14—a renowned commander; i. 19.

Medici, Hippolito de', (afterwards cardinal,) is driven out of Florence; i. 100—he is requested by Pope Clement VII to inquire after Benvenuto Cellini; i. 168—he writes a letter to Benvenuto, who had then fled to Naples, to return to Rome; i. 172—offers to protect him after the affair of the death of Pompeo; i. 182—his office of the Virgin Mary, which cost him two thousand crowns, is intended by Pope Paul III as a present to the Emperor Charles V; i. 227—he dies of a fever; ii. 253.

Medici, Lorenzo de', a kinsman to Duke Alexander, whom he murders; i. 198—Benvenuto finds him in company with the duke; i. 200—he promises to give Benvenuto a design for his beautiful medal of the duke, that will astonish the world; i. 201—he is considered as a melancholy enthusiast; i. 221—he sees Benvenuto at Venice, and advises him to return to France; ii. 151.

Medici, Ottaviano de', favours the old master of the Florentine mint to the prejudice of Benvenuto Cellini; i. 199—Benvenuto complains of his conduct to the Grand

Duke Alexander, which is the cause of much enmity from Ottaviano towards Benvenuto; i. 199—he instigates George Vasellai Antino, the painter, to speak ill of Benvenuto to Duke Alexander; i. 218.

Melfi, the Duke of, refuses to use force against any of the retinue of the Cardinal of Ferrara, ii. 26.

Micceri, Paolo, a Florentine goldsmith, and journeyman to Benvenuto Cellini in Paris; ii. 81—his hypocrisy; ii. 82—he intrigues with Catherine, Benvenuto's mistress; ii. 82—he joins in a conspiracy against Benvenuto; ii. 82—the latter forces him to marry Catherine; ii. 93—he quits Paris, ii. 96.

Micheletto, a jeweller employed by Pope Clement; i. 109—enters into a confederacy against Benvenuto Cellini with Pompeo, another jeweller; i. 110—is wounded by Ascanio at the gate of the Castle of St Angelo; i. 276.

Mirandola, Count of, while at the court of Francis I, employs Benvenuto Cellini as a goldsmith; ii. 64—Benvenuto travels in his retinue from Paris to Italy; ii. 121—the count overtakes his retinue just as they enter Italy, and advises Benvenuto to return to France; ii. 125.

Monaldi, Sandrino, Captain, his conduct towards Benvenuto Cellini when ordered by the constable of St Angelo to remove him to a frightful subterranean cell; i. 308, 309.

Montluc, de, Monsieur, ambassador from Francis I to Paul III, intercedes for Benvenuto Cellini by order of the king; i. 267—he claims him as a subject of the King of France; i. 268—Montluc requests as a favour shown to his master, that Benvenuto shall be tried by the ordinary judges; i. 273—he again solicits the Pope for Benvenuto's liberation; i. 322.

Moro, Raphael del, an able goldsmith at Rome, who offers Benvenuto Cellini part of his shop, which he accepts; i. 105—his daughter attracts the attention of Benvenuto Cellini, who does not discover his attachment; i. 116—Moro's daughter having a complaint in the hand, is cured by the assistance of Benvenuto Cellini, to whom he is particularly grateful; i. 117—introduces Benvenuto

Cellini to a society of artists; i. 117—intends giving him his daughter in marriage; but not being aware of Benvenuto's attachment to her, is diverted from that purpose; i. 118—his admiration of Benvenuto's setting a certain diamond; i. 232.

Nardi, a Florentine exile, who takes part with Benvenuto Cellini against Benintendi and others; i. 190.

Nasara, Mattio del, an Italian jeweller in the service of Francis I; ii. 81—he gives an entertainment to Benvenuto Cellini and his Italian workmen; ii. 81.

Navarre, the King of, visits Benvenuto Cellini at his castle of Nello; ii. 51—his queen, sister to the king of France, espouses Benvenuto's cause in his quarrel with Madame D'Estampes; ii. 74.

Nero, Francis del, his insinuations against Benvenuto Cellini; i. 130, 131.

Norcia, Francesco da, an able physician of Rome; i. 207—his attention to Benvenuto Cellini; i. 207—his contempt of Bernardino, the quack; i. 214—he directs Benvenuto to be removed to the hills near Rome for the recovery of his health; i. 215.

Orange, Prince of, killed at the siege of Rome; i. 92.

Orbech, D', Monsieur, treasurer to Francis I of France, is ordered by the king to provide every thing necessary for Benvenuto Cellini; ii. 49—the king commands him to pay Benvenuto one thousand gold crowns; ii. 54.

Pallavacini, a monk of the family of, is confined in the castle of St Angelo at the same time with Benvenuto Cellini; i. 269—he obtains from Benvenuto the means of forcing the locks of the castle; i. 271—he obtains impressions in wax of the keys of the castle, but is discovered by the constable, who is near hanging him, and puts him under close confinement; i. 272.

Paolo, Giovan, a goldsmith in the service of Duke Cosmo de' Medici; ii. 142-147.

Paolo, Peter, by birth a Roman, is taught by Benvenuto Cellini the art of coining; i. 198—he does not ac-

quit himself as well as Benvenuto desires; i. 201—upon the latter visiting Florence for the benefit of his health, he gives him fresh instructions in the stamping of coins; i. 221—is again employed by Benvenuto Cellini, upon the latter's liberation from the Castle of St Angelo; ii. 16—leaves Rome for France, in company with his master; ii. 19—is wounded in the breast by a pike at Comollia; ii. 24—he is rejoiced at his master's success in France; ii. 44—he works with his master at the house of the Cardinal of Ferrara; ii. 45—he acts treacherously to his master Benvenuto, after the latter has left France; ii. 126—in conjunction with Ascanio, he tries to obtain a grant of the castle of Nello, which the king refuses; ii. 143.

Paul III, Pope, when Cardinal Farnese, is near being killed by Benvenuto Cellini in the defence of the Castle of St Angelo; i. 86—he reproaches Cardinal Salviati with being the cause of the sacking of Rome; i. 86—he sends his servants to insult Benvenuto, who threatens to fire on them if they do not depart; i. 87—upon the death of Clement VII he is elected Pope; i. 183—he grants a safe-conduct to Benvenuto for the death of Pompeo; i. 183—he orders him to work for the Roman mint; i. 183—Pier-Luigi, (Pope Paul's bastard son,) is desirous of hurting Benvenuto in his father's favour; i. 184—he presents two fine Turkish horses to the Emperor Charles V, as well as a most superb office of the Virgin Mary, with an ornamented cover of gold and jewels; i. 229—he orders Benvenuto to set a superb diamond, the gift of the Emperor Charles V; i. 231—the Pope sends his nephew, Signor Sforza, to the Emperor Charles V with the superb office of the Virgin Mary, (the cover being finished,) which ought to have been presented by Benvenuto Cellini; i. 236—the avarice of his holiness induces him to listen favourably to the false attestation of one of Benvenuto's journeymen against his master; i. 260—he has Benvenuto seized, and lodged a prisoner in the tower of the castle of St Angelo; i. 261—the Pope appoints three commissioners to examine Benvenuto, who easily proves his innocence of the imputed crime of having embezzled

some of the papal jewels in the reign of Clement VII; i. 262-267—the Pope is much displeased with the French king's ambassador, Monsieur de Montluc, for interfering in behalf of Benvenuto; i. 267—the king of France again intercedes for Benvenuto by M. Montluc, requesting that if any crime is laid to his charge, he may be tried according to law; at which the Pope is so exasperated, that he determines to keep him prisoner for life; i. 274—Paul expresses himself desirous that Signor Georgio Ugolini, the constable of St Angelo, would put Benvenuto to death; i. 310—Pope Paul III is considered an Atheist; i. 316—he reads the sonnet addressed by Benvenuto Cellini to the constable, and promises to do something to please the latter, but is prevented by his son Pier-Luigi; i. 318—Pope Paul III, although a man of taste and genius, is fond of his weekly debauch; ii. 6—through the intercession of the Cardinal of Ferrara, he liberates Benvenuto Cellini; ii. 6—the Pope accommodates his difference with the Duke of Ferrara; ii. 29.

Paulino, an apprentice to Benvenuto; i. 44.

Pedignone, John, a rough soldier, who has the care of Benvenuto, when first a prisoner in the Castle of St Angelo; i. 280.

Pegasus, device of, in the midst of a garland of myrtles, designed by Benvenuto Cellini, as a reverse to the beautiful medal he had made for Cardinal Bembo; i. 243.

Penthesilea, a Roman courtesan; i. 62—is passionately fond of Benvenuto Cellini; i. 66—is present at an entertainment given by Michael Angelo; i. 66—is much irritated at Benvenuto for his frolic of introducing Diego at the feast; i. 71—ensnares Lewis Pulci; i. 74—is hurt in the face by Benvenuto Cellini; i. 77—Lewis Pulci dies at her house; i. 79.

Perseus, a celebrated statue of, cast at Florence by Benvenuto Cellini in bronze; ii. 176-185—it is placed in the great square, and is applauded by all the multitude; ii. 209.

Perugino, Benvenuto, chamberlain to Pope Clement VII; i. 76—meets Benvenuto Cellini in a scuffle, and challenges him; i. 77—is reconciled with him; i. 78.

Pierino, a musician and pupil of Benvenuto's father;

i. 16—quarrel between him and the elder Cellini; i. 16—his melancholy catastrophe and death; i. 18—his family reduced to poverty; i. 18.

Pier-Luigi, afterwards Duke of Castro, bastard son of Pope Paul III, becomes an enemy to Benvenuto Cellini through sordid motives; i. 184—his most treacherous conduct to Benvenuto, at the solicitation of Pompeo's daughter; i. 185—he orders Benvenuto to be arrested, from which he escapes; i. 187—Pier-Luigi is again instrumental in having him arrested under a false accusation, and confined in the tower of the Castle of St. Angelo; i. 260—in hopes of obtaining Benvenuto's supposed treasure, he persuades his father to proceed against him with the greatest severity; i. 262—Pier-Luigi, to hide his conduct in the affair of Benvenuto, endeavours to get him destroyed; i. 267—he misrepresents an account of a shooting match that took place near Cardinal Santa Fiore's palace, to induce his father to keep Benvenuto in prison for life; 292-294—he informs the constable, Georgio Ugolini, that his father, the Pope, would be pleased to hear of his having put Benvenuto to death; i. 310—he prevents his father, the Pope, from releasing Benvenuto Cellini; i. 318—he meets Benvenuto some years after in the city of Placentia, where he entertains him with great apparent kindness; ii. 126—Pier-Luigi is said to be murdered by some of the family of Landi; ii. 126.

Piloto, a goldsmith of Florence i. 72—he assists Benvenuto Cellini to escape to Albertaccio del Bene's dwelling after the murder of Pompeo the jeweller; ii. 181.

Poggini, Domenico, a goldsmith in the service of the Duke Cosmo de' Medici; ii. 142, 147.

Pompeo, a Milanese jeweller, much in favour with Pope Clement VII; i. 100—he raises a confederacy of jewellers against Benvenuto Cellini; i. 110—he is the principal cause of Benvenuto losing his place of stamp-master of the Roman mint; i. 143—he misrepresents an affray in which Benvenuto is concerned, in order to do him injury with the Pope; i. 166—Pompeo, with a party of armed men, insults Benvenuto; i. 179—he is killed by Benvenuto; i. 180.

Porzia, Signora, a Roman lady, discovers Benvenuto

designing from the paintings of Raphael D'Urbino; i. 38—enters into conversation with him, and gives him some valuable ewels to re-set; i. 38—she is highly pleased with the elegance of Benvenuto's workmanship, and rewards him handsomely; i. 41, 42—advises Benvenuto to open a shop for himself, and greatly encourages him in the undertaking; i. 52.

Pucci, Roberto, Signor, on his knees intercedes with Pope Paul III for Benvenuto, after his escape from the Castle of St Angelo; i. 288.

Pulci, Lewis, an accomplished young gentleman, both a scholar and excellent extempore singer; i. 72—is much admired for his voice by Michael Angelo and Benvenuto Cellini; i. 72—is treated with great kindness by the latter, who takes him into his house during an illness; i. 72—Pulci meets Penthesilea at Benvenuto Cellini's house, who puts him on his guard respecting her; i. 73—his fatal oath; i. 74—visits Penthesilea on a fine black horse given him by Signor Giovanni; i. 74—his assignation with Penthesilea in the garden; i. 75—while riding home in company with Penthesilea and others, he is attacked by Benvenuto; i. 77—is shortly afterwards killed through a fall from his horse; i. 79.

Rapaccini, Raphael, a goldsmith of Florence, for whom Benvenuto Cellini makes a silver clasp, for which he is ill paid, but gains by it much reputation as an artist; i. 30.

Raphael, a surgeon, cures Benvenuto Cellini of a hurt he received in one of his eyes; ii. 171.

Ravenna, Cardinal, not heeding Benvenuto Cellini's warning of the danger of appearing on the walls of St Angelo when it is besieged, is confined at the request of the latter; i. 86.

Ricci, Frederic de, a dishonest magistrate of Florence; ii. 244, 245.

Riccio, Pier Francesco, steward to the Duke Cosmo de' Medici; ii. 134—he quarrels with Benvenuto Cellini; ii. 135, 136—he writes to the duke at Pisa a pompous

account of Benvenuto's success in casting his statue of Perseus; ii. 183—his rudeness to Benvenuto; ii. 190.

Romano, Julio, the celebrated painter, forms one of the company at an entertainment given by Michael Angelo; i. 64—receives Benvenuto Cellini kindly at his house in Mantua; i. 96—recommends Benvenuto to the Duke of Mantua; i. 97.

Rome, the city of, is besieged by the imperial army under the command of the Duke of Bourbon; i. 80—the duke is killed by Benvenuto; but his army storms the city, and takes possession of all parts of it, excepting the Castle of St Angelo; i. 82—the Pope quits the Vatican and retires to the castle; i. 82—great mischief done to the enemy by the guns of the castle; i. 88-90—the Prince of Orange killed by a shot from the castle; i. 92—an accommodation takes place with the imperialists; i. 94—a great part of the city is inundated; i. 134.

Romoli, Vicenzio, accompanies Benvenuto Cellini to the incantations held at the Colosseo; i. 158, 159.

Rosso, a Florentine painter, present at a dinner of Florentine artists held at Rome on the feast of St. John; i. 54—he is employed by Francis, king of France; i. 251—his unkind reception and behaviour to Benvenuto Cellini at Paris; i. 252—he vainly attempts to prevent the introduction of Benvenuto to his majesty; i. 253—he is considered an excellent painter; ii. 76—his death; ii. 76—he enriched by his paintings the gallery of Fontainebleau; ii. 105.

Rossi, Monsignor, Archbishop of Pavia, is confined in the Castle of St Angelo at the same time as Benvenuto Cellini; i. 321—his friendship for Benvenuto; i. 322—on his arrival at Paris, Benvenuto gives him apartments, with all his retinue, in his castle of Nello; ii. 72—he lends Benvenuto a mule to carry his two silver vases; ii. 121—he is ordered by the king's treasurers to dispatch a messenger after Benvenuto for the vases; ii. 122.

Ruccellai, Luigi, Signor, offers his services to Benvenuto Cellini upon hearing of his having killed Pompeo; i. 181.

Salamanca, the Bishop of; i. 37—employs Benvenuto; i. 43—hesitates in paying him for his work; i. 48—his domestics assault Benvenuto's shop; i. 50—after giving much trouble, he at last pays Benvenuto; i. 51.

Salviati, Jacopo, Cardinal, advises Pope Clement VII to dismiss the Florentine auxiliaries; i. 80—is near being destroyed in the siege of the castle of St Angelo; i. 86—is made legate of Rome in the Pope's absence; i. 139—his ill treatment of Benvenuto; i. 139—is made legate of Parma; i. 145—he reprieves a Milanese goldsmith, named Tobia, who had been condemned to the flames for coining; i. 145—he persuades the Pope to employ Tobia as a rival artist to Benvenuto; i. 146.

Salviati, Jacopo, gonfalonier of Florence; i. 11.

Sandro, Antonio di, (commonly called Marcone,) a worthy goldsmith of Florence, with whom Benvenuto Cellini works gratuitously, at the age of fifteen, that he may improve in his business; i. 12—he again employs Benvenuto, when the latter makes much money; i. 22.

San Galio, Antonio da, Signor, informs Benvenuto of the base character of Rosso, the painter; i. 252.

Sansuino, Jacopo del, a statuary resident at Venice; i. 188—he invites Tribolo, his former pupil, from Florence to Venice; i. 188—receives Tribolo and Benvenuto Cellini with great civility; i. 193—trifles with Tribolo, which is resented by Benvenuto; i. 194—Sansuino decries Michael Angelo and other great artists, which disgusts Benvenuto so much that he rebukes him at parting; i. 194.

Santa Crose, Antonio, Signor, appointed chief engineer to Pope Clement VII; i. 83—appoints Benvenuto Cellini to the command of that part of the Castle of St Angelo, called Dall' Angiolo; i. 83—his regret on Benvenuto Cellini being hurt; i. 84—gives orders for a destructive fire on the besiegers of Rome, but is prevented by Cardinal Orsino; i. 92.

Santa Fiore, Cardinal, misrepresentation of a fact relating to a shooting-match near his palace, by Pier-Luigi; i. 292-294—he pays a visit to the Grand Duke Cosmo de' Medici at Florence; ii. 229.

Santiquattro, Cardinal, a friend of Benvenuto Cellini; i. 273.

Savonarda, Jeronimo, author of some celebrated sermons; i. 270.

Savoyard, a, both soldier and cooper in the Castle of St Angelo; i. 279—Benvenuto Cellini obtains his pincers, which materially assists him in his escape; i. 279—presents Benvenuto with flowers every morning; i. 280—he informs Benvenuto of what is passing in the castle, which enables him to choose a proper time to escape; i. 282.

Sbietta, Pier Maria, sells a farm to Benvenuto Cellini; ii. 235—his wife and brother (a priest) attempt to poison Benvenuto; ii. 239.

Sequel to the life of Benvenuto Cellini; ii. 255-260.

Sforza, Signor, nephew to Pope Paul III is sent by his uncle with the prayer-book, to the Emperor Charles V, upon its cover being finished by Benvenuto Cellini; i. 236—his advice to Benvenuto; ii. 190—he is requested by Duke Cosmo to congratulate Benvenuto on the success of his statue of Perseus; ii. 209.

Soderini, Francesco, rejoices at the death of the Duke Alexander; i. 221—his remarks upon Lorenzo de' Medici; i. 224.

Soderino, Peter, gonfalonier of Florence; i. 14.

Solosmeo, a sculptor and friend of Benvenuto Cellini; meets him on his road to Naples; i. 167—is sent to finish the tomb of Piero de' Medici at Monte Cassino; which he examines, and then bears Benvenuto company to Naples; i. 169.

Sonnet, on the supposed death of Benvenuto Cellini, by Benedetto Varchi; i. 212.

Sonnet, addressed to the constable of the Castle of St Angelo, by Benvenuto Cellini; i. 317.

Squazzella, a Florentine painter resident in Paris, with whom Benvenuto lodges upon his first visit to Paris, and is well treated by him; i. 252.

St Paul, Monsieur, one of the barons of France, and friend to Benvenuto Cellini; ii. 117—his humorous mode of protecting Benvenuto against the intrigues of Madame D'Estampes; ii. 117.

Strozzi, Piero, arrives at the court of Francis I of France; ii. 62—is naturalized; ii. 62—he employs Benvenuto Cellini; ii. 64—he is ordered to cruise with a fleet against the English; ii. 117—his soldiers make an irruption into the Florentine states; ii. 201.

Stufa, Prinzivall della, a magistrate of Florence, who takes Benvenuto Cellini's part when the latter appears before the court; i. 32—he obtains a mitigation of Benvenuto's penalty; i. 32.

Tacca, John Francesco della, a Milanese goldsmith resident at Rome, between whom and Benvenuto Cellini an emulation subsists in firing at a mark; i. 293.

Targhetta, Miliano, a jeweller of Venice; i. 231—is esteemed by other jewellers, as a most superior artist; i. 231—Benvenuto Cellini surpasses him in the tinting of a valuable diamond ring; i. 232.

Tasso, an excellent carpenter and friend of Benvenuto Cellini; ii. 134—his facetious qualities; ii. 135.

Tasso, John Baptist, a carver in wood, becomes acquainted with Benvenuto, quarrels with his mother, and is desirous of leaving Florence; i. 26—account of his journey from Florence to Rome in company with Benvenuto; i. 26, 27—leaves Rome and returns to Florence; i. 28.

Tedaldi, Lionardo, a Florentine, who travels in Benvenuto Cellini's company from Paris to Italy; ii. 121—his dreadful alarm at a shower of hail which the party encounter near Lyons; ii. 124, 125.

Thief, a Genoese, robs Benvenuto Cellini's shop; i. 129—is seized by Benvenuto's dog; i. 133—is hung in the Campo di Fiore; i. 134.

Tobia, a Milanese goldsmith residing at Parma, is condemned to be burned for coining, but is reprieved by Cardinal Salviati, then legate; i. 145—is employed by the Pope to rival Benvenuto; i. 146—he gives little satisfaction to his holiness; i. 155—he is falsely reported to have been murdered by Benvenuto; i. 166.

Torelli Lelio, auditor to Duke Cosmo de' Medici; ii. 222.

Torrigiano, Piero, an Italian sculptor in the service of the king of England (Henry VIII), visits Florence in search of artists for his master; i. 23—is desirous of engaging Benvenuto; i. 23—his person and manners described; i. 23—account of his fight, when a boy at school, with Michael Angelo, the latter receiving a blow on the nose which marks him for life; i. 24.

Teajano, Signor, gentleman of the bed chamber to Pope Clement VII; i. 110, 111—becomes an enemy to Benvenuto; i. 181—offers a reward to a Corsican soldier to assassinate him; i. 185.

Tribolo, a statuary, is invited from Florence to Venice by Jacopo del Sansuino; i. 188—he asks Benvenuto Cellini to accompany him; i. 189—his terror at the conduct of Benvenuto; i. 192—he is ill used by Sansuino, defended by Benvenuto, and returns with the latter to Florence; i. 194.

Trotti, Alphonso de', Signor, an admirer of the works of genius; ii. 33—his mistake respecting some small vases made by Benvenuto Cellini for the quack-doctor Jacopo; ii. 35—he praises greatly Benvenuto's work; ii. 36.

Ugolini, Antonio, succeeds his brother in the office of constable of the Castle of St Angelo; i. 319—is ordered by the Pope to keep Benvenuto Cellini a prisoner at large; i. 319—he treats him well after the death of his uncle, but is desirous of obtaining certain fees from his prisoner; i. 322—he makes Benvenuto pay him before he sets him at liberty; ii. 7.

Ugolini, Georgio, Signor, a Florentine, constable of the Castle of St Angelo; i. 268—he is very kind to Benvenuto Cellini when confined under a false accusation in the Castle of St Angelo; i. 268—he is afflicted with an annual complaint which deprives him of his senses during its attacks; i. 277—he invites Benvenuto to supper, but the conversation turning upon a bat, in his frenzy he is fearful that his prisoner will *fly* away; therefore, in spite of all intreaties, he has him closely confined in the

tower; i. 277-279—Ugolini orders the two men who attend on Benvenuto to pay him respect; i. 281—on the night of a dreadful attack of Ugolini's frenzy, Benvenuto effects his escape; i. 282—the constable in another fit of frenzy has himself carried into the Pope's presence, and requests his holiness to deliver Benvenuto again to his charge; i. 289—upon Benvenuto being again confined in the Castle of St Angelo, the constable pays him a visit; i. 303—he confines him in a damp dark room under the garden; i. 303—the derangement still remaining with the constable, he removes Benvenuto to a horrible subterranean cell, where a former prisoner had been starved to death; i. 308—Pier-Luigi informs the constable that his father, the Pope, would be pleased to hear of his having put Benvenuto Cellini to death, which in his madness he promises to accomplish; i. 310, 311—contrary to the opinion of his physicians, the constable recovers a sound mind, and again treats Benvenuto with kindness; i. 316—Benvenuto addresses a sonnet to him; i. 317—the constable sends the sonnet to the Pope, who promises he would soon please him; i. 317, 318—he sends some jewels to Benvenuto for his examination of them, by his nephew Piero Ugolini; i. 318—death of the constable; i. 319.

Ugolini, Piero, nephew to Georgio Ugolini, the Constable of St Angelo, sent by his uncle to Benvenuto to show him some jewels; i. 318.

Urbino, a pupil of Michael Angelo Buonarroti; ii. 189.

Valori, Bartolomeo, Signor, friendly to Benvenuto Cellini; i. 138.

Varchi, Benedetto, an intimate friend of Benvenuto Cellini; i. 209—Mathieu writes him an account of Benvenuto's death; i. 209—he writes a sonnet on the supposed death of Benvenuto; i. 212.

Varchi, Francesco da, a physician who attends Benvenuto Cellini at Florence; i. 219—ii. 241.

Verses, called the Capitolo, written by Benvenuto Cellini, and addressed to Luca Martini; ii. 9-14.

Ville, a page belonging to the Cardinal of Ferrara, informs Benvenuto Cellini of the intrigues of Madame D'Estampes; ii. 111.

Villeroy, Monsieur de, secretary to Francis I of France; ii. 47—his artful conduct towards Benvenuto; ii. 47.

Vinci, Leonardo da, description of his cartoon of the taking of Pisa by the Florentines; i. 24—he is allowed a salary of seven hundred crowns a year by Francis I, King of France; ii. 44.

Vittorio, a captain of the city guards of Rome, is orderd to sieze Benvenuto Cellini; i. 203—upon reading the Pope's safe-conduct to Benvenuto he desists; i. 204.

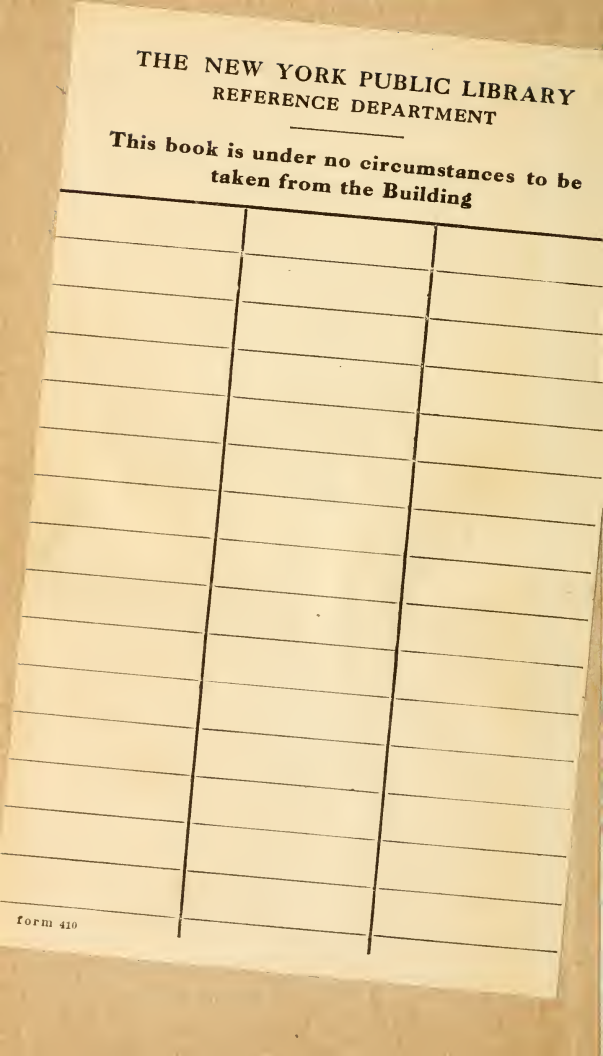
Volterra, Niccolajo da, trumpeter to the senate at Florence; i. 18.

THE END.

James Whiting, Printer, Beaufort-House Strand.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

This book is under no circumstances to be taken from the Building



form 410

OCT 3 0 1926